

REAL SALVATION

REAL SALVATION

AND
WHOLE-HEARTED
SERVICE

BY
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atheism of our day. It is sinful man trying to hide from a holy God.

Men will give you many reasons why they are sceptics, many reasons why they are infidels and agnostics and atheists, but in the great majority of cases the real reason is this—men hope by the denial of the existence of God to hide themselves from the discomfort of God's acknowledged presence. That accounts also for very much of the neglect of the Bible. People will tell you that they do not read their Bibles because they have so much else to read, that they do not read their Bibles because they are not interested in the Bible, and that it is a dull and stupid book to them; but the real cause of man's neglect of Bible study is this: the Bible brings God near to us as no other book does, and men are uneasy in the conscious presence of God, so they neglect the book that brings God near. This also accounts for much of the absenteeism from the house of God and its services. People will give you many reasons why they do not attend church; they will tell you they cannot dress well enough to attend church, will tell you that they are too busy and too tired to attend church; they will tell you that the services of God's house are dull and uninteresting, but in the great majority of cases the reason why men and women, old and young, habitually absent themselves from the services of God's house is because the house of God brings God near and makes men uncomfortable in sin, and their desire to hide from God, more or less distinct, leads them to stay away from the house of God. But Adam did not succeed in hiding from God. Neither

will you succeed. No man ever succeeded in hiding from God. God said to Adam, "Where art thou?" and Adam had to come from his hiding-place and meet God face to face, and make full declaration of all his sin. Sooner or later, no matter how carefully we have hid ourselves from God, sooner or later every man and woman in this building will have to come from their hiding-place and meet the all-holy God face to face, and make full declaration of just where they stand in His presence.

I believe that God is putting the question of the text to every man and woman in this building to-night, to every Christian, and to every one who is not a Christian. "Where art thou?" Where do you stand as regards spiritual and eternal things? Where do you stand as regards God, as regards heaven, as regards righteousness, as regards Christ, as regards eternity? "Where art thou?"

Every wise man in this hall will be glad to face and answer that question. Every truly intelligent man desires to know just where he is. In business every wise business man desires to know just where he stands financially. In our country, at just this time of year, every careful business man takes an inventory of his stock-in-trade, casts up his accounts, finds out precisely what are his credits and precisely what are his debits, how much his assets exceed or fall below his liabilities. He wants to know just where he stands. He may discover as a result of his scrutiny that he does not stand as well as he thought he did. He may find that he is in debt, when he hoped that his capital exceeded his liabilities. If that is true, he wants to know it in

order that he may conduct his business accordingly. Many a man has made shipwreck in business through unwillingness to face facts and find out just where he stood.

Years ago I knew in America a very brilliant business man, a man really gifted along certain lines of business enterprise. But his affairs got into a tangled condition. His wise business friends came to him and advised him to go through his books and find out just where he stood. They said to him, "If you are in a bad shape we will help you out." But the man was too proud to take their advice; he was too proud to admit that his business was in a bad way, so he refused to look into it. He shut his teeth, set his face like a flint, and tried to plunge through. But instead of plunging through he plunged into such utter financial ruin that though he was, as I have said, an exceptionally brilliant man in some directions, he made such complete financial shipwreck that he never got on his feet again, and when he died he did not have money enough to pay his funeral expenses, and I had to pay them out of my own pocket, simply because he was not willing to humble his pride and face facts.

It is just so with many of you gentlemen here to-night. You are too proud to face the fact that you are morally and spiritually bankrupt, so you are going to shut your teeth, to set your face like a flint, and plunge through. You will plunge into utter and eternal ruin.

Every man wants to know where he stands physically, he wants to know what is the condition of his lungs, of his heart, of his stomach, of his nerves. He

may be worse off than he thinks he is; he may think his heart is sound when his heart is defective. But if that be the case, he wants to know it, because if he knows that his heart is defective, he will not subject it to the strain that he otherwise would. Many a man lies to-day in a premature grave who might be doing good work on earth; he was not willing to find out what his real condition was, and act accordingly.

Every man at sea wishes to know just where his vessel is, its exact latitude, and its exact longitude. I remember once in crossing the Atlantic Ocean some years ago, we had been sailing for days beneath clouds and through fogs. We had been unable to take an observation by the sun, and had been sailing by dead reckoning. One night I happened to be on deck, and suddenly there was a rift in the clouds just where the north star appeared through the rift. Word was sent below to the commanding officer . . . The captain of the vessel hurried on deck, and I remember how he fairly laid across the compass, and how carefully he took an observation by the north star, that we might know exactly where we were. We are all sailing to-night across a perilous sea, toward an eternal port, and every truly intelligent man and woman in this vast audience will desire to know just where they are, their exact spiritual longitude and their exact spiritual latitude.

How shall we consider this great question?

First of all, we should consider it seriously. It is not a question to trifle with. It is a singular fact that men and women who are intelligent and sensible about everything else, who would not think of

trifling with the great financial questions of the day, or with great social problems, when they come to this great question of eternity, will treat it as a joke. I remember one night in an American city a little bootblack on the street was blacking my boots, and I put to this bootblack as he worked over my boots the question, "My boy, are you saved?" and the boy treated it as a joke. I was not surprised; that is all you would expect of a poor, illiterate, uneducated bootblack on the street. But, men and women, it is not what you would expect of thinking men and thinking women, that when you come to these great eternal problems of God, eternity, salvation, heaven and hell, that they should be treated as a joke. But alas! they are treated as a joke by some men and women. Any man or woman who trifles with questions like these plays the part of a fool. I don't care what your culture is, what your social position is, what your reputation is for scholarship—I don't hesitate to affirm to-night that unless you have faced, or will face, to-night, this great question of your spiritual condition, with the profoundest earnestness and seriousness, you are playing the part of a fool.

We should consider this question honestly. There are many people in our day who are trying to deceive themselves, trying to deceive others, and trying to deceive God, many men who in their inmost hearts know that they are wrong, but are trying to persuade themselves that they are right, and trying to persuade others that they are right, and trying to persuade God that they are right.

Men and women, you cannot deceive God. It will

do you no good to deceive anybody else, and it is consummate folly to deceive yourself. The biggest fool on earth is the man who fools himself. Be honest. If you are lost, own it up; if you are on the road to perdition, acknowledge it; if you are not a Christian, say so. If you are an enemy of God, face the facts. If you are a child of the devil, admit it. Be honest, honest with yourself, honest with your fellow-men, honest with God.

In the third place, we should consider the question thoroughly. There are many people who are honest enough, and serious enough as far as they go, but they don't go to the bottom of things. They are superficial. They give these tremendous questions a few moments' thought, and then their weak minds weary, and they say, "I guess I am all right; I will take my chance." You can't afford to guess on questions like these; we must have, not probability, but absolute certainty. It will not satisfy me to hope I am saved; I must know that I am saved; it will not satisfy me to hope I am a child of God; I must know that I am a child of God. It will not satisfy me to hope that I am bound for heaven; I must know that I am bound for heaven. Do not lay these questions down until you have gone to the bottom of them, and know for an absolute certainty just where you stand.

In the fourth place, you should consider these questions prayerfully. God tells us in His Word, and we know it from experience, that the heart is deceitful above all things and desperately wicked (Jer. xxvii. 9). There is nothing that the human heart is so deceitful about as about our moral and spiritual con-

dition. Every man and woman by nature is very sharp-sighted to the faults of others, and very blind to their own faults. What we need is to face this question in prayer. You will never know where you stand until God shows you. Not till we pray at least the substance of David's prayer, "Search me, O God, and know my heart, try me and know my thoughts, and see if there be any wicked way in me," and God sheds the light of His Holy Spirit into our hearts, and shows us ourselves as He sees us, will we ever know ourselves as we really are.

The great Scotch poet Burns, I think, never said a wiser thing than when he wrote:

"O wad some power the giftie gie us,
To see oursel's as ithers see us!
It wad frae monie a blunder free us,
And foolish notion."

But, friends, there is something better than to see ourselves as others see us; that is, to see ourselves as God sees us. Oh! let us not leave Bingley Hall to-night until we see ourselves in the light of God's presence, as God sees us, and that will only be in answer to definite and earnest prayer.

I met one morning in an American city the pastor of a church of which I had formerly been pastor. As we met he said to me, "Brother Torrey, I had an awful experience this morning." I said, "What was it, Brother Norris?" He said, "You know Mrs. ——," mentioning a member of the church of which he was now pastor, and of which I was formerly pastor. He said, "You know she is dying. She sent for me to come and see her this morning. I hurried

to her home. The moment I opened the door and entered the room she cried from her bed, 'Oh, Brother Norris, I have been a professing Christian for forty years. I am now dying, and have just found out in my dying hour that I was never saved at all.'" The horror of it! to be a professing Christian for forty years, and never find out till your life's at an end that you have never really been a Christian at all. Better find it out then than in eternity, but better find it out in the dawn of your professed Christian experience, better find it out to-night.

I do not doubt that in this great crowd there is many a man and woman who has been a professing Christian for years who was never saved. After we had left Liverpool I read in a paper, edited by a clergyman in that city, a letter complaining about our meetings. In this letter, addressed to the public press, the writer said, "These men produced the impression that some of our Church members are not saved." Well, that is the impression we tried to produce, for that is the truth of God. In the Church of England, and in the Nonconformist bodies, you will find many men and women who are unsaved.

Once more we should consider this question Scripturally, according to the Book. God has given to you and me only one safe chart and compass to guide us on our voyage through life toward eternity. That chart and compass is the Bible—the book I hold in my hand. If you steer your course according to this book, you steer safely; if you steer your course according to your own feelings, according to the speculation of the petty philosopher or the theologian, according to anything but the clear declaration of the

only book of God, you steer your course to shipwreck. Any hope that is not founded on the clear, unmistakable teaching of God's Word is absolutely worthless. Any hope founded on that book is a sure hope; any hope that is not built upon that book is not worth anything.

In one of my pastorates a young married couple had entrusted to them by the Heavenly Father for a brief period a sweet little child. Then God in His infinite wisdom, and wisdom in this case which was not altogether inscrutable, took from these parents that little child home to Himself. Their hearts were deeply touched, and in the hour of their sorrow I went to call upon them, and taking advantage of their tenderness of heart pointed them to that Saviour with whom their child was safely at home. And they professed to accept that Saviour. After some days and weeks had passed, and the first keenness of the sorrow had gone, they began to drift back into the world again, and I called upon them to speak with them. Only the wife was at home. I began by talking about the little child, and how safe and happy it was in the arms of Jesus, to all of which of course she gladly assented. Then I turned it a little bit and said to her, "Do you expect to see your child again?" "Oh," she said, "certainly; I have not a doubt that I will see my child again." I said, "Why do you expect to see your child again?" She said, "Because the child is with Jesus, and I expect when I die I shall go to be with Him too." I said, "Do you think you are saved?" "Oh, yes," she said, "I think I am saved." I said, "Why do you think you are saved?" "Because I feel so," she said. I said, "Do you think you have eternal life?" "Oh,

yes," she said, "I think I have eternal life." I said, "Why do you think you have eternal life?" "Because," she said, "I feel so." I said, "Is that your only ground of hope?" She said, "That is all." I said, "Your hope is not worth anything." That seemed cruel, didn't it? but it was kind. I said, "Your hope is not worth anything. Can you put your finger upon anything in the sure Word of God that proves you have everlasting life?" "No," she said, "I cannot." "Well, then," I said, "your hope is absolutely worthless." Then she turned on me, which she had a perfect right to do. It is quite right to talk back to preachers—I believe in it—and she began to talk back, and she said, "Do you expect to go to heaven when you die?" I said, "Yes, I know I shall." She said, "When you die, you expect to be with Christ?" "Yes," I said, "I know I shall." She said, "Do you think you have everlasting life?" "Yes," I said, "I know I have." She said, "Can you put your finger on anything in the Word of God that proves you have eternal life?" I said, "Yes, thank God, John iii. 36: 'He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life.' Now," I said, "I know I believe on the Son of God, and on the sure ground of God's Word I know I have everlasting life."

Can you put your finger upon anything in the Word of God that proves you are saved? If you can't, I advise you to stay to the after-meeting and find out if you are saved; if not, be saved to-night. And if you are saved, find out something in God's Word that proves it.

One thing more before I close, and that is a few suggestions that will help you in considering this question, "Where art thou?" First of all, *Are you saved, or are you lost?* You are one or the other. Unless you

have been definitely saved by a definite acceptance of a definite Jesus, Jesus Christ, you are definitely lost. Just two classes—lost sinners and saved sinners. To which class do you belong?

Second, *Are you on the road to heaven or the road to hell?* You are on one or the other. There are only two roads, as we see by the Scripture Lesson which I read to-night. The Lord Jesus tells us that there are two, and only two—the broad road that leadeth to destruction, and the narrow road that leadeth to life everlasting. Which road are you on? Are you on the road that leads up to God and heaven and glory, or are you on the road that leads down to Satan and sin and shame and hell?

Some years ago one of your English sailors came into a Mission in New York city, and as he passed out of the Mission not very much affected, a worker at the door put a little card into his hand. On this card were printed these words, "If I should die to-night I would go to ——" The place was left blank, and underneath was written, "Please fill up and sign your name." The sailor, without even reading the card, put it in his pocket and went down to the steamer, went to his bunk and put that card in the edge of his bunk. In the journey over he was thrown from the rigging and broke his leg. They took him down to his berth, and as he lay there day after day that card stared him in the face. He looked at it one day—"If I should die to-night I would go to ——" "Well," he said, "if I filled that out honestly I would have to write, hell. If I should die to-night I would go to hell. But," he said, "I won't fill it up that way," and lying there in his berth he took Jesus Christ and filled the card—"If I should

die to-night I would go to heaven." He came on to England, went back to New York, walked into the Mission and handed in the card with his name signed to it.

Suppose you had such a card to fill up—"If I should die to-night I would go to ——" What would it be?

Again, *Are you a child of God or a child of the devil?* We live in a day in which many superficial thinkers are telling us that all men are the children of God. That is not the teaching of the Bible, and it is not the teaching of Jesus Christ. Jesus Christ says distinctly in John viii. 44, talking to certain Jews, "Ye are of your father the devil." And we are told in 1 John iii. 10, "In this the children of God are manifest, and the children of the devil." And we are told distinctly in John i. 12, "As many as received Him, to them gave He power *to become* the sons of God." Children of God, or children of the devil. Every one of us here to-night is either one or the other. Which are you?

When I was speaking more than a year ago in the city of Ballarat in Australia there sat a long line of educated Chinamen in the meeting listening to the sermon. I was preaching on the same text as to-night. I came to the point I have come to now, and I said to myself, "I guess I will leave that out; that may offend somebody without doing any good." But somehow or other God would not let me leave it out, so I put it in, and declared the whole counsel of God. The next night when I gave out the invitation, among the others who came to the front was almost the entire line of educated Chinamen, and when they got up to give their testimony, one of them said this, "The reason why I

came to-night and took Christ was this, I was here last night and heard Dr. Torrey say that everyone was a child of God or a child of the devil. I knew I was not a child of God, and therefore I knew I must be a child of the devil. I made up my mind I would be a child of the devil no longer, and therefore I have come forward to-night to take Jesus Christ." I hope some of you Englishmen will have as much sense as that educated Chinaman.

Again, if you are a professing Christian, what kind of a Christian are you? *Are you a mere formal Christian, or are you a real Christian?* You know there are two kinds. Are you one of these men or women who call themselves Christians, who go to the house of God on the Sabbath, go to the Communion on the Sabbath, perhaps teach a Bible class or a Sunday School class on the Sabbath, but the rest of the week they are running around after the theatre, and the card-party and the dance, and all the frivolity and foolishness of the world—one of these Christians who are trying to hold on to Jesus Christ with the one hand and to the world with the other? Or are you a real Christian who has renounced the world with your whole heart and given yourself to Jesus Christ with all your heart, a Christian who can sing and mean it, "I surrender all"? "Where art thou?" What kind of a Christian are you?

Once more, *Are you for Christ, or are you against Him?* You know you are either one or the other, for He says so. We read in Matt. xii. 30, in the words of Jesus Himself, "He that is not with Me, is against Me." Everyone here to-night is either with Jesus whole-heartedly, confessedly, openly, or else you are

against Jesus. Which are you? For Christ or against Him?

In my first pastorate, year after year, for a series of years, there came an outpouring of God's spirit. In the second or third of these gracious outpourings of His Spirit a great many of the leading business men of the place were converted. It was a small place, but one of the leading business men would not take a stand. He was one of the most exemplary men in the community. Most amiable, attractive upright, a constant attendant at church, a member of my Bible class, and a member of my choir, but he was one of those men who wanted to please both sides. He was identified with friends in business, in the Masonic lodge, and elsewhere, who were not out-and-out Christians, and he was afraid that he would estrange them if he came out and out honestly for Christ. So the weeks passed by. One Sabbath morning in the Bible school, after the Sabbath morning service, he was passing out of my Bible class on the choir platform and passed by the superintendent of the Sunday School, who was an intimate friend. They had been in the Civil War together. As he passed by this intimate friend he turned to him and said, "George?" "Well, what is it, Porter?" said the other, calling him by his first name. He said, "George, when are you going to take a stand?" He said, "Ring the bell." Promptly the superintendent stepped up to the bell and rang it, and the congregation going out of the building turned round in surprise, wondering what was going to happen. George stepped to the front of the platform. It was a community where everybody knew everybody else by their

first name, and everybody was all curiosity, and he said, "Friends, I have heard it said time and time again during these meetings that a man must either be for Jesus Christ or against Him. I want you all to know that from this time on, Em"—his wife—"and I are for Christ." He decided for the whole family, and he did, in fact, for when they stood before the platform to receive the right hand of fellowship into the church, he stood there, and his wife, and his father-in-law, and his brother-in-law, and his sister-in-law—every member of the family that was not already in the fold.

Men and women, there are many of you here to-night whose sympathies for years have been with the Church of Jesus Christ, but you have never been men enough or women enough to take an open stand. Take it to-night. Say, "As for me and my house, we are for Christ." Where art thou? Put the question to yourself. Where art thou?

There is one thing that makes it exceedingly important why you should face this question, and that is the fact that where you are to-night will in all likelihood determine where you shall spend eternity.

A story is told of Dr. Forbes Winslow, the elder, of London, the eminent pathologist in diseases of the mind. A young French nobleman came to London bringing letters of introduction from leading Frenchmen, including one from Napoleon III., at that time Emperor, introducing him to Dr. Forbes Winslow, and soliciting Forbes Winslow's best offices for the young man. He presented his letters, and Dr. Winslow said, "What is your trouble?" He said, "Dr. Winslow, I cannot sleep; I have not had a good night's sleep for

two years, and unless something is done for me I shall go insane." Dr. Winslow said, "Why can't you sleep?" "Well," said the young man, "I can't tell you." Dr. Winslow said, "Have you lost any money?" "No," he said, "I have lost no money." "Have you lost friends?" "No, I have lost no friends recently." "Have you suffered in honour or reputation?" "Not that I know of." "Well then," said the doctor, "why can't you sleep?" The young man said, "I would rather not tell you." "Well," said Dr. Winslow, "if you don't tell me I can't help you." "Well," he said, "if I must tell you, I will. I am an infidel. My father was an infidel before me, and yet in spite of the fact that I am an infidel and my father was an infidel, every night when I lie down to sleep I am confronted with the question, 'Eternity, and where shall I spend it?' All night that question rings in my ears, 'Eternity, and where shall I spend it?' If I succeed in getting off to slumber my dreams are worse than my waking hours, and I start from my sleep again." Dr. Winslow said, "I can't do anything for you." "What!" said the young Frenchman, "have I come all the way over here from Paris for you to treat me, and do you dash my hopes to the ground? Do you mean to tell me that my case is hopeless?" Dr. Winslow repeated, "I can do nothing for you, but I can tell tell you a Physician who can," and he walked across his study, took up his Bible from the centre of the table, opened it at Isa. liii. 5 and 6, and began to read: "He was wounded for our transgressions, He was bruised for our iniquities: the chastisement of our peace was upon Him; and with His stripes we are healed. All we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned every

one to his own way ; and the Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all." And then, looking at the Frenchman, he said, " That is the only Physician in the world that can help you." There was a curl of scorn upon the Frenchman's lip. He said, " Dr. Winslow, do you mean to tell me that you, an eminent scientist, believe in that worn-out superstition of the Bible and Christianity?" " Yes," said Dr. Winslow, " I believe in the Bible, I believe in Jesus Christ, and believing in the Bible and believing in Jesus Christ has saved me from what you are to-day." The young fellow stopped and thought, then he said, " Dr. Winslow, if I am an honest man I ought at least to be willing to consider it, ought I not?" " Yes, sir." " Well," he said, " will you explain it to me." And the eminent physician became a physician of souls, sat down with his open Bible, and for several consecutive days showed the young Frenchman the way of life. He saw Christ as his divine, atoning Saviour, put his trust in Him, and went back to Paris in rest of mind to sleep at night. He had solved the great question of eternity and where he should spend it, for he would spend it with Christ in Glory.

Men and women, *eternity, and where will thou spend it?* Where you will spend eternity very likely will depend upon where you are to-night. Let us pray.

II

THE APPALLING SIN OF UNBELIEF IN JESUS CHRIST

“He that believeth not is condemned already, because he hath not believed in the name of the only begotten son of God.”—JOHN iii. 18.

THE failure to put faith in Jesus Christ is not a mere misfortune, it is a sin, a grievous sin, an appalling sin, a damning sin. “He that believeth not is condemned already, because he hath not believed in the name of the only begotten Son of God.” Men will tell you very lightly and laughingly, “I do not believe in Jesus Christ.” Indeed, men will tell you with an airy toss of the head, as if it were something of which they were quite proud, “I do not believe in Jesus Christ.” Few men are so foolish and so blind, or so utterly depraved, as to tell you laughingly or proudly, “I am a murderer,” or, “I am an adulterer,” or, “I am an habitual liar,” yet none of these is a sadder nor darker confession than “I am an unbeliever in Jesus Christ.” Believing or not believing in Jesus Christ is largely a matter of the will, and not altogether nor largely a matter of intellectual conviction. There are those who imagine it is wholly a matter of intellectual conviction whether one believes or does not believe in

Jesus Christ. The one who thinks so is a very superficial thinker. There are very few people in this audience to-night who have not sufficient evidence that Jesus is the Son of God and the Saviour of those who really believe in Him, if they were only willing to yield themselves to the evidence. The will plays a very large part in what a man believes politically, and the will plays a still larger part in believing on Jesus Christ. The men and women who believe on Jesus Christ believe on Him because they will to yield to the truth, and to believe on Him who is so clearly and so abundantly proven to be God's Son. Those who do not believe on Jesus Christ do not believe on Him because they, for the love of sin, or for some other reason, will not yield to the truth and accept Him as Saviour and Lord, who is so abundantly proven to be the Son of God. Most of you who do not believe on Jesus Christ know that this is true of yourselves. You know that your refusal to accept Jesus Christ is not because you have grave reasons for believing that Jesus Christ is not what He claims to be. You know it is because you do not want to accept Him, and surrender your life to Him and confess Him. Now, this is a great sin; a greater sin than any you can commit against any fellow-man, either by lying to him, or stealing from him, or killing him; a greater sin than falsehood, theft, or murder. If you will give me your honest attention, I will prove to you that this is so. Now don't try to get away from the truth by getting out of the house, or whispering to someone else, or refusing to listen, or laughing contemptuously. If you do, you will do it to your own eternal ruin. If I am right

in this matter, and if the Bible is right, it is of infinite importance that you know it: so listen carefully and candidly.

I. *Unbelief in Jesus Christ is an appalling sin because of whom Jesus Christ is, because of the dignity of His person. Jesus Christ is the Son of God.* The only begotten Son of God. He is the Son of God in a sense that no other person is the Son of God. He is the effulgence of His Father's glory, and the express image of His person (Heb. i. 3, R.V.). In Him dwelleth all the fulness of the Godhead in a bodily form (Col. ii. 9). He is the One of whom God the Father said, "Let all the angels of God worship Him" (Heb. i. 6). Of Him the Father says that all men should honour the Son even as they honour the Father (John v. 23). A dignity attaches to the person of Jesus Christ that attaches to no angel or archangel, to none of the principalities or powers in the heavenly places. His is the name that is above every name, that at the name of Jesus every knee should bow and every tongue confess that Jesus Christ is Lord (Phil. ii. 10). An injury done to Jesus Christ is then a sin of vastly greater magnitude than a sin done to man. A horse, a cow, or a mule has rights, but the rights of a horse, or a cow, or a mule are of very inconsiderable moment when compared to the rights of a man. The law recognises the rights of a mule, but the wilful killing of a mule is not regarded as so serious as the wilful putting out of a man's eye. But the rights of a man, even of the purest, noblest, greatest of men, pale into more utter insignificance before the rights of that infinite being whom we call God, and His infinite Son

Jesus Christ, than do the rights of a horse, or cow, or mule, or earthworm before the rights of man. To realise the enormity of a sin committed against Jesus Christ we must strive to get some adequate conception of the dignity and majesty of His person. When we do, then we see that to rob this infinitely glorious Person by our unbelief of that honour which is His due is a sin in comparison with which the rank-est injustice or enormity committed against man is as nothing. What was it that struck conviction to the hearts of 3000 men on the Day of Pentecost and made them cry out in agony, "Men and brethren, what must we do?" (Acts ii. 37). It was this—Peter, filled with the Spirit, told them who Jesus was. He said, "Therefore let all the house of Israel know assuredly, that God hath made that same Jesus, whom ye have crucified, both Lord and Christ" (Acts ii. 36). Their eyes were opened at last to see the glory, the dignity, the majesty of the Person of Him whom they had so outrageously wronged. All the sins of their lifetime were instantly seen to be nothing in comparison with this sin. And if you to-night will permit God to open your eyes to see who Jesus is, to see the infinite dignity, glory, and majesty of His Divine Person, you will see that every conceivable wrong done to any mere man is nothing to the wrong done to this august Person. You may refuse to-night to let God open your eyes to the infinite glory of Jesus, you may say I don't see that He is essentially greater than other men or that His rights are more sacred than those of Longfellow, or Lincoln, or Washington, or my next-door neighbour, but the day will come when you will have to see. The day will come when the

full glory of Jesus will be unveiled to the whole universe, and in that day, if you will not repent now and receive pardon for your awful sin of unbelief in this glorious Son of God, you will be overwhelmed with eternal shame. You will cry for the rocks and the hills to fall upon you and hide you from the wrath of Him that sitteth upon the throne of the universe, and the wrath of the Lamb. You will wish to rush out from the presence of that ineffable glory even into eternal darkness if it shall only be away from the presence of Him whom you have so grievously wronged. On and on and on you would wish to flee, away, away, away, eternally away from the outraged Son of God. One night God gave me such a vision of the glory of Jesus Christ that I saw the appalling nature of sin against Him, this infinitely glorious One. Men and women, you may not have had such a vision, nor do you need to have it, for you know what God's own testimony regarding Jesus is. That testimony is in His book. In the light of that testimony you may know, if you will, that the most grievous wrong against man—theft, adultery, murder—is as nothing. It is for this reason that our text says, "He that believeth on Him is not condemned; but he that believeth not is condemned already, *because he hath not believed in the name of the only begotten Son of God.*"

II. *In the second place, unbelief in Jesus Christ is an appalling sin, not only because of the dignity of Christ's person, but also because faith is the supreme thing which is His due.* Jesus is worthy of many things. He is worthy of our admiration, He is worthy of our attention, He is worthy of our obedience, He is worthy of our service, He is worthy

of our testimony, He is worthy of our love—all these things are His due. Not to give Him these things is to rob Him of His due, to rob a Being of infinite importance of His due. But first of all, underlying all else, above all else, Jesus Christ is worthy of faith; man's confidence is due Jesus Christ. He is infinitely worthy of the surrender to Himself of the confidence of our intellects, our feelings, our wills. It is due to Him that you go to Him and say, "Lord Jesus, thou infinite Son of God, I surrender to Thee my mind's utter faith, the utter confidence of my heart and of my will." He is worthy of that, that is His due, His first great due. If you refuse to do that—and many of you have refused to do it, week after week, and month after month, and year after year—you have robbed Jesus Christ. You have robbed this glorious Divine Person of His first and greatest right, robbed a Divine Person of His supreme due. So it is written in our text, "He that believeth not is condemned already, because he hath not believed in the name of the only begotten Son of God."

III. *In the third place, unbelief in Jesus Christ is an appalling sin, because Jesus Christ is the incarnation of all the infinite moral perfections of God's own being.* "God is light, and in Him is no darkness at all." This infinite, absolute light which God is, this infinite holiness and love and truth, is incarnate in Jesus Christ, and the refusal to accept Him is the refusal of light, and choice of darkness. It is the clearest possible proof that the one who rejects Him loves darkness rather than light. Nothing more clearly proves what a man is at heart than what he chooses and what he rejects. A man who chooses foul books, foul pictures, foul

friends, is a foul man whatever his pretensions may be. A man who rejects the good, the pure, the true, is bad, is impure, is false. To reject Christ is to reject the infinite light of God, and reveals a heart that is so corrupt that it loves darkness rather than light. So it is written in our text, "He that believeth not is condemned already, because he hath not believed in the name of the only begotten Son of God. (And this is the condemnation, that light is come into the world, and men loved darkness rather than light, because their deeds were evil.)" Unbelief in Jesus Christ is indeed an appalling sin.

IV. *Unbelief in Jesus Christ is an appalling sin, in the fourth place, because it is trampling under foot the infinite love and mercy of God.* Jesus Christ is the supreme expression of God's love and mercy to sinners. (John iii. 16: "For God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.") We have all broken God's holy laws and thus brought the wrath of the Holy One upon ourselves, but God still loves us and, instead of banishing us for ever from His presence into the outer darkness where there is only agony and despair, He has provided a way of salvation for us. He provided that way at infinite cost to Himself. His saving love had no limit, it stopped at no sacrifice, He gave His best, His only begotten Son, to redeem us. All that we need to do to be saved is to believe on that Son, to put our trust in the pardoning mercy and love of God thus revealed. But instead of believing, and thus obtaining eternal life, what are many of you here to-night doing? You are not believing, you are reject-

ing this love and its provision. You are despising and trampling under foot the salvation which God has so dearly purchased and offered to you. You are scorning and insulting infinite love and mercy. That is what unbelief in Jesus Christ is, it is scorn and contempt and insult to infinite, pardoning love. Every man or woman here to-night, young and old, who does not render the faith of their whole being to Jesus Christ, who does not receive Him as the Son of God, as their Lord and Saviour, is guilty of scorning and insulting the infinite, pardoning love of God. Some of you go even beyond that; you try to make yourselves believe that Jesus is not the Son of God; you try to make yourselves believe that there is no need of an atonement; you laugh at the sacrifice the loving Father has made in order that you, His guilty, hell-deserving subjects, might be saved. Yes, there are men and women in this very audience that do this. There are thousands in Birmingham who do it. One sometimes almost wonders why the outraged love of God does not turn to blazing wrath, and why God does not blast the world of Christ-rejecting men with the breath of His mouth. Unbelief in Jesus Christ is an appalling sin because it is scorn and contempt for infinite love.

There are other reasons why unbelief in Jesus Christ is an appalling sin, but here are four tremendous reasons and they are enough:—First, Because of the infinite dignity of His person. Second, Because that faith is His supreme due, and not to give it is to rob a Divine person of His supreme due. Third, Because Jesus Christ is the incarnation of all the infinite moral perfection of God's own being. Fourth, Because it

is trampling under foot the infinite love and mercy of God.

Men and women, it is as clear as day that unbelief in Jesus Christ is an appalling sin. Theft is a gross sin, adultery is worse, murder is shocking, but when our eyes are opened we see that all these are as nothing to the violation of the dignity and majesty of the person of Jesus Christ, the only begotten Son of God, by our unbelief. How God must abhor the sin of unbelief! How the holy angels in heaven must abhor the sin of unbelief! How all holy men and women must abhor the sin of unbelief! And of this awful, appalling sin, many of you whom I address to-night are guilty. Not only the gross infidel and the refined sceptic are guilty of this sin, but everyone who holds back from giving to Jesus the whole-hearted surrender of his whole self, mind, affections, and will, all who fail to gladly welcome Him as Saviour and Lord, all of you are guilty of this appalling sin to-night. Do not some of you cry out as did the 3000 at Pentecost, "What must we do?" Then it is because of the hardness of your heart. Soften those hearts of stone; publicly confess your awful sin to-night; forsake it to-night. Don't rest another day under such awful guilt. We see why it is that unbelief leads to eternal doom. We see why it is that no matter how many good things a man may do, if he refuses to believe in Jesus Christ he must forever perish. Men and women, give up your awful unbelief in Jesus Christ, and accept Him to-night.

III

HELL: ITS CERTAINTY, WHAT SORT OF A PLACE IT IS, AND HOW TO ESCAPE IT

“And if thy right eye causeth thee to stumble, pluck it out, and cast it from thee; for it is profitable for thee that one of thy members should perish, and not thy whole body be cast into hell.”—MATT. v. 29 (R.V.)

My subject to-night is Hell: Its Certainty, What Sort of a Place it is, and How to Escape it. If I were to choose my own subject to preach upon, I certainly would never choose this. I always speak upon it with reluctance and pain. It is an awful subject, but a minister of God has no right to choose his own subjects. He must go to God for them, and I am confident that God wishes me to speak upon this awful subject to-night. I wish that I could believe that there was no hell, that is, I wish that I could believe that all men would come to repentance and accept Christ, and that therefore hell should be unnecessary. Of course, if men will persist in sin, and persist in the rejection of Christ, God's glorious Son, I cannot but recognise that it is right that there should be a hell, and that that hell should continue as long as men persist in their sin and rejection of Christ. If men will choose sin, it is for the good of the universe and the glory of God that there should be a hell to confine them in, but I wish with all my heart that

all men would repent and thus render hell unnecessary, as far as the human race is concerned. But I do not wish to believe it if it is not true. I would rather believe and preach unpleasant truth than to believe and preach pleasant error. And as awful as the thought is, I have been driven to the conclusion that there is a hell. I once honestly believed and taught that all men, and even the devil, would ultimately come to repentance, and that thus hell would cease to be. But I came to the place where I could not honestly reconcile this position with the teaching of Christ and the apostles. I was driven to this alternative—that I must either give up my Bible or give up my “eternal hope.” I could not give up the Bible. I had become thoroughly convinced that the Bible, beyond a doubt, was the very Word of God. I could not in honesty twist and distort the Scriptures to make them agree with what I wanted to believe. As an honest man there was only one thing left for me to do—that was to give up my opinion that all men would ultimately come to repentance and be saved. I know perfectly well that if a man stands squarely upon the teaching of Christ and the apostles and declares it without fear, he will be called “narrow,” “harsh,” and “cruel.” But as to being narrow, I have no desire to be any more broad than Jesus Christ was; as to being cruel, is it cruel to tell men the truth? Is it not the kindest thing that one can do to declare the whole counsel of God and to point out to men the full measure of their danger? Suppose that I were walking down a railway track, knowing that far back of me there was a train coming on loaded with happy excursion-

ists—men, women, and children—full of joy and glee. I come to a place where I had supposed that there was a bridge across the chasm, but to my horror I find that the bridge is down. I say to myself, “I must go back at once as far as possible up the track and stop that oncoming train.” I hurry back and put forth my utmost effort to stop the train. I break in upon the people with the awful announcement that the bridge is down, and that they are in peril of a frightful disaster. I spoil the merriment of the evening, and I banish the bright thoughts from their mind and bring in their place horrid thoughts of imminent disaster. Would that be cruel? Would it not be the kindest thing that I could do? Suppose, on the other hand, when I had found the bridge down, I had said, “These people are so happy, I cannot bear to disturb their night’s light-heartedness and gaiety; that would be too cruel. I will sit down here and wait till the train comes,” and I sit down while the train comes rushing on and leaps unwarned into that awful abyss, and soon there are rising and despairing shrieks and groans of the wounded and mangled as they crawl out from among the corpses of the dead. Would that be kind? Would it not be the cruellest thing that I could do? In my country, and I suppose in yours, if I acted that way I would be arrested for manslaughter. Friends, I have been down the track. I had supposed that there was a bridge across the chasm. I have found that the bridge is down. I have discovered that many of you who are now full of gaiety and joy are rushing on unwarned of the awful fate that awaits you. I have come back up the track to warn you. I may banish for the time being

your joyfulness and merriment, but by God's grace I will save you from the awful doom. Is that cruel? Is it not the kindest thing that I can do? I would much rather be called cruel for being kind, than be called kind for being cruel. The cruellest man on earth is the man who believes the stern things we are told in the Word of God about the future penalties of sin, but keeps back from declaring them because they are unpopular.

I shall not give you to-night my own speculations about the future destiny of the impenitent. My speculations would be worth as much as those of other men, and no more. That is, they would be worth practically nothing at all. Man's speculations on such a subject are absolutely valueless. God knows; we don't; but God has been pleased to tell us much of what He knows about it. Let us listen to Him. One ounce of God's revelation about the future is worth a hundred tons of man's speculation. One hears on every side in these days, "I think so and so about the future life." What difference does it make what you think? The question is, What does God say?

You will find my text to-night in Matt. v. 29 (Revised Version): "And if thy right eye causeth thee to stumble, pluck it out, and cast it from thee, for it is profitable for thee that one of thy members should perish, and not thy whole body be cast into hell." You will notice I take my text from the Sermon on the Mount, and from the Revised Version. I take it from the Sermon on the Mount for two reasons—first of all because it exactly suits my purpose; second, because a great many men say

in our day that though they do not believe in the whole Bible, they do believe in the Sermon on the Mount. Well, I have taken my text from that part of the Bible that you all say you believe. And you will notice I have taken it from the Revised Version. I have done that for two reasons. First of all, because the Revised Version is in this instance a more accurate translation than the Authorised Version; and second, because a great many men say that the Revised Version has done away with hell. Well, there seems to be plenty of it left in the text. But, you say, that text is highly figurative. Very well, let it go at that. It at least means this much, that almost anything is better than going to hell, and that is my chief proposition to-night. Almost anything is better than going to hell.

What I have to say will come under three heads. First, the certainty of hell; second, the character of hell; and third, how to escape hell.

I. THE CERTAINTY OF HELL

It is absolutely certain that there is a hell. There are people in this city who will tell you that all the scholarly ministers and clergymen have given up belief in the orthodox hell. That simply is not so. That kind of argument is a favourite argument with men who know that they have a weak case, and try to bolster up a weak case by strong assertion. It is true beyond a doubt that some scholarly ministers have given up belief in the orthodox hell, but they never gave it up for reasons of Greek or New Testament scholarship.

They gave it up for purely sentimental and speculative reasons. No man can go to the New Testament to find out what it really teaches, and not to see how he can twist it into conformity with the speculations which he wishes to believe, and not find hell in the New Testament.

But suppose it were true. Suppose that every scholarly minister had given up belief in the orthodox hell, it would not prove anything; for everybody that is familiar with the history of the world and the history of the Church knows that time and time again the scholars have all given up belief in doctrines that after all in the final outcome proved to be true. There were no scholars in Noah's day except Noah that believed there would be a flood, but the flood came just the same. There were no scholars in Lot's day except Lot that believed that God would destroy Sodom and Gomorrah, but He did. Jeremiah and one friend were the only leading men in all Jerusalem that believed what Jeremiah taught about the coming destruction of Jerusalem under Nebuchadnezzar, but history outside the Bible, as well as history inside the Bible, tells us that it came true to the very letter, though there was not a scholar believed it. Every leading school of theological thought in the days of Jesus Christ, the Pharisees, the Sadducees, the Herodians, and the Essenes, every one of the four scoffed at Jesus Christ's prediction about the coming judgment of God upon Jerusalem, but secular history tells us that in spite of the dissent of all the scholars it came true just as Jesus Christ predicted. There was not a university in the world, there was scarcely a leading scholar, in the days of Martin Luther and Huss that had not given up

faith in the doctrine of justification by faith, till Huss and Luther and their colleagues came, and they had to establish a new university to stand for the truth of God. But to-day we know that Martin Luther was right, and every university of Germany, France, England, and Scotland was wrong. So, if it were true that every scholarly preacher on earth had given up belief in the doctrine of the orthodox hell, it would not prove anything.

I say that hell is certain. Why? First of all, because Jesus Christ says so, and the apostles say so, God says so. If you want the words of Jesus Christ turn to Matt. xxv. 41, "Then shall He say also unto them on the left hand, Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels." If you want the words of Paul the Apostle, turn to 2 Thess. i. 7-9, "The Lord Jesus shall be revealed from heaven with His mighty angels, in flaming fire, taking vengeance on them that know not God, and that obey not the gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ: who shall be punished with everlasting destruction from the presence of the Lord, and from the glory of His power." If you want the words of the Apostle John, turn to Rev. xx. 15, "Whosoever was not found written in the book of life was cast into the lake of fire." If you want the words of the Apostle Peter, turn to 2 Pet. ii. 4-9, "God spared not the angels that sinned, but cast them down to hell, and delivered them into chains of darkness, to be reserved unto judgment; . . . the Lord knoweth how to deliver the godly out of temptations, and to reserve the unjust unto the day of judgment to be punished." If you want the words of the Apostle Jude, turn to Jude 14 and 15, "The Lord

shall come with ten thousand of His holy ones, rendering vengeance unto all, and convincing all the ungodly of all their ungodly deeds which they have ungodly done, and of all their hard sayings which ungodly sinners have spoken against Him." If you want the words of Jesus Himself again, Jesus after He had died, after He had gone down into the abode of the dead, after He had come up again, after He had ascended unto the right hand of His Father (He certainly knows what He is talking about now—He has been there), you will find it in Rev. xxi. 8, "The fearful, and unbelieving, and the abominable, and murderers, and whoremongers, and sorcerers, and idolaters, *and all liars*, shall have their part in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone: which is the second death."

I say that hell is certain, because Jesus Christ and the Apostles say so, because God says so through them. The only thing against it is the speculation of the theologians and dreams of poets. The words of Christ have stood the test of eighteen centuries, and always proved true in the final outcome every time. No school of theological speculation has ever stood the test of eighteen years, and when I have Christ on one side and speculative theologians on the other, it doesn't take me long to decide which to believe.

In the second place, I say that hell is certain, because experience, observation, and common sense prove that there is a hell. One of the most certain facts of every man's experience is this—that where there is sin there must be suffering. We all know that. The second certain fact of observation is the longer a man continues in sin the deeper he sinks down into sin and

the ruin, shame, agony, and despair which are the outcome of all sin. Gentlemen, there are hundreds and thousands of men and women in Birmingham to-night in a very practical hell, and the hell is getting worse every day. You may not know how to reconcile what these men and women suffer with the doctrine that God is love, but no intelligent man gives up patent facts because he cannot explain the philosophy of them, and this is a patent fact. Now, if this process keeps going on, sinking ever deeper and deeper into ruin, shame and despair, when the time of possible repentance has passed, and it must be passed some time, what is left but an everlasting hell? The only thing against it, the dreams of poets and the speculations of would-be philosophers. But the speculations of philosophers have proved an *ignis fatuus* from the very dawn of history; and when on the one hand I have the teaching of observation, experience, and common sense, and on the other hand only the speculations of philosophers and the dreams of poets, it doesn't take me very long to decide which to believe. But when in addition to the teaching of observation, experience, and common sense in its conflict with the speculations of cloistered theologians we have the sure teaching of the Word of God, the case is settled. There is a hell. It is more certain that there is a hell than that when you lie down to sleep to-night you will wake again to-morrow morning. You probably will, you may not; but it is absolutely certain that there is a hell, and the next time you buy a book—I care not how skilfully it is written—or go to hear a lecturer—I care not how eloquent—and pay a shilling, or two shillings, or four shillings to have some man prove to you by book or

lecture that there is no hell, you pay a shilling, or two shillings, or four shillings to be made a fool of. There is a hell.

II. THE CHARACTER OF HELL

First of all, *hell is a place of extreme bodily suffering*. That is plain from the teaching of the New Testament. The commonest words to express the doom of the impenitent are "death" and "destruction," constantly recurring. What do death and destruction mean? God has taken pains to define His terms. You will find His definition of destruction in Rev. xvii. 8, compared with Rev. xix. 20, and Rev. xx. 10. In Rev. xvii. 8, we are told that the beast goeth into "perdition." The word there translated perdition is the same word which is translated elsewhere "destruction," and ought to be so translated here, or else it ought to be translated differently in the other passages. Now, if you can find where the beast goes you have God's own definition of perdition or destruction. Turn to Rev. xix. 20. You will read that the beast and the false prophet were cast into "the lake that burneth with fire and brimstone." Turn to Rev. xx. 10, and you are told that a thousand years after the beast and the false prophet have been thrown in there, the devil also is cast in there where the beast and the false prophet *are* at the end of the thousand years, and they shall be "tormented day and night for ever and ever." By God's own definition, "perdition" or "destruction" is a place in a lake of torment for ever and ever. Now let us look at God's definition of death. You will find it in Rev. xxi. 8: "The fearful, and unbelieving, and the abominable, and murderous, and

whoremongers, and sorcerers, and idolaters, and all liars, shall have their part in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone: *which is the second death.*" God's definition of "death" is a portion in "the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone," just the same as His definition of "perdition." "Oh," but somebody says, "that is all highly figurative." Very well, I don't care to contend against that to-night, but remember God's figures stand for facts. Some people when they come to something unwelcome in the Bible will say it is figurative, and fancy that they have done away with it altogether. You have not done away with it by calling it figurative. What does the figure mean? God is no liar, and God's figures never overstate the facts, and it means at least this much—bodily suffering of the intensest kind. Remember furthermore, that in the next life we do not exist as disembodied spirits. All this theory so common to-day of the immortality of the soul independent of the body, where we float around as disembodied spirits, is Platonic philosophy and not New Testament teaching. According to the Bible, in the world to come the redeemed spirit has a body, not this same body, a radically different body, but still a body, the perfect counterpart of the redeemed spirit that inhabits it, and partaker with it in all its blessedness. On the other hand, the lost spirit has a body, not this same body, but a body the perfect counterpart of the lost spirit that inhabits it, and partaker with it in all its misery. Why, even in the life that now is, inward spiritual sin causes outward bodily pain. How many men to-night are suffering the most exquisite bodily suffering because of inward sin. I once went to a hospital where there were

upwards of 1200 people suffering the most awful bodily suffering, and the physician in charge told me that every one of the upwards of 1200 were brought there by one specific sin. Friends, hell is the hospital of the incurables of the universe, where men exist in awful and perpetual pain.

2. But while there is physical pain, this is the least significant feature of hell. *Hell is a place of memory and remorse.* You remember, in the picture which Christ has given us of the rich man in hell, that Abraham said to the rich man, "Remember." The rich man had not taken much that he had on earth with him, but he had taken one thing—he had taken his memory. You men and women that go on in sin, and spend eternity in hell, you won't take much with you that you own to-night, but you will take one thing—you will take your memory. You men will remember the women whose lives you have blasted and ruined, and you women will remember the lives squandered in frivolity and fashion and foolishness, when you might have been living for God. You will remember the Christ that you rejected, and the opportunities for salvation that you despised. There is no torment known to men like the torment of an accusing memory. I have seen in my office in Chicago strong men weeping like children. What was the matter? Memory. I have seen one of the strongest, brainiest men I ever knew throw himself upon the floor of my office and roll and sob and groan and wail. What was the matter? Memory. I have had men and women hurry up to me at the close of a service with pale cheeks, with drawn lips, with haunted eyes, and beg a private conversation. What was the matter? Memory. You will take

your memory with you ; and the memory and the conscience that are not set at peace in the life that now is by the atoning blood of Christ and the pardoning grace of God never will be. Hell is the place where men remember and suffer.

One day Mr. Moody asked me to go out riding ; and after we had ridden a little way he drove into a corn-field, went out to the middle of the lot, and then he said, " This is where it happened." I said, " This is where what happened?" He said, " Don't you remember the last time I was in Chicago that I told you a certain story, and you said the next time you came to Northfield you wanted me to show you just where it happened?" He said, " This is where it happened." What was the story? When Mr. Moody was a mere lad, one day he was hoeing corn—maize, as you call it—across a field with an elderly man. Suddenly the man who was hoeing stopped hoeing, and commenced hitting a stone with the hoe. Mr. Moody looked at him. The tears were rolling down his cheeks, and he said, " Dwight, when I was a lad like you I left home to make a living for myself." His house was up on the hill ; Mr. Moody pointed to the house as he spoke. " As I came out of the front gate yonder my mother handed me a Testament and said, ' My boy, " Seek first the kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you." ' " He said, " I went to the next town. I went to church on the Sabbath. The minister got up to preach. He announced his text, Matt. vi. 33, looked right down at me, and pointed his finger at me and said, ' Young man, " Seek first the kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you." ' " He said, " I went

out of the church; I had an awful struggle! it seemed as if the minister were talking at me. I said, 'No; I will get fixed in life first, and then I will become a Christian.'” He said, “I found no work there. I went to another town; I found employment. I went to church, as was my custom, Sunday after Sunday. After I had been going some Sundays the minister stood up in the pulpit, announced his text, Matt. vi. 33, ‘Seek ye first the kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you.’” And he said, “Dwight, he seemed to look right at me and point his finger right at me, and said, ‘Young man, “Seek ye first the kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you.”’” He said, “I got up and went out of church. I went to the cemetery back of the church. I sat down upon a tombstone. I had an awful fight, but at last I said, ‘No, I will not become a Christian till I get settled in life.’” And he said, “Dwight, from that day to this the Spirit of God has left me, and I have never had the slightest inclination to be a Christian.’” Mr. Moody said, “I did not understand it then. I was not a Christian myself. I went to Boston and was converted. Then I understood it. I wrote to my mother and asked her what had become of him, and she wrote me: ‘Dwight, he has gone insane, and they have taken him to the Brattleboro Insane Asylum.’ I went home to Brattleboro, and called on him there. He was in his cell, and as I went into his cell he glared at me, pointed his finger at me, and said, ‘Young man, “Seek ye first the kingdom of God and His righteousness,”’ and I could do nothing with him. I went back to Boston. After some time I came home

again. I said to my mother, 'Where is Mr. — now?' 'Oh!' she said, 'he is home, but he is a helpless imbecile.' I went up to his house. There he sat rocking back and forth in a rocking-chair, a white-haired man; and as I went into the room he pointed his finger at me and said, 'Young man, "Seek first the kingdom of God and His righteousness."' Gone crazy with memory.

Men, hell is the madhouse of the universe, where men and women remember.

3. Again, *hell is a place of insatiable and tormenting desire*. You remember what Jesus tells us of Dives, the rich man in hell. The rich man said, "Send Lazarus to dip the tip of his finger in water to quench my thirst for I am in torment, in agony, anguish in this flame." What is it a picture of? This, men; there is another thing you will carry into the next world with you: you will carry into the next world the desires that you build up here. Hell is the place where desire and passion exist in their highest potency, and where there is nothing to gratify them. You men and women that are living in sin, living in worldliness, what are you doing? You are developing in your soul passions, desires, until they become regnant, for which there is no gratification in that world to which you are going. Happy is that man or woman who sets his affection on the things above in the life which now is, rather than cultivating desires and aspirations for which there is no satisfaction in the world to which we are going. Wretched indeed is that man or woman who cultivates into ruling powers, passions and desires for which there is no gratification in the world to which we are going.

4. In the fourth place, *hell is a place of shame*. Oh, the awful heart-breaking agony of shame. In America, in New York State, we had a bank cashier in a bank, who was in a hurry to get rich, so he appropriated the funds of the bank and invested them, intending to pay them back. But his investment was a failure. For a long time he kept the books so as to blind the bank examiner, but one day when the bank examiner was going over the books he detected the embezzlement. He called in the cashier—he had to acknowledge his defalcation. He was arrested, tried, and sent to the State's prison. He had a beautiful wife and lovely child, a sweet angel-like little girl. Some time after his arrest and imprisonment the little child came home sobbing with a breaking heart. "Oh," she said, "mother, I can never go back to that school again. Send for my books." "Oh," she said, "my darling," thinking it was some childish whim, "of course you will go back." "No," she said, "mother, I can never go back. Send for my books." She said, "Darling, what is the matter?" She said, "Another little girl said to me to-day, 'Your father is a thief.'" Oh, the cruel stab! The mother saw that she could not go back to school. The wound was fatal. That fair blossom began to fade. A physician was called in, but it surpassed all the capacities of his art. The child faded and faded, until they laid her upon her bed, and the physician said, "Madam, I must tell you this is a case in which I am powerless; the child's heart has given way with the agony of the wound. Your child must die." The mother went in and said to her dying child, "Darling, is there anything you would like to have me do for you?" "Oh,"

she said, "yes, mother, send for father. Let him come home, and lay his head down on the pillow beside mine as he used to do." Ah! but that was just what could not be done. The father was behind iron bars. They sent to the governor of the State, and he said, "I have no power in the matter." They sent to the warden of the prison. He said, "I have no power in the matter."

But hearts were so touched that they got the judge and every member of the jury and the governor, and they got up a petition, and they made arrangements whereby the father was suffered to come home under a deputy-warden. He reached his home late at night, entered his house. The physician was waiting. He said, "I think you had better go in to-night, for I am afraid your child will not live till morning." The father went to the door and opened it. The child looked quickly up. "Oh," she said, "I knew it was you, father. I knew you would come. Father, come and lay your head beside mine upon the pillow just as you used to do." And the strong man went and laid his head upon the pillow, and the child lovingly patted his cheek, and died. Killed by shame. Men and women, hell is the place of shame, where everybody is dishonoured.

5. *Hell is a place of vile companionships.* Do you want to know the society of hell? Read Rev. xxi. 8: "The fearful, and unbelieving and the abominable, and murderers, and whoremongers, and sorcerers, and idolaters, and all liars, shall have their part in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone: which is the second death." That is the society of hell. "Oh," but somebody says, "many who are brilliant and

gifted are going there." It may be, men, but listen. How long will it take the most gifted man or woman to sink in such a world as that? Come to Chicago. I can go to the lowest dives and pick you out men who were once physicians, lawyers, congressmen, college professors, leading business men, and even ministers of the gospel, but now living with thugs, whore-mongers, and everything that is vile and bad. How did they get there? They began to sink.

In 1864 when George B. McClellan was nominated on the Democratic ticket for President of the United States, my father was one of the delegates to the Presidential Convention in Chicago. We then lived in New York. He took us children with him nearly to the Convention, left us in a quiet country town in Michigan, went on to the Convention, and then came back for us, and we started east. The train was filled with leading politicians. When we got to Albany we left the train, and got on a Hudson River steamboat. This steamboat was filled with the leading Democratic politicians, and we had a political meeting for hours that evening. Man after man of our most gifted orators stood up and spoke to the crowd, but there was one man who stood there who eclipsed everyone else. As that man stood there everybody was spell-bound by the power of his eloquence, everybody was electrified, and I—a boy of eight years of age—was carried away with the marvellous eloquence of this man. Years passed. One day I went out on our front lawn. I saw something lying on our lawn there, all covered with vomit, sleeping heavily, snoring like an overfed hog. When I went up to it I found it was a man, and alas! it was the very man who that night

had carried by storm all on that steamer. He had gone down. He died in a madhouse through drink and tobacco.

During our World's Fair there was a Women's Board appointed to receive the dignitaries of the Old World, to receive the members of the nobility, and the members of the royalty of Spain and other countries. A woman stood right near Mrs. Potter Palmer, who was the ruling one of the Women's Commission, dazzling people by her beauty and by her wit. Just before I left Chicago to go round the world some friends of mine were down in the slums of Chicago hunting for poor forlorn ones that they might help, and they found a poor creature with nails grown like a bird's claws, long tangled hair, twisted full of filth, face that had not been washed for weeks, clad in a single filthy garment—a wreck! And when they began to talk with her they found it was that woman who had stood so near Mrs. Potter Palmer during all the honours of the World's Fair. She had gone down through cocaine.

6. One thing more. *Hell is a world without hope.* There are men who tell you that the word *aionios*, translated "everlasting," never means everlasting; but when they tell you so they either have not looked into the matter—which is the most likely—or else they tell you a deliberate falsehood. It is true it does not necessarily mean everlasting. Whether it does or not has to be determined by the context. In Matt. xxv. 46, we read, "These shall go away into *everlasting life*, and these into *everlasting punishment*," and if it means everlasting in one part of the verse, by every known law of exegesis it must mean the same in the other

part of the verse, and nobody questions that it does mean everlasting in the one case.

Furthermore, there is another expression, "*Eis tous aiōnas tōn aiōnōn*" ("Unto the ages of the ages"), used twelve times in one book, eight times of the existence of God and the duration of His reign, once of the duration of the blessedness of the righteous, and in every remaining instance of the punishment of the beast, the false prophet, and the impenitent—the strongest known expression for absolute endlessness. Men, I have hunted my Bible through for one ray of hope for men that die impenitent, just a ray of hope that can be called such when the passage is properly interpreted by the right laws of exegesis, and I have failed after years of search to find one. I am familiar with the passages men quote, but they will not bear the burden placed upon them when carefully interpreted in their context with an honest attempt to discover what they really mean, and not to make them fit a theory. The New Testament does not hold out one ray of hope for men and women that die without Christ. Anyone who does, dares to do what God has not done. "For ever and ever" is the never-ceasing wail of that restless sea of fire. Such is hell, a place of bodily anguish, a place of agony of conscience, a place of insatiable torment and desire, a place of evil companionship, a place of shame, a place without hope.

III. HOW SHALL WE ESCAPE IT?

That may be answered in a word. There is but one way to escape hell, that is, by the acceptance of Jesus Christ as your personal Saviour, surrender to

Him as your Lord and Master, open confession of Him before the world, and a life of obedience demonstrating your faith. The Bible is perfectly plain about that. Turn to Acts iv. 12: "There is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved." John iii. 36: "He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life, he that believeth not on the Son shall not see life, but the wrath of God abideth upon him." Matt. x. 32, 33: "Whosoever therefore shall confess Me before men, him will I confess also before My Father which is in heaven. But whosoever shall deny Me before men, him will I also deny before My Father which is in heaven." 2 Thess. i. 7-9: "The Lord Jesus shall be revealed from heaven with His mighty angels, in flaming fire taking vengeance *on them that know not God and that obey not the gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ*, who shall be punished with everlasting destruction from the presence of the Lord, and from the glory of His power."

So the whole question is this, Will you accept Christ to-night? Men and women, hell is too awful to risk it for a year, it is too awful to risk it a month, it is too awful to risk it a week, it is too awful to risk it a day. Your eternal destiny and mine may be settled inside of twenty-four hours. It is too awful to risk it an hour, it is too awful to risk it till I have finished my sermon. Take Christ now. I know what some of you are saying, or what the devil is whispering to you. He is saying, "Don't be a coward, don't be frightened into repentance." Men, listen. Is it cowardice to be moved by rational fear? Is it heroism to rush into unnecessary danger? Suppose when I go out of this building to-night I looked up and there

was a building on fire. A man is sitting at an upper window reading a book carelessly. I see his peril, and I lift my hand to my mouth and say, "Flee for your life, the house is on fire." Then suppose that man should lean out of the window and shout back, "I am no coward. You can't frighten me." Would he be playing the hero, or would he be playing the fool?

One night I went to see my parents at the old home. They are both in heaven now. As I stepped off the one train I stepped on to another track. Unknown to me an express train was coming down that other track. A cabman of the town saw my peril, put his hand to his mouth, and cried, "Mr. Torrey, there is a train coming, get off the track!" I did not shout back, "I am no coward, you can't scare me." I was not such a fool. I got off the track, or I would not be here to-night to tell the story. Men and women, you are on the track; up the track I hear the not far distant thunder and rumble of the wrath of God as it comes hurrying on, and I cry to-night, "Get off the track!" Take Christ to-night! Take Him now! If you are reasonable, you will. If you don't you will not be playing the hero, but playing the fool.

IV

GOD'S BLOCKADE OF THE ROAD TO HELL

"The Lord is not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance."—2 PET. iii. 9.

If any man or woman in this audience is lost, it won't be God's fault. God does not wish you to be lost. God longs to have you saved. If God had His way, every man and woman in this audience would not only be saved some time, but saved to-night. God is doing everything in His power to bring you men and women to repentance. Of course, He cannot save you if you will not repent. You can have salvation if you want to be saved from sin, but sin and salvation can never go together. There are people who talk about a scheme of salvation whereby man can continue in sin and yet be saved. It is impossible. Sin is damnation, and if a man will go on everlastingly in sin, he will be everlastingly lost. But God is doing everything in His power to turn you out of the path of sin and destruction into the path of righteousness and everlasting life. God has filled the path of sin—the path that leads to hell—with obstacles. He has made it hard and bitter. A great many people are saying to-day "the Christian life is so hard." It is not. "Christ's yoke is easy, and His burden is light" (Matt. ii. 30). God tells us in His Word, "The way of trans-

gressors is hard" (Prov. ii. 15). God has filled it full of obstacles, and you cannot go on in it without surmounting one obstacle after another. I am to talk to you to-night about some of the obstacles that God has put in the path of sin and ruin.

The first one is the BIBLE. You cannot get very far in the path of sin without finding the Bible in your way. The Bible is one of the greatest hindrances to sin in the world. With its warnings, with its invitations, with its descriptions of the character and consequences of sin, with its representations of righteousness, its beauty and its reward, with its pictures of God and God's love, the Bible always stands as a great hindrance to sin. It makes men uneasy in sin. That is the reason many men hate the Bible; they are determined to sin, and the Bible makes them uneasy in sin, so they hate the book.

Men will give you a great many reasons why they object to the Bible, but in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, if you should trace men's objections to the Bible home, you would find the reason they hate the Bible is because it makes them uneasy in their sin. Men sometimes say to me, "I object to the Bible because of its filthy stories," but when I look into their lives I find that their lives are filthy, and that their real objection is not to filthy stories, of which there are none. Stories of sin there are; stories that paint sin in its true colours; stories that make sin hideous—and their objection is not to filthy stories, but because the Bible makes them uneasy in their filthy lives. This is why you hate it. The Bible makes it hard for you to go on in sin. How often a man has been turned back from the path of sin by a single verse in the

Bible. Hundreds of men have been turned out of the path of sin by Rom. vi. 23, "The wages of sin is death, but the gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord." Thousands of men have been turned out of the path of sin by Amos iv. 12, "Prepare to meet thy God." Tens of thousands of men have been turned out of the path of sin by John iii. 16, "For God so loved the world, that he gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." And John vi. 37, "Him that cometh to Me, I will in no wise cast out."

Several years ago a man came into our church in Chicago, who had not been in a house of worship for fifteen or sixteen years. He was a rampant infidel. I don't know why he came in that night. I suppose because he saw the crowd coming, and was curious to know what was going on. He sat down, and I began to preach. In my sermon, I quoted John vi. 37, "Him that cometh to Me, I will in no wise cast out." It went like an arrow into that man's heart. When the meeting was over he got up and went out, and tried to forget that verse, but could not. He went to bed, but could not sleep. "Him that cometh to Me, I will in no wise cast out" kept ringing in his mind. The next day it haunted him at work, and the next and the next, and for days and weeks that verse haunted him, but he was bound not to come to Christ. He came back to the street where our church stands, walked up and down the sidewalk, stamped his foot, and cursed the text, but he could not get rid of it. Six weeks passed and he came into our prayer meeting, and stood up and said, "Men and women, I was here six weeks ago and heard your minister preach. I heard the text,

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John vi. 37, and I have tried to forget it, but it has haunted me night and day. I have walked up and down the sidewalk in front of your church. I have stamped on the sidewalk and cursed the text, but I can't get rid of it. Pray for me." And we did, and he was saved. One text from God's Word turning him out of the path of sin and ruin.

The second obstacle that God has put in the path of sin is a mother's holy influence and a mother's teaching.

How many hundreds of men and women there are here to-night who are not yet Christians, who have tried to be infidels, tried to plunge down into sin, but your mother's holy influence and your mother's Christian teaching won't let you go the way you wish to. Sometimes it is years afterward that a mother's teaching does its work. We had in America a young fellow who went west to Colorado in the mining times. He worked in the mines during the day and gambled at night, as so many miners do, but he spent more money gambling than he made in the mines. One night he was at the gaming-table. He lost his last cent. Then he used some of his employer's money and lost that. He felt he was ruined. He arose from the gaming-table, went up into the mountains, drew his revolver and held it to his temple, and was about to pull the trigger, when a word that his mother had spoken to him years before came to his mind, "My son, if you are ever in trouble, think of God." And there, standing in the moonlight, with a revolver pressed against his temple, and his finger upon the trigger of the revolver, and the revolver cocked, he remembered what his mother had said, and dropped

on his knees, and cried to God and was saved. Turned out of the path of perdition by a mother's teaching.

Another obstacle that God has put in the path of sin and ruin is a mother's prayers. Oh, men, in the desperate hardness of our hearts we often trample our mother's teaching under foot, but we find it very hard to get over her prayers. How often at the last moment a man is saved by his mother's prayers. I have in my church in Chicago a man who stood outside the tabernacle in the old days with a pitcher of beer, and as the people came out of the meeting he offered them drink out of that pitcher of beer. He was hard and desperate and wicked. He had a praying mother in Scotland. One night when he went home from the meeting where he had caused trouble, in the middle of the night, in answer to the prayers of a godly mother in Scotland, he was awakened and saved without getting out of bed. He came back to Scotland to see his mother. He had a brother who was a sailor in the China seas, and the mother and the saved son knelt down and prayed for the wandering boy, and that very night while they prayed the Spirit of God came down upon that sailor and he was saved, and afterwards became Dr. Morrison, a missionary to India—saved by a mother's prayers.

I stand here to-night a saved man, because when I was rushing headlong in the path of sin and ruin, my mother's prayers arose and I could not get over them. I used to think that nobody had anything to do with my salvation, no living being, for I was awakened in the middle of the night. I had gone to bed with no more thought of becoming a Christian than I had of jumping over the moon. In the middle of

the night I jumped out of bed and started to end my miserable life, but something came upon me, and I dropped on my knees, and in five minutes from the time I got out of bed to take my life I had surrendered to God. I thought no man or woman had anything to do with it, but I found out a woman had—my mother—427 miles away praying, and while I had gotten over sermons and arguments and churches, and everything else, I could not get over my mother's prayers. Do you know why some of you men are not in hell to-night? Your mother's prayers have kept you out of hell.

Another obstacle is the sermons we hear. How many thousands and tens of thousands of men are turned back from sin to God by sermons that they hear or read. Sometimes the sermon does its work years afterwards.

I remember once, in my first pastorate, I prepared a sermon on the parable of the Ten Virgins. There was one member of my congregation who was very much on my heart—I prayed that that woman might be saved by that sermon. I went and preached that sermon. I fully expected to see her saved by that sermon, but when I gave out the invitation she never made a sign. I went home and did not know what to make of it. I said, "I prayed for her conversion by that sermon and fully expected her conversion, and she is not converted. I don't know what to make of it." Years afterwards, when I had gone to another pastorate, I heard that this woman was converted. I revisited the place and called upon her, and said, "I am very glad to hear you have been converted." She said, "Would you like to know how I was converted?" I said I would. "Do you remember preaching a ser-

mon years ago on the Ten Virgins? When you preached that sermon I could not get it out of my mind. I felt I must take Christ that night, but I would not, and that sermon followed me, and I was converted years after by that sermon." The sermon I was sure she was going to be converted by. But I did not see it for years.

Another obstacle is a Sunday School teacher's influence and teaching. How many it brings to Christ! How many in this audience to-night were brought to Christ by the teaching of a faithful Christian man or woman in the Sunday School? I want to say to you Sunday School teachers that a faithful Sunday School teacher is one of God's best instruments on earth for the salvation of the perishing.

In Mr. Moody's first Sunday School in Chicago he had a class of very unruly girls—nobody could manage them—but finally he found a young man who did manage them. One day this young man came into Mr. Moody's shop (it was before Mr. Moody went out of business) and said, "Mr. Moody" (and he burst into tears). Mr. Moody said, "What is the matter?" "The doctor says I have consumption, and that I must go to California at once or die," and he sobbed as if his heart would break. Mr. Moody tried to comfort him, and said, "Suppose that is so, you have no occasion to feel so bad. You are a Christian." "It is not that, Mr. Moody; I am perfectly willing to die, I am not afraid to die, but here I have had this Sunday School class all these years and not one of them saved, and I am going off to leave them, every one unsaved," and he sobbed like a child. Mr. Moody said, "Wait, I will get a carriage and we will drive around and visit them,

REAL SALVATION

I

WHERE ART THOU?

“Where art thou?”—GEN. iii. 9

My subject to-night is the first question that God ever asked of man. You will find that question in Gen. iii. 9, “Where art thou?” God asked the question of Adam. Adam had sinned, and on the evening of that awful day of the first sin the voice of God in its majesty was heard rolling down the avenues of the Garden of Eden. Adam had often heard God’s voice before, and the voice of God had been the sweetest music to Adam up till this day. Adam knew no greater joy than that of glad communion with his Creator and his Heavenly Father. But now all was different, and as the voice of God was heard rolling through the Garden, Adam was filled with fear, and tried to hide himself. That is the history of every son of Adam from that day till this. When sin enters our hearts and our lives we seek to hide from God. Every sinner is trying to hide from the presence and the all-seeing eye of God. That accounts for a very large share of the scepticism and infidelity and the agnosticism and

and one by one you can lead them to Christ." He took the pale teacher in the carriage and they drove around to the homes of the girls, and he talked to them about Christ until he was so tired that he had to be taken home, and the next day they went out again, and they went out every day until every one of these women but one was saved. Then they met for a prayer meeting before he went away. One after another led in prayer, and at last the one unsaved girl in the whole company led in prayer too and accepted Christ. He left by the early train the next morning, and Mr. Moody went down to the train to see him off. As they were waiting, one by one the girls dropped in, without any pre-arrangement, until every one of the young women was on the platform. He spoke a few words of farewell to them, and as the train pulled out of the station he stood upon the back platform of the car with his finger pointing heavenward, telling his Sunday School class to meet him in heaven.

A kind word or an act God often throws as an obstacle in the path of sin. A lady friend of mine was standing in a window looking out on Bleeker Street, New York. A drunkard came down the street. He had been a man in high circumstances; he had been the mayor of a Southern city, but had gone down through drink, and was now a penniless drunkard on the streets of New York. He had made up his mind to commit suicide. He started for the river, but as he was going down Bleeker Street he thought, "I will go into a public-house and have one more drink. I have spent a lot of money in that public-house, and I can certainly stand the man off for one drink." He went in and asked for a drink, and told the man he

had no money to pay for it, and the man came around from behind the bar and kicked him into the gutter—you are welcome, men, just as long as you have money—kicked him into the gutter. My friend, looking out of the window, saw the poor wretch picking himself up out of the gutter, and she crossed over and wiped the mud off with her handkerchief, and said, "Come over in there. It is bright and warm and you will be welcome," and the poor wretch went over and sat down behind the stove. The meeting began, and one after another gave their testimony, and when the meeting was over that lady came and spoke to him about his soul, and his heart was touched and he was saved. He got one position and then a better one, and finally was made manager of one of the largest publishing houses in the city of New York. One day he came to my friend, and said, "I have some friends down at a hotel; I want you to meet them." She went to the hotel, and he introduced her to a fine-looking, middle-aged woman and a fine-looking young lady, and said, "This is my wife and daughter"—beautiful, refined, cultured ladies whom he had left and gone down to the very verge of hell; but a kind act and a word of invitation to Christ had turned him out of the path to perdition, when he was within one step of hell, into the path that leads to glory. Oh, let us go as the missionaries of God's grace and block the path of sinful men and women with kindly deeds, and thus turn them to righteousness and to God.

Another obstacle that God puts in the path of sin and ruin is the Holy Spirit of His work. How strange it is. You and I have experienced it. When we were right in the midst of a carousal a strange feeling came

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into our heart, an unrest, a dissatisfaction with the life we were living, a longing for something better, memories of home, church, mother, Bible, and God.

A man one night was playing cards at the table. He was a man wholly given up to the world, belonged to one of your noble families, not a nobleman himself, but connected with members of the nobility—a wild, reckless, English spendthrift, and there he sat playing cards, and suddenly the voice of God's Spirit spoke in his heart. He thought he was about to die. He sprang up from the table, threw down his cards, rushed to his room. There was someone in the room. He thought at first, "It won't do to pray while the maid is in the room." But he was so much in earnest that he did not mind anybody. He dropped down by his bed and called upon God for Christ's sake to forgive his sins.

That man was Brownlow North, who did such a great work for God in Ireland and Scotland in '59 and '60. Oh, friends, listen. Last night as you were in some den of infamy, there came into your heart a wretchedness, a sense of self-disgust, a longing for something better, a calling to a purer life—what was it? God's Spirit. As you sit in this place here to-night (all over this building) there is a stirring in your heart, and you are saying to yourself, "I wonder if I had better not become a Christian to-night?" Almost a determination to stand up as soon as the invitation is given out. What is it? God sending His Spirit to blockade the road to hell. Listen, men, listen to God's Spirit to-night. Yield; accept Christ.

One other obstacle that God has put in the road as a blockade in the path to hell—that is the cross of Christ.

No man can get very far down the path of sin and ruin until he sees looming before him the cross. On that cross there hangs a Man, the Son of Man, the Son of God. There you see Him hanging with nails in His hands and feet, and a voice says, "It was for you. I bore this for you. I died for you." Oh, men, in the pathway of every man and woman here to-night stands the cross with Christ upon it, and if you go out of Bingley Hall to continue in sin you will have to go over the cross and over the crucified form of the Son of God.

I heard of a godly old man, who had a worthless son. That son was more anxious to make money than he was for honour or anything else, and he determined to go into that infamous business in which there is lots of money, but which no self-respecting man will undertake, the liquor business. Any man who is willing to coin money out of rum selling will coin money out of the tears of broken-hearted wives, out of the groans and sighs of the drunkards' sons and daughters, out of the hearts' blood of their fellow-men, for this infernal rum traffic is sending thousands of men every year to premature graves. This infernal rum traffic is causing more sorrow, more ruined homes, more wretchedness than perhaps anything else on earth, and every publican, every barman, every barmaid, and every professed Christian that holds stocks in breweries or distilleries, every one of you is a party to the crime. You have plenty to say about the rum-seller and the bartender. I would like to know how he is any worse than you professed Christians who own brewery stocks. He gets the abuse and you get the money, and you will get the eternal damnation unless you get out of the

infernal business. Well, this man so far lost his self-respect that he was going to open a public-house, and his father was ashamed. He pled with him. He said, "My boy, you bear an honoured name which has never been disgraced before. Don't disgrace it by putting it up over a public-house." But the son was so bent on money-making that he would not listen to his father's voice. The day came to open the public-house. The father was about the first on hand. He stood outside the door of that public-house, and every man that approached the door he stepped up to him and told him of the miseries that came from strong drink, warned him of the consequences of entering such a place as that, and, one after another, they turned away. The son looked out of the window to see why he was getting no customers. He saw his father outside, turning his customers away. He came outside and said, "Father, go home. You are ruining my business." He said, "I cannot help it, my boy. I won't have my name dishonoured by this business, and if you are bent on going on with it, I will stand here and warn every man that comes to enter your door." Finally the son lost his temper. He struck his old father. I tell you, friends, this rum business takes the humanity out of people—he struck his old father in the face. The father turned to him without the least anger. He said, "My son, you can strike me if you will; you can kill me if you will, but no man shall enter your public-house unless he goes over my dead body." Men, listen! No man or woman here to-night will ever enter hell unless by going over the dead body of Jesus Christ. No man or woman here to-night can go out of this place refusing Christ, persisting in sin,

without trampling under foot the form of Him who was crucified on the cross of Calvary for you.

Oh, men, God has piled the obstacles so high in His patient love! Don't try to surmount them to-night. Turn back. Turn out of the path of sin, turn into the path of faith in Jesus Christ. Turn now!

V

HEAVEN: WHAT SORT OF PLACE IT IS.—HOW TO GET THERE

“He looked for a city which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God.”—HEB. xi. 10.

“Here we have no continuing city, but we seek one to come.”—HEB. xiii. 14.

“I go to prepare a place for you.”—JOHN xiv. 2.

“And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain: for the former things are passed away.”—REV. xxi. 4.

My subject to-night is “Heaven: What Sort of a Place it is, and How to Get There.” This was the city Abraham sought, the “city which hath foundations,” this is “the continuing city” which we are seeking instead of these fleeting and perishable cities and homes of earth. What sort of a place is this city? what sort of a place is heaven? In answer to the question I am not going to tell what sort of a place I imagine heaven to be. I care very little for my speculations or any other man’s speculations and fancies on this point. I am going to tell you something that is sure about it. I am going to tell you what God plainly teaches about it in His Word. There are many who think we know nothing about heaven, and that it is all guesswork. That is not so. God has revealed to us very much about it, and what He has revealed

about it is very cheering, and eminently calculated to awaken in every wise and true heart a desire to go there. I think if we reflected more about heaven it would help us to bear our burdens here more bravely, that it would incite us to holier living, that it would do much to deliver us from the power of the greed and the lust that is blighting so many lives, that it would make us cheerier and more sunshiny. Those are very shallow philosophers who tell us that our present business is to live this present life and let the future take care of itself. You might as well tell the schoolboy that his present business is to live to-day and take no outlook into the future life of manhood, that he might wisely prepare for it on the one hand, and feel its stimulus on the other. True thoughts of the life that is to come clothe the life that now is with new beauty and strength. Let us then think awhile to-night about heaven. What do we know about it?

I. HEAVEN, A PLACE

First of all, heaven is a place. "I go to prepare a *place* for you," says Jesus (John xiv. 2). Some will tell you that heaven is merely a state or condition. Doubtless it is more important to be in a heavenly state or condition than in a heavenly place. It would unquestionably be preferable to be in hell in a heavenly state of thought and heart, than to be in heaven in a hellish state of thought and heart. But heaven is a place. We are not to be merely in a heavenly state of mind, but in a heavenly city as well, "a city that hath foundations," "a continuing city." Christ has already entered into heaven now to appear in the presence of God for us (Heb. ix. 24). He has gone to prepare a

place for us, and is coming back for us to take us to it. We are not to be disembodied spirits in the world to come, but redeemed spirits, *in redeemed bodies*, in a redeemed society, in a redeemed universe.

II. BUT WHAT SORT OF A PLACE IS HEAVEN?

I. It is a place of incomparable external, as well as internal beauty. This appears from such descriptions as we have in the 21st and 22nd chapters of the last book in the Bible. The God of the Bible is a God of beauty. The God of nature is also a God of beauty. He made this world beautiful. Its beauty has been marred by sin, the weed and the thorn and the brier spring up, the insect devours the roses, the lilies fade, decay and death bring loathsome sights and foul smells. "The whole creation," fallen in sympathy with fallen man (and it may be in sympathy with fallen pre-adamite races), groans and travails together in pain until now (Rev. viii. 20-22). But enough is left of the primal beauty to show us how intensely God loves beauty, and He has told us in His Word that the creation itself shall be delivered from the bondage of corruption into the glorious liberty of the children of God (Rom. viii. 21). There will be in heaven the perfection of beauty. Perfection of form, colour, sound, and odour. The beauty that is to be is necessarily indescribable. All earthly comparisons necessarily fail. Every sense and faculty of perception in our present state is blunted by sin and the disease that results from sin. But in our redemption bodies every sense and faculty will receive enlargement and exist in perfection. What new senses there may be we cannot, of course, imagine. Every faculty will have unlimited

opportunity for exercise. A material beauty, the counterpart and double of the moral beauty of that world, a material beauty the highest and most faultless will surround us on every hand, filling eye and ear and nostrils. Some of us have seen beautiful visions on earth. We have seen the mountains rearing their snow-crowned heads through the clouds; we have seen the vista of rolling hills and verdant valleys and winding rivers and forests with their changing colours; we have seen the lake and ocean dancing and tossing and rolling in the moonlight; we have seen the heavens in the clear wintry night bejewelled with their countless stars; we have caught the odours that float through the summer night in park and garden and tropical island; we have listened to the indescribable harmonies of piano and violin and organ as they responded to the touch of the master's hand, and the more matchless music of the human voice; but all these are nothing to the beauty of sight and sound and fragrance that will greet us in that fair city that hath foundations. This shall be the lot of the poorest of God's children. That poor widow who to-night toils by the dim candle-light to gain the pitifully small wage with which pitiless sweaters reward her painful toil, will soon be at rest, and entering upon these scenes of indescribable beauty to go no more out for ever.

2. But the beauty of heaven, as good and attractive as it is, will be its least important characteristic. *Heaven will be a place of high, holy, and ennobling companionships.* The best and wisest and noblest men of all ages will be there. Abraham and Isaac and Jacob will be there (Matt. viii. 11, "And I say unto you, That many shall come from the east and west,

and shall sit down with Abraham, and Isaac, and Jacob, in the kingdom of heaven"). Moses, Elijah, and Daniel, Paul and John, Rutherford and Brainerd and Payson. All the purest, noblest, most unselfish the world has known. All those who have trusted in the atoning blood of Christ (2 Cor. v. 1, "For we know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens"). All the dear ones who believed in and loved the Lord Jesus will be there. There are many who desire to get into the best society of earth. That is all right if really it is the best society, and not merely the society of wealth and fashion and foolishness that is sometimes so strangely and irrationally called "the best society." But the very best society of this world will be nothing to the society of heaven. The joys we find in the companionship of noble, unselfish, thoughtful people here, in the dearest companionships we know, give but the faintest conception of the joys of heaven's companionships. The angels are there (Luke i. 19, "And the angel answering, said unto him, 'I am Gabriel, that stand in the presence of God; and am sent to speak unto thee, and to shew thee these glad tidings.'" Luke xv. 7, 10, "I say unto you, That likewise joy shall be in heaven over one sinner that repenteth, more than over ninety and nine just persons, which need no repentance." "Likewise, I say unto you, There is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth"). We shall enjoy the companionship of these lofty intelligences, every one, Gabriel, Raphael, with the whole angelic host. God Himself is there too. In a sense

He is everywhere, but heaven is the place of His peculiar presence and manifestation of Himself. (2 Chron. vi. 30, "Then hear thou from heaven thy dwelling-place;" Matt. vi. 10, "Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven.") We shall hold communion with Him. Jesus Christ is there. (Acts vii. 56, "And said, Behold, I see the heavens opened, and the Son of Man standing on the right hand of God." Heb. iv. 14, "Seeing then that we have a great high priest, that is passed into the heavens, Jesus, the Son of God, let us hold fast our profession;" viii. 1, "Now of the things which we have spoken this is the sum: We have such an high priest, who is set on the right hand of the throne of the Majesty in the heavens.") To Paul this was one of the most attractive thoughts about heaven (Phil. i. 23, R.V.). The holy Rutherford also cried, "I would rather be in hell with Thee than in heaven without Thee; for, if I were in hell with Thee that would be heaven to me, and if I were in heaven without Thee that would be hell to me." On the other hand, there will be no unpleasant or degrading companionships there. The devil will not be there. The lewd, the vulgar, and the obscene will not be there. The avaricious and the scheming and selfish will not be there. The liar and the slanderer and the backbiter and the meddler and the gossip will not be there. The mean and the contemptible and the hypocrite will not be there. The profane and the blasphemer and the infidel and the scoffer will not be there. No money, nor influence, nor cunning will get them in. "And there shall in no wise enter into it anything that defileth, neither whatsoever worketh abomination or maketh a lie"

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(Rev. xxi. 27). It will be a good place to be. Birmingham would not be such a bad place to live in if we could get rid of some of its inhabitants. All such will be gotten rid of there. There are limitations to the joys of the dearest earthly companionships. Here

"Thought is deeper than all speech,
Feeling than all thought,
Soul to soul can never teach
What to itself was taught."

It will not be so there. We can perfectly open our hearts to one another there, as we so often and so vainly long to here. (1 Cor. xiii. 12, "For now we see through a glass, darkly; but then face to face: now I know in part; but then shall I know even as also I am known.")

Heaven will be a place of glad reunions. "Then we which are alive and remain shall be caught up in the clouds, together with" those who have left us, to meet the Lord in the air: and so shall we ever be with the Lord (1 Thess. iv. 17). The bereaved wife shall meet again the husband she has missed so long, the son shall meet again the mother whose departure left his life so desolate. There we shall meet again children who were removed from us in all the beauty of their early life, and whom we have never forgotten through all the months and years that have passed since. Ah! what glad days those coming days will be when we meet again never more to part.

3. *Heaven will be a place that is free from everything that curses or mars our life here.* The world we live in would be a happy place indeed if it were not for a few things. If there were no sin, no sickness, no

pain, no poverty, no servile labour, no want, no death, this world would be good. But these things mar and well-nigh ruin this present world. There will be none of these things in heaven. There will be no sin. Everyone will perfectly obey the will of God. There will be no poverty. Everyone will have all the inexhaustible wealth of God at his disposal. (Rom. viii. 17, "And if children, then heirs; heirs of God, and joint-heirs with Christ: if so be that we suffer with Him, that we may be also glorified together.") *There will be no servile, grinding toil.* I tell you, when I see the weary women who toil from early morn until late at night over the tub or ironing-board or sewing machine, when I see the men who rise at break of day and go forth to the forge or bench or ditch, I rejoice that there is a place where the weary are at rest. There will be none of these things in heaven. "There remaineth therefore a rest to the people of God" (Heb. iv. 9). *There will be no sickness nor pain.* "And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain: for the former things are passed away" (Rev. xxi. 4). No more aching limbs, no more throbbing temples, no more darting pains, no more grinding tortures, no more swelling tongues, no more weakness, no more sighs, no more groans, no more nights of tossing in sweltering rooms, no more tears. There will be no death in heaven. No breaking hearts as we look for the last time into the faces of loved ones as cheeks grow ashen, as eyes glaze. No watching the undertaker as he screws down the coffin lid on the one we loved, no black dresses and veils, no funerals passing

like heaven as possible. Heaven will be a very musical place. There will be far more singing than preaching there.

7. *Heaven will be "a city which hath foundations," a "continuing city"* (Heb. xi. 10; xiii. 14). Earth's greatest cities and earth's fairest homes do not abide, they crumble into dust. The so-called "eternal city" of the past is trodden underneath the unheeding feet of the beggars of modern Rome. The world itself does not abide. "The world passeth away" (1 John ii. 17). Heaven does abide. We enter it to go no more out for ever. The æons of eternity roll on, but heaven abides in its beauty, in its glory, in its joyousness, in its love; and we abide with it.

III. HOW TO GAIN AN ENTRANCE INTO HEAVEN

Is no heart to-night stirred with a longing for that "better country"? (Heb. xi. 16). Who would not rather have an entrance there than to have the poor fleeting possessions of any of earth's millionaires? If I had my choice between having the most splendid mansion on earth, and largest fortune, and all that money could buy, and then missing heaven at last, and living in the wretchedest tenement in want and hunger and suffering all my days and then gaining heaven at last, it would not take long to choose. Ah, when we reach that fair home, the privations of earth through which we may have passed to gain it will seem small and trifling indeed. "I reckon that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in us" (Rom. viii. 18). But we may all gain an entrance there.

through the streets, no standing by a yawning grave and watching a coffin lowered into it, no listening to the cold clods as they fall remorselessly on the box that contains the form of the one we love so much and whose departure leaves life so cheerless. Thank God there is no death in heaven.

4. *Heaven will be a place of universal and perfect knowledge.* Here the wisest of us sees through a glass darkly, but there face to face. Here we know in part, but there even as we are known (1 Cor. xiii. 12). The wisest scientist or philosopher on earth knows but very little. The little they know is exceedingly precious, but it is very little. Sir Isaac Newton when an old man said to one who praised his wisdom, "I am as a child on the seashore picking up a pebble here and a shell there, but the great ocean of truth still lies before me." But in heaven the most uneducated of us will have fathomed that great ocean of truth. Perfect knowledge of all things. The great perplexing problems of God and man, of time and eternity, solved. God's wondrous purposes and their accomplishment lying open before us. No doubts, no questionings, no uncertainties, no errors. Faith swallowed up in sight.

5. *Heaven will be a place of universal and perfect love.* "Beloved now are we the sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be: but we know that, when He shall appear, we shall be like Him; for we shall see Him as He is" (1 John iii. 2). We shall be like Him, and He is love. (1 John iv. 8, "He that loveth not, knoweth not God; for God is love.") What a place to live, where everyone is a lover and where all love is perfect. How happy is the home where love is triumphant. It may be a lowly

home, a plain, a very plain place, but it is a happy place. "Better is a dinner of herbs where love is, than a stalled ox and hatred therewith" (Prov. xv. 17). All is love there. And the love there will not be like that of earth, hesitating, suspicious, changeful, selfish, now so cold and again so warm, but pure unbounded, unfaltering, unchanging, constant, Christ-like. What a world that will be! The universal brotherhood of which we read and talk so much and see so little will find its perfect realisation there.

6. *Heaven will be a place of praise.* "After this I beheld, and, lo, a great multitude, which no man could number, of all nations, and kindreds, and people, and tongues, stood before the throne, and before the Lamb, clothed with white robes, and palms in their hands; and cried with a loud voice, saying, 'Salvation to our God which sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb.' And all the angels stood round about the throne, and about the elders and the four beasts, and fell before the throne on their faces, and worshipped God, saying, 'Amen: Blessing, and glory, and wisdom, and thanksgiving, and honour, and power, and might, be unto our God for ever and ever. Amen'" (Rev. vii. 9-12). Men will have open eyes to see God as He is. To see Jesus Christ as He is. Souls will throb and burst forth with praise. Suppose we should here in this hall to-night get one glimpse of God as He is, one view of Jesus Christ as He is! There would be a burst of song rising from this audience such as never rang through this building before. There will be melody all day long in heaven. Some people ask me in a critical way, Why do you have so much music in your meetings? Because we wish them to be as much

There is but one way, but that is very simple and open to all. In John xiv. 6, "Jesus saith unto them, 'I am the way, the truth, and the life; no man cometh unto the Father but by Me.'" In John x. 9, He says, "I am the door: by Me if any man enter in, he shall be saved, and shall go in and out, and find pasture." Christ is the door to heaven: Christ is the way to God. Accept Christ, accept Him fully as your Saviour, your Master, your Lord. Do it to-night. Do it now. If you stood outside the door of some fair mansion to-night where all inside was beauty, and sociability, and joyousness and love, and the owner with cordial invitation said, "Come in," would you wait a second invitation and risk its not being given? But even now Jesus swings heaven's door open wide, and says, "Come in." Accept Him at once and gain a right to enter and live for ever in heaven.

Over in our country there was a godless father who had a sweet little child who was an earnest Christian. This young daughter fell ill and died. The father was very angry at God. After the funeral he raged about his room cursing God who had taken from him his beloved child. At last, utterly worn out, he threw himself upon the bed and fell asleep. In his slumber he dreamed that he stood beside a dark river, across which he saw a beautiful land on the farther side. As he gazed across the river he saw children's forms coming toward him. From among the children one fair child came forth, whom he soon recognised as his own little daughter. She was beckoning to him and calling, "Come over here, father; come over here." He awoke, and bursting into tears gave up his rebellion against God, accepted Christ, and prepared to meet

his child in the fair land beyond the river. To many of us to-night there are voices of loved ones who have gone before calling, "Come over here, father;" "Come over here, my son;" "Come over here, mother;" "Come over here, husband;" "Come over here, wife." Let us accept Christ at once, and thus gain the right to enter heaven and live there for ever.

ment, and perform other duties; but all that will not take the place of the new birth. "Ye must be born again."

Orthodoxy of faith will not take the place of the new birth. A great many people are saying, "I believe the Apostles' Creed," "I believe the Nicene Creed," "I believe in the Longer and Shorter Catechism," "I am orthodox; I hold the right views about Christ, the right views about the Bible, the right views about the Atonement." You can be orthodox upon every doctrine, and be lost for ever. I suppose the devil is as orthodox a person as there is. The devil knows the truth about the Bible. He hates it, and loves to get others to believe something else, but he believes it himself. The devil knows the truth about Christ. He believes in the Divinity of Christ. He tries to keep others from believing in it, but he believes in it himself, he knows Jesus Christ is Divine. The devil believes the truth about hell. There is no one knows better than the devil that there is an everlasting hell. The devil is perfectly orthodox, but he is lost. "Ye must be born again."

Culture, and refinement, and outward correctness of life will not take the place of the new birth. The trouble with us is not merely in our outward life. The trouble is in the heart. The corruption is in the heart, in the very deepest depths of our inner life; and merely to reform your outward life is not enough; that will not save you. It does not go deep enough. Suppose I had a rotten apple. I could take that apple to an artist and have him put a coating of wax around the rotten apple, and then paint it until it was just as beautiful in appearance as any apple you ever saw,

but it would be just as rotten as ever. Take one bite into it and you bite into the decay. The trouble with you is that out of Christ you are rotten at the heart, and mere culture, mere refinement, mere respectability, mere reform, mere morality, is simply putting a coating of wax on the outside and painting it up. You must be changed down to the deepest depths of your being. What we need is the power of God going down to the deepest depths of our souls, banishing death, and bringing in life; banishing corruption, and bringing in the holiness of God. "Without holiness, no man shall see God," and it is only by the regenerating power of the Spirit of God that any man or woman can become holy. "Ye must be born again."

The necessity of the new birth is universal. There is not a man or woman on the face of the earth that shall ever see the kingdom of God, or enter the kingdom of God, except they be born again. There is no exception. There is not a woman in Birmingham, I care not how refined, how highly educated, how amiable, how beautiful in her daily life, that will ever see the kingdom of God unless she is born again. If anybody could have entered the kingdom of God without the new birth it was Nicodemus. Nicodemus was an upright man, honoured by everyone; he moved in the best society, a man of wealth and culture; he belonged to the orthodox party, a man of deep religious earnestness, sincerely desiring to know the right way, a man who prayed and studied his Bible, and went regularly to the synagogue several times a week; and the Lord Jesus looked him right in the face, and He said, "Nicodemus, you must be born again." No exceptions. Except a man be born again, he shall

not see the kingdom of God. So I come to you with the question, "Have you been born again?" I do not ask if you are a church member. I do not ask you if you believe the truth. I do not ask if you say your prayers or read your Bible. I do not ask if you go to church. I do not ask if you have a liberal heart towards the poor. I do not ask if you give to foreign missions. Have you been born again?

Well, somebody says, "What does it mean to be born again?" As good a definition as I know of the new birth is given in 2 Cor. v. 17, "If any man be in Christ, he is a new creature [creation]: old things are passed away; behold, all things are become new." The new birth is a new creation. A radical transformation by the power of the Spirit of God in the deepest depths of our being; a new will, new affections, new thoughts. We are born with a perverted will. We are born with corrupted affections. We are born with a blinded mind.

In regeneration by the power of the Holy Spirit God transforms our will, transforms our affections and our tastes, transforms our way of looking at things. Let me go into it a little more specifically. Every man and woman by nature has a perverted will, a will that is set on pleasing self. By nature we love to please self. We do what pleases ourselves. What pleases us may not be vicious at all; we may not be pleased to get drunk, or swear, or lie, or do anything vicious or vulgar; but our minds are bent on pleasing ourselves. But when God, by His Spirit, imparts to us His nature and life, our will is changed, and the whole purpose of our life. Instead of pleasing self, it is pleasing God; the whole

will is surrendered to God, and we live to please Him. We may do a great many of the things we did before, but now we do them because they please God. Before, we did them because they pleased ourselves. Our affections are corrupt by nature. We love the things we ought not to love, and hate the things we ought to love. For example, a great many women in this room this afternoon love novels, which God hates, more than they love the Bible, which God loves. If a great many of you women were to tell the truth this afternoon, and would stand up and speak the truth, you would say, "I would rather read a story-book any day of the week than read the Bible." You love the theatre, which God hates. I don't say God hates theatrical people, mind you—He loves them; but He hates the theatre. God hates the card-table: I am sure He does. You all would, probably, if you knew as much about it as I do; but you love the card-table. God hates the dance. I should think that any intelligent, modest person would, if they would only stop to think a little; but you love the dance. You would rather go to the theatre than to the gathering of God's children. If you had your choice Thursday night or Wednesday night between going to a first-class opera or to a place where God's Spirit was present in power, you would choose the opera. You would go to a card-party rather than to a quiet gathering of God's people, where they knelt down and prayed for the outpouring of the Spirit, and very likely you are a church member. When God, through the power of the Spirit, imparts to you a new nature, you will love the Bible more than any other book in the world. You will love the place where God mani-

feasts Himself better than any place of worldly entertainment. You will love the company of God's people better than you will love the pleasures of this world; and the beautiful thing is that in a moment of time, by the power of God's Holy Spirit, the change comes.

New tastes, new affections, take the place of the old tastes and old affections. There is not anyone here to-day that loves the theatre more than I once did, and the dance—I used to go to from four to six dances a week—or that loves the card-party more than I once did, for I played cards every day of my life except the Sabbath. (I thank God that my mother's training kept me from doing it on the Sabbath day.) You could not hire me to do these things to-day. I think there is not money enough in Birmingham to hire me to go to the theatre, unless I went there to get some poor soul out. There is not money enough in Birmingham to get me to play whist, or casino, or bridge, or anything else. I hate it. I love the things I once hated, and I hate the things I once loved. Why, in those days I would rather have read any novel than read this book. To-day I have more joy in reading this book than in any other book on earth. I love it. My greatest intellectual joy is just to pore over the wonderful pages of this book of God. Then you will get new thoughts. A great many of you to-day are blind to the Divine authority of this book. You believe all the nonsense that people tell you in the name of what they call "scholarship"—about the mistakes in it. When you are born again, you will get a mind so in tune with the mind of God that you will believe everything in it in spite of everybody. Some of you cannot believe

the doctrine of the Atonement, that Jesus took our sins in His own body on the cross. The preaching of this doctrine is "foolishness to them that perish"; but when you are born again, the doctrine that the Son of God died on the Cross of Calvary will be one of the sweetest doctrines in all the universe. A new will set upon pleasing God instead of pleasing self, new affections to love the things that God loves and to hate the things that God hates, a new mind about the truth of God. Have you been born again? If not, you are not saved. "Verily, verily, I say unto you, except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God."

How can we tell whether we have been born again or not? 1 John ii. 29: "Every one that doeth righteousness is born of Him." If you have been born of God, you will do as God does. God does righteousness. If you are born of God righteousness will be the practice of your life. What is righteousness? To do righteousness is to do that which is right in God's sight. A man that is born of God will study the Word of God to find out what God's will is as revealed in His Word, and when he finds out, he will do it. Are you doing that? Studying the Word of God daily to find out what God wants you to do? When you find out what God wants you to do, are you doing it?

1 John iii. 9: "Whosoever is born of God doth not commit sin." That is, does not make a practice of sin. What John means by sin he tells us a few verses before this. To commit sin is to do that which you know to be contrary to God's will. The man of God will not, when he knows God's will,

disobey it. He may be mistaken. He may do something that he did not think at the time was not God's will, but he will find out it was not, and when he does he will own it up and confess it as sin. Or he may be suddenly surprised, overtaken by a sudden temptation, and fall; but as soon as he sees it he will confess it. He will not go on day after day doing that which he knows to be contrary to the will of God. Anybody that is making a practice day after day of something that they know when they do it to be contrary to the will of God has reason to doubt whether they are born again. A young man asked me on the street on Thursday, "If a man is born again and lies down in sin and dies in sin, will he be saved?" "Why," I said, "a man who is born again will not lie down in sin. He may fall into it, but he will not stay there."

Do you know the difference between a hog and a sheep? A hog will fall into the mud, and when he gets there he will stay there. A sheep may fall into the mud, but he gets up as quick as he can. A good many people that we think are Christ's sheep are only washed sows. A sow that is washed will return to the mire, but a sheep will not stay in the mud. Some of you say, "I wish Dr. Torrey would not use such inelegant language." It is not my language, it is God's. If you are only outwardly reformed, if you are simply externally converted, in a few weeks you will go back to your sin and your worldliness. You are only a washed sow. I am quoting Scripture. It is God's language (2 Pet. ii. 22). It is the person who is outwardly converted, but not inwardly transformed, who will give up after a little while; but if

you have been born again you are transformed from a sow into a sheep, and you will never lie down in sin again.

In 1 John iii. 14, you find the third proof of regeneration—love of the brethren. “We know that we have passed from death unto life, because we love the brethren.” Love to everybody that belongs to Christ, irrespective of their social position, irrespective of their race or colour. “We love the brethren,” every child of God. The nature of God is love, and if God has imparted His nature to you, you have a heart full of love, and especially love for God’s children. I once went to a communion service in the city of Brooklyn, and they were receiving new members. A lady sat near me, and when the people stood up to receive the new members, I saw she did not stand up. When the meeting was over I said to her—I knew her very well—“Why didn’t you stand up to receive the new members?” She replied, “I was not going to stand up for them. They are our mission people. I am not going to love and watch over and care for them.” They were poor and she was rich. She loved rich Christians. She was not a child of God. The poorest old washerwoman that is born of God you will love just as much as if she were the wife of a millionaire. A woman that cannot read or write you will love just as much as if she were the most highly educated woman in the kingdom. It is a practical love, a love that shows itself by going into the pocket. People will get up in a prayer meeting sometimes and say, “I know I have passed from death unto life because I love the brethren.” After the meeting a lady goes round and says, “There is

Mrs. Smith; she is in trouble. She needs a little help, and we are making up a little purse for her. Won't you give something?" And she says, "I cannot do it. Christmas is coming, and I have got to get presents for my sisters, and children, and cousins, and I cannot give to everybody." You can, if you are a child of God, and have it to give.

The Bible is such a practical book, coming down to everyday life. The proof of the new birth is love, and the proof of love is, that if you have a penny left in your pocket you will go and share it with your poor brethren, your poor sisters, if you are born again.

Another test. I John v. 1: "Whosoever believeth that Jesus is the Christ is born of God." Now, you say, "I come in on that. I believe that Jesus is the Christ." Do you? "Of course I do. I am perfectly orthodox." It is not orthodoxy, it is real belief. "Christ" means King, and if you really believe in Christ as King, it leads you to set Him up as King in your heart. Everybody that really believes in Christ as King makes Christ King. Does Christ sit upon the throne of your heart? Does Christ rule your life? If He does, you are born of God. If He doesn't, you are not.

I John v. 4: "Whatsoever is born of God overcometh the world." There are two classes of people in the world—those who are overcoming the world, and those who are being overcome by the world. Which class do you belong to? Are you getting the victory over the world, or is the world getting the victory over you? A great many people come to me and say, "I know this is not just right, but it

is what everybody in Birmingham does, and so I do it." The world is getting the victory over you. "I don't believe in this, but all the people in our suburb, even including the church members, do it, therefore I do it." The world is getting the victory over you. If you are born of God you will get the victory over the world. You won't ask what the world does; you will ask what Christ says, and you will obey Christ, your King, and get the victory over the world, though you have to stand alone. Are you born of God? "Ye must be born again." Have you been born again?

Now, I think, a great many of you will say, "No, I haven't. Can you tell me just now what I must do to be born again?" Yes, I can. God Himself tells us.

John i. 12: "As many as RECEIVED HIM, to them gave He power to become the sons of God." We are born again by God's Holy Spirit, through His Word, the moment we receive Christ. When you take Christ into your heart, you take the life of God into your heart. When you take Christ into your heart, Christ comes and reigns and transforms you through and through in a moment. Anybody in this building this afternoon, I care not how worldly you are, how sinful you are, how hard you are; I care not how unbelieving you are, anyone to-day that will throw his heart open and let Jesus come in to rule and reign, who will take Christ as his sin-bearing Saviour, as his Saviour and Deliverer from the power of sin, the moment you surrender to Him the control of your life, God, by the power of His Holy Spirit, will make you a new creature.

Some people will bring to you two persons—one who has been very carefully reared, who has been taught to observe the outward forms of Christianity, and another woman who has gone down into the deepest depths of sin, and say, “Here is this person very near the kingdom; she will surely be easily led to accept Christ. But here is this person who has gone down into the depths of sin; of course we don’t expect to see that one saved right now.” Why not? If that moral, refined, amiable, beautiful girl takes Christ, God by His Holy Spirit will impart His nature to her and make her a child of God the moment she does it; but, also, if the vilest woman in Birmingham takes Christ, God by His Holy Spirit will impart His nature to her, and make her a child of God the moment she does it. How often I have seen it, at the same meeting.

“Ye must be born again.” Ye can be born again. There is not a person within the hearing of my voice but who will become a child of God right now if he will take the Lord Jesus Christ. The moment he does it, God, by a creative act, by the power of His Holy Spirit, will make him a new creature. “Old things are passed away; behold, all things are become new.”

Two thoughts I wish to leave with you. First, that the most highly-educated, most upright, most amiable, most attractive man or woman who is out of Christ will never be saved but by the creative act of God, until the Holy Spirit in the inmost depths of your soul makes you a new creation in Christ. Second, the most hopeless abandoned man or woman in Birmingham can be saved in an instant, born again,

made a new creature, the moment they accept Christ. We are all saved the same way. By the acceptance of Christ, by the power of the Holy Ghost the instant you accept Christ. Have you been born again? If not, will you take Jesus right now and be born again?

VII

REFUGES OF LIES

“The hail shall sweep away the refuge of lies.”—ISA. xxviii. 17.

EVERY man needs a refuge. Every one of us needs a refuge from four things—the accusations of our own conscience, the power of sin, the displeasure of God, and the wrath to come. Almost every man has something that he is trusting in as a refuge. The trouble is not that men have no refuge, but that they have a false one, what our text characterises as a refuge of lies. God announced to Israel through His servant Isaiah, and announces to us to-night, that there is a day coming for testing the refuges of men, and in that day of testing the hail will sweep away the refuge of lies. Is your refuge a true one or a false one? Is it a refuge that will stand the test of the hour that is coming, or is it a refuge that will go down in a day of storm? Can we tell? We can with absolute certainty.

There are four common-sense tests that you can apply to every hope, that will show clearly whether it is a true hope or a refuge of lies. Those four tests are: First, a true refuge must be one that meets the highest demand of our own conscience. If it does not meet the highest demand of our own conscience, it is not a refuge from the accusations of our own conscience, neither is it a refuge from the displeasure

of God, for if our own heart condemn us, God is greater than our heart and knoweth all things. In the second place, it must be one, trust in which is making you a better man. If that refuge in which you are trusting is not making you a better man from day to day, it is not a refuge from the power of sin, neither is it a refuge from the wrath to come; for you may rest assured that any hope that does not save you from the power of sin in the life that now is can never save you from the consequences of sin in the life which is to come. In the third place, it must stand the test of the dying hour. A refuge that only comforts you when you are well and strong, but will fail in that dread hour when you are face to face with death, God, and eternity, is absolutely valueless. Fourth, it must be a refuge that will stand the test of the judgment day. Unless it stands that great test it is absolutely worthless. Suppose you had a friend who was under indictment for murder, and you went down to see him in the jail before his trial. You find him in a very cheerful frame of mind, and you say to him, "I thought you were under indictment for murder." And he replies, "I am." "I thought the trial was near." "It is." "Well, you seem to be very cheerful for a man who is under indictment for murder, and whose trial is very near." "Oh, I am, and the reason is this, I have an answer to make when the trial comes on." "What is your answer? Will it satisfy the judge and jury?" "No, I don't think it will, but it satisfies me." "Why, man," you say, "you don't try the case. Your answer is no good unless it will satisfy the judge and jury." You say you have a refuge that satisfies you.

Will it satisfy God? that's the question. Will it in the judgment day satisfy God?

Now I am going to apply these four common-sense tests to some of the refuges of lies in which men are trusting to-day. The first refuge of lies is trust in our own morality, our own goodness, our own character. How many men and women there are who when you approach them on the subject of becoming Christians reply, "No, I don't feel any need of Christ. I am trusting in my own character, in my own daily life. I don't claim to be perfect. Of course, I am not faultless, but I believe that the good in my life will more than counterbalance the evil, and I am trusting in my own good deeds." Let us apply the tests. Does your goodness meet the highest demand of your conscience? Be honest now. In all my talking with moralists, and I have talked with a great many, I have never met in all my life but two men who, when I drove the question home, maintained that their own goodness came up to the highest demand of their own conscience. I have met two. You say that they must have been remarkably good men. No, they had remarkably poor consciences. One of them was a Jew I once met in crossing the Atlantic Ocean. I started to talk to him one day about becoming a Christian, and he said to me, "I feel no need of a Saviour." I said, "Do you mean to tell me that you have never sinned?" "Never," he said. "Never fallen below the highest demand of your own conscience?" "Never." "Never done anything that you regretted afterwards?" "Never." "Well," you say, "he must have been a good man indeed." No; far from it. He was so mean that

before we reached New York city he was the most unpopular man on the steamer. Apply the second test: Is trust in your own goodness making you a better man? As you go on day after day talking about your own morality and trusting in it, do you find, as you grow older, that you are growing more unselfish, more kind, more considerate of others, more helpful, more humble? I have known a great many men who trusted in their own morality; I have never known a single one of them who, as he grew older, grew gentler, sweeter, kinder, more considerate of others, more helpful to his fellow-men. Every one I have known as he grew older has grown more cross, censorious, self-centred, proud. Apply the third test: Will it stand the test of the dying hour? How often it does not. How many a man, who in days of health and strength has boasted of his own goodness, when he comes to lie on his dying bed has wished that he had a living faith in Christ. In one of my pastorates was perhaps the most self-righteous man I ever knew intimately. He had no use for the church, no use for the Bible, no use for Jesus Christ, no use for ministers, and perhaps least of all for me, against whom he had a particular grudge, because of something I had once done that he misunderstood, but he was perfectly confident that he was the best man in all the community. In process of time a cancer appeared on that man's scalp; it spread and ate its way through the scalp until it reached the skull. Then little by little it ate its way through the skull until there was only a thin film of skull between the cancer and the brain. You could see the throbbing beneath the thin film of skull. He knew he must die, and in

that hour he said, "Send for Mr. Torrey. I must speak to him." I hurried to his home at once, sat down beside his bed, and he said, "Oh, Mr. Torrey, tell me how to be saved. Tell me how to become a Christian." I took my Bible and I explained to him just as simply as I knew how what to do to be saved, and I think I can explain it pretty simply. But somehow or other he could not grasp it. Hour after hour I sat with him. When night came I said to his wife and family, "You have sat up with him night after night. You are tired. You go to bed, and I will sit up with him all night to-night and minister to him." They gave me instructions what to do and retired for the night. All night long I sat by him, except when now and then I had to go out into the other room to get something for him to eat or drink. Every time when I came back into the room where he was lying over in the corner there came one constant groan from that corner, and it was this, "Oh, I wish I was a Christian! Oh, I wish I was a Christian! Oh, I wish I was a Christian!" And so the man died. Will it stand the test of the judgment day? When you stand face to face with God and that awful, piercing, all-seeing, holy eye looks you through and through, the eye of the One who knows all your past, not only your overt acts but your covert thoughts, every hidden imagination, will you look up into His face and say, "O God, Thou holy One, Thou all-seeing One, Thou knowest me through and through, and I stand here to-day confident that my own righteousness will pass with Thee"? Never! If you fancy that you will, go alone with God to-night and kneel down even now and look up into God's face and try to tell Him that. You can

tell me that, but I don't believe that even you have the brazen effrontery to look up into the face of God even now and try and tell Him that. Apply one more test; will it stand the test of the Word of God? We know that it will not. We are told in Gal. iii. 10, "As many as are of the works of the law—who are trying to be saved by their own doings—are under the curse; for it is written, Cursed is every one that continueth not in all things that are written in the book of the law to do them." And we are told in Rom. iii. 20, "By the deeds of the law shall no flesh living be justified in His sight."

The second refuge of lies is trust in other people's badness. Some people make their boast in their own goodness; others make their boast in the badness of others. How often when you go to a man and urge him to come to Christ, he says, "No, I don't pretend to be very good, but I am just as good as a lot of other folks, just as good as a great many of your church members." Let us try that. Does that meet the highest demand of your own conscience? When conscience comes with its imperious demands, does it satisfy your conscience to say, "Well, I am not very good, but I am as good as somebody else?" If it does, you must have a mighty mean conscience. Is trust in other people's badness making you a better man? I have known a great many people who talked much of other people's badness, but I have yet to find the first man or woman who was made better by the process. Show me a man who is always talking about the faults of others and I will show you a man who is rotten at the heart every time. Show me a man that calls every other man a thief, and I will show you a man you can't trust with your pocket-

book. Show me a man who thinks every other man is impure, and I will show you an adulterer. Show me a man or woman who is always talking about others' faults, and I will show you a man or woman, without exception, that you can't trust. It never fails. In one of my pastorates in my Bible class I had a woman—I came near saying a lady—who was in business—notoriously dishonest in business. One day she said to me in my Bible class, "Brother Torrey"—oh, she did love the "brother"—"Brother Torrey, don't you think that everybody in business is dishonest?" I looked at her and replied: "Mrs. Mac,"—she was Scotch; never mind the rest of it—"when anybody in business accuses everybody in business of being dishonest, they convict at least one person." And she was mad! But why should she be mad? I only told her the truth. I made a statement like this in my own church once in an American city—not where I am now: "Show me a person who is always talking about the faults of others and I will show you a person rotten at the heart." At the close a lady in my church came to me and said, "I didn't like something you said this morning." I said, "What was that?" "You said, 'Show you a man or woman that was always talking of the faults of others and you would show them a man or woman rotten to the heart every time.'" I said, "Yes, I said that, and I meant it too." "Well," she said, "there is Miss So-and-So, you must admit she is always talking about the faults of others." I had to admit it. "Now," she said, "you would not say she was bad." Well, I didn't say it, but, if I had told that lady, the fact was that on that very day I had told that woman that she could never sing in our choir again,

because of awful rottenness in her life that had been brought to my view, with which I had charged her, and which she had confessed. Men and women, if you know a man or woman who is always talking about the faults of others, don't you trust them. Third, Will it stand the test of the dying hour? Oh, never. This very woman to whom I have already referred who asked the question in the Bible class, the time came for her to die. The physician had done his best. He went into the room and said to her, "Mrs. Mac, it is my duty to tell you I can do no more, neither can any other physician. You must die." And she shrieked, "Doctor, I can't die! I won't die! I am not ready to die. Doctor, I can't die!" But she did die, and so will you, and in that hour you will not think about the faults of others; the faults of one person will fill the whole horizon, and those are your own faults. Will it stand the test of the judgment day? Face to face with God who knows you, will you look up into His face and say, "I have never been good, but I am just as good as others?" Never! In that day, God tells us distinctly in Rom. xiv. 12, "Every one of us shall give account of *himself* to God."

The third refuge of lies—universalism, the belief that God is too good to condemn anyone, that there is no hell, no future punishment for sin. How common a refuge that is to-day, and perhaps no more common anywhere than in Birmingham. People meet you everywhere when you urge them to come to Christ with the answer, "I believe in the mercy of God, I believe in the goodness of God, I believe God is love and too good to condemn anyone, I believe there is no hell, no future punishment." Let us apply the tests.

Does that satisfy the demands of your own conscience? When your conscience points out your sin and demands a change in your life, does it satisfy your conscience to say, "Yes, I know my life is not just right, but God is love, therefore I am going right on trampling His laws under foot, because He is so good and so loving." Is that the kind of conscience you have? If I had that kind of conscience I would trade it off just as quick as I could. Look here. Here is a boy who has been very ill. He has a loving mother, who loves him enough to die for him if necessary. Through long days of illness she will not even have a hired nurse, but watches by his bedside till she takes his complaint and breaks down, and now he is up and around, but she is at the very verge of death. She calls him and his sister into the room and says, "Children, I am very low. I may not live the day out, but I want you to go out into the garden into the bright sunshine and enjoy this beautiful day for awhile; but, Johnnie, when you get out there you will find some roses in bloom that are very choice. I am saving them for a special purpose. Please don't pluck them, Johnnie." They go out, and no sooner do they reach the garden than Johnnie begins at once to pluck every one of those roses. Mary says to him, "Johnnie, what are you doing? Did you not hear what mother said, that we were not to pull the roses?" "Oh, yes, Mary, I heard her; but Mary, you know how mother loves us. You know how good she is. You know how she watched over me through my illness, how she would not even have a trained nurse, but watched over me herself, and now she is ill to-day because she loved me so and watched over me so tenderly. Mary, that is the reason I am disobey-

ing her, because she loved me so." What would you say of a boy like that? But you contemptible and ungrateful men and women are making God's infinite love that gave His Son to die on the cross of Calvary for you an excuse for trampling His laws under foot. Shame on you! Don't you ever do it again!

Will your universalism stand the test of the dying hour? A great deal of the universalism of the day does not. Dr. Ichabod Spencer, one of the most celebrated pastors America ever had, has written a book called "Pastoral Sketches," telling incidents from his pastoral work—one of the most valuable books that a minister can possess. One of the sketches is as follows: There were in his Brooklyn congregation two ladies, both married ladies, one the mother-in-law of the other. The husband of neither of them was a Christian. One day the husband of the younger, the son of the older, was taken suddenly and seriously ill. They saw that the illness might result in death, and they sent for Dr. Ichabod Spencer. When Dr. Spencer came into the room this young fellow was tossing upon a bed of sickness. Dr. Spencer hurried to his side and tried to present to him the consolation of the Gospel. He said, "Dr. Spencer, I can't listen to you. I have heard it over and over again. I would not listen to it in times of health and strength. I am now very ill. I am dying, will die soon. I can't repent in this my last hour. I can't do it." And he tossed and groaned in agony upon the bed. His father was walking up and down the room in great excitement. Finally, he turned to the bed and said, "My son, there is nothing for you to be so anxious about. You have not been a bad boy, and there is no hell. You have nothing to fear." That

dying son turned to his father and said, "Father, you have deceived me all through my life. If I had listened to mother instead of to you I would not have been here now. She tried to get me to go to church and Sunday School, but you took me off fishing and pleasure-seeking on the Sabbath. You told me that there was no hell, and I believed you. You have deceived me up to this time, but, father, you can't deceive me any longer. I am dying and going to hell, and my blood is upon your soul." Then he turned his face to the wall and died. Fathers, you who are upsetting the teaching of godly wives, the day is coming when your sons will curse you. Will your universalism stand the test of the dying hour?

Is it making you a better man? Much of the universalism of the day don't. Oh, with how many universalism is simply an excuse for sin! In how many of our churches to-day the world is sweeping in like a flood! All separation is gone, and professed Christians are running after the world, the flesh, and the devil, because they have accepted the eternal hope nonsense which is robbing the Church of its devotion and its beauty, and making the Church so like the world that you can't tell the two apart. This universalistic nonsense is simply an excuse for sin—to make men easy in a life of sin, and in giving up their separation unto God. Face it squarely—is your universalism making you better men?

Again, will it stand the test of the judgment day? When you go up to meet God face to face, will you look into the face of God and say, "O God, I know my life has not been right, but I thought that Thou wast a God of love. I thought Thou wast too good to

punish sin. I did not think there was any hell, so I trampled Thy laws under foot?" Will you do it? You know you won't.

The next refuge of lies—infidelity. How many a man is trying to find comfort to-night in infidelity. Let us apply the tests. Does your infidelity meet the highest demand of your own conscience? When conscience points out your sin and demands a new life does it satisfy your conscience to say, "Well, I don't believe in the Bible, I don't believe in God. I don't believe that Jesus Christ is the Son of God. Does that satisfy your conscience? If it does, you are not fit to be called a human being. Is your infidelity making you a better man? I have known a great many infidels. My ministry has been largely a ministry to sceptics, agnostics, and infidels. I have had their confidence, and I have yet to meet the first infidel that was made better by infidelity. I have known men whose characters have been undermined by infidelity—countless men. Oh, I have had young men come to me with breaking hearts, with saddest confessions of immorality and of ruin, and I have had them say to me time and again, "The first step was listening to Colonel Ingersoll," or some other infidel lecturer, or reading an infidel book. I tell you, men, you young men especially, who are trifling with infidelity, you are undermining the foundations of sound character. Infidelity is sowing the world with wickedness. In my own church one night in Chicago, to which a good many infidels come, one of them said to me, "We come over here to hear you. You don't spare us, but we like men to stand up to the rack. That is the reason we come." There are always a lot of them every Sunday. Thank

God, a great many of them get converted, so we like to see them coming. They are very friendly and very kind. When we left Chicago, I think the person that came nearest to breaking into tears was the wife of one of the most notorious infidels in Chicago. She was an infidel herself, or trying to be. But now for my story.

One night in my church in Chicago I said, "I would like to put this thing to the test. I would like to ask every man in this congregation to-night who has been saved from drunkenness by Jesus Christ and the Bible to stand up," and all over that building about two hundred men stood up as having been saved from drunkenness by the Bible and Christ. I said, "That will do. Now I am going to be fair. I would like to ask every man in this audience who has been saved from drunkenness or any other definite sin by infidelity in any form to stand up." I thought that no one had risen, but finally as I looked over that great crowd, away off underneath the gallery I saw one man standing—a poor, seedy-looking negro, the only man in the audience who had been saved from drunkenness or other positive sin by infidelity, and he was drunk at the time. But he had sense enough to come to Christ at the close of the meeting. Men, face facts. Infidelity makes nobody a better man. Will it stand the test of the dying hour? How often it fails. A friend of mine who was in the Northern army in the Civil War said that in the same company with him was a man who was a very loud-spoken infidel, who loved to talk much in the camp. On the second day of the battle of Pittsburg Landing he said to the boys in the morning, "Boys, it seems just as if I was going to be shot

to-day." "Oh," they said, "nonsense. It is nothing but superstition. You are not going to be shot." "Well," he said, "I feel very strange. I feel as if I was going to be shot." At last they were lined up waiting for the word of command. "Forward, march! Up they went up the hill, and just as they reached the crest of the hill a volley came from the enemy's guns. At the very first volley a bullet pierced this man near the heart, and as he fell back into the arms of the comrade back of him he threw his hands in the air and cried as they carried him to the rear, "O God, just give me time to repent." It only took one bullet to take the infidelity out of that man. It would take less than that to take the nonsense out of most of you.

Will it stand the test of the judgment day? Will you go up into God's presence and be ready to say, "O God, my answer is this: I was an infidel, I was an agnostic, I was a sceptic, I was an atheist, I was a materialist, I was a positivist," or this, that, or the other? Do you think you will? I will tell you how to put it to the test. Go alone to-night, get down on your knees and try to tell Him. Oh, you can talk nonsense to your fellow-men. But when you go to talk to God it will take the nonsense out of you. One night I went down into the audience to speak to individuals after a meeting like this. I went down to a man who sat in the last opera chair. I said to him, "Are you a Christian?" "No," he said, "I should say not. I am an infidel." I said, "What do you mean?" "Well," he said, "I don't believe in the Divinity of Christ." I said, "You don't believe in the Divinity of Christ?" "No," he said, "I don't." "Well," I said, "let us kneel right

down now and tell God so." And he turned pale. You go and tell God what you would like to tell me.

One more refuge of lies—religion. You say, "What! religion! You don't mean what you say." I mean every word. I say religion is just as much a refuge of lies as morality, or other people's badness, or universalism, or infidelity. Religion never saved anybody. It is one thing to trust in religion; it is something entirely different to trust in a living Christ. How many men are making their boast in their religion. You go to people and they say, "Oh, I am very religious. I go to church. I say my prayers every morning and night. I read my Bible. I go to communion. I have been baptized. I have been confirmed. I give a tenth of my income to the poor. I am very religious." Well, you can do every bit of that and go straight to hell. Others say, "I make my confession on Saturday and attend mass on Sunday; I say ever so many Paternosters and Ave Marias; I count my beads and sprinkle myself with holy water." You can do it all and go straight to hell. Religion never saved anybody. Apply the tests; is your religion making you a better man or woman? A great deal of religion don't make men or women one bit better. There are some people who say prayers, read the Bible, go to church, talk in meetings, are very prominent in the Church, and they will lie as fast as anybody. Many people who do all these things will go around slandering their neighbours. Many men who are very religious and very prominent in the Church—I don't know whether it is so in your town or not, for I don't know your town—men who are very prominent oftentimes in the Church will cut you as wide open in a business deal as any man in town.

Many a man who is religious treats his servants like brutes and oppresses his employees. Many a man who is religious turns a deaf ear to the cry of the widow and the orphan, unless it is going to get into the papers that he gave them something. Many a man is very religious and a perfect scoundrel. I met a man in this country—never mind what city—he seemed to be a most religious man. I met him one Sabbath morning. He said, "I am going to conduct a meeting," and he had dressed himself to make himself look as much like a preacher as he could. He made his employees gather together at a certain hour every day for prayer, and he held religious service with them every Sunday so that they would not have to go to church. I was told the wages that this pious humbug was paying the girls that worked for him. They were starvation wages. I saw the girls, and they were the palest, most pinched crowd of girls I have seen in all England, and man after man told me of how he tried to get the better of them in deals. That kind of religion will send a man to the deepest hell there is. In the second place, will your religion stand the test of the dying hour? A great deal of religion don't. A great many very active religious people are as badly scared as anybody when they come to die. Oh, how I have heard them groan and sigh and weep in the dying hour. Their hollow religion doesn't stand the test of that great crisis.

Will it stand the test of the judgment day? Mere religion will not, for what says the Lord Jesus Christ Himself in Matt. vii. 22, 23: "Many will say to Me in that day, Lord, Lord, have we not prophesied in Thy name, and in Thy name have cast out devils, and in Thy name done many wonderful works? And then

will I profess unto them, I never knew you. Depart from Me ye that work iniquity." Religion is a refuge of lies, and if that is what you are trusting in you are lost for ever unless you get something better.

Well, someone will say, Is there no true refuge? There is. It is found in the verse before my text. God says, "Behold, I lay in Zion for a foundation a stone, a tried stone, a precious corner-stone, a sure foundation; he that believeth shall not make haste." *That sure foundation stone is Jesus Christ.* "Other foundation can no man lay than that which is laid, which is Jesus Christ" (1 Cor. iii. 11). I said a few moments ago that it is one thing to trust in religion and something entirely different to trust in a crucified and risen Christ with a living faith. Will that refuge stand the test of our own conscience? It will, thank God. When my conscience points to my sin, I have an answer that satisfies it, and that answer is "Jesus," who bore my sins in His own body on the cross. Will it make men better men? Yes. A living faith in a crucified and living Christ will make every man who has it more and more like Christ every day of his life, and if you have a faith that is not making you like Christ you have not a real faith. Whosoever believeth that Jesus is the Son of God overcometh the world (1 John v. 4, 5). If the world is overcoming you, you have not a living, saving faith in the Son of God. Will it stand the test of the dying hour? Thank God, yes. How often have I gone to a dying bed and looked men and women, and children too, in the face and said to them, "My brother, my sister, your time is short. Before morning breaks you will have passed into the great beyond." And with a calm, triumphant,

and ecstatic voice they said, "I know it; I am ready to go." The gladdest scenes I have ever seen on earth have been deathbed scenes of true Christians—scenes of triumph and glory. One day at the close of my Bible class in Chicago the president of the class came up to me and said, "Pomeroy"—one of the members of my class—"is dying round the corner of consumption. I don't think he will live until morning. I know you are busy, but can't you go and see him?" I said, "Certainly, Fred." I went around and found him propped up with pillows. I said to him, "Mr. Pomeroy, they tell me you can't live through the night." "Oh," he said, "I know it." I said, "Are you afraid to die?" "Afraid?" he said, "afraid to die? No, I shall be glad to depart and be with Christ." How often I have seen it.

Will it stand the test of the judgment day? Yes. If it be God's will—I say it reverently and thoughtfully—if it be the will of God, I am willing to face God to-night in judgment. You say, "What, have you never sinned?" Alas! I have. Thank God, you will never know how deeply I have sinned. But when God asks for an answer I will say one word—"Jesus,"—and that will satisfy God. It already satisfies me. Men and women, the hail shall sweep away every refuge of lies. Throw them all away to-night and come to Christ, and be ready for life, ready for death, ready for eternity.

VIII

FOUND OUT

“Be sure your sin will find you out.”—NUM. xxxii. 23.

No man can escape his own sins. Every sin we commit will find us, and call us to account and make us pay. No man ever committed a single sin that he did not pay for in some way. No man ever committed a single sin by which he was not a loser. There never has been a sin committed on this earth that paid. The most stupendous folly of which a man can be guilty is for him to imagine that he can ever gain anything by doing wrong. Whether you hurt any one else by your own wrong-doing or not, you are bound to hurt yourself. There are doubtless many men and women in this audience to-night who contemplate doing some wrong act. Very likely you contemplate doing it to-night. Very likely your being in this place is simply a step toward the sin you have in mind. I want to say to you to-night, as Moses said to the children of Reuben and Gad, “Be sure your sin will find you out.” You can’t escape it. You are bound to suffer by that sin. It is pretty sure that if a man puts his hand in the fire he will be burned. It is absolutely sure that if a man sins he will suffer for it, and suffer for each individual sin he commits. You may escape the law, you cannot escape the consequences of your own sins. You may escape the laws of men, you cannot escape the law of God. No man can hide where his sin will

not find him. Let me point out some ways in which a man's sins find him out.

1. *Men's sins find them out by the execution of human laws.* The execution of law in human society is necessarily imperfect, and yet it is astonishing how surely men who break the laws are sooner or later brought to book. A man may successfully elude the meshes of the law for days, or weeks, or months, or years, but he is all the time weaving a net that will almost certainly entrap him at last. Take an illustration. Some years ago a crime was committed in the city of Chicago. The detectives set to work to ferret out the criminal. Every clue failed. One day a detective was speaking to me about it. We were just about to separate. He was utterly discouraged. Just at the last moment a thought flashed through my mind about a party who had not once been suspected. A man who had, as he thought, covered all his tracks, not a soul on earth but himself knew that he was the criminal. Inside of two hours that party was under arrest and had made full confession of his crime. It is a marvellous thing how crime comes to light; how a man's sin finds him out and exposes him at last to the contempt of the whole world.

2. *Men's sins find them out in their own bodies.* When a man does not pay the penalty of his sin before human courts, he pays it in a court where there is no possibility of bribery, the court of physical retribution for moral offences. Not only do certain diseases follow in the train of certain sins, but in a general way there is the most intimate connection between morality and health. All sins have physical consequences. The suffering consequent upon some sins is not so imme-

diate or so marked as the physical suffering consequent upon a few well-known vices, but it is none the less true that every sin has physical consequences. The man who sins will suffer for it in his body. His sin is bound to find him out. Scarcely a week passes that some one does not come to me suffering some great physical evil that is simply the consequence of his own sin. Young men see others suffering the terrible consequences of transgressing God's law, yet go right on as an ox to the slaughter. They fancy that they will be an exception. There are no exceptions to physical law. Any action that is unnatural or immoral is bound to be visited with penalty. Why so many men with broken bodies and shattered intellects? Violation of God's law—their sin has found them out. Why so many broken-down women? Violation of God's law—your sins are finding you out. Of course, disease may be hereditary, or the result of accident or misfortune, but if we should eliminate all the sickness that is the result directly or indirectly of our own sin, we would be surprised at the little sickness there was left. Many very excellent young men have been guilty of sins in certain directions, and the body is shattered and the mind enfeebled in consequence. The same is true of many young women, who, in many other respects, are most estimable young women. Take even such a sin as anger. Does that find a man out in his body? Surely. It disorders his blood, stomach, brain, nerves. It is demonstrably unhealthy in every case, and in many cases leads to paralysis and death.

In one church of which I was pastor, one of the deacons had a stroke of paralysis that finally resulted in death. It was said that the stroke of paralysis was

due to this excellent man losing his temper in a political discussion. It is simply marvellous, if you will only study it, the many ways, some simple, some intricate, some direct and some indirect, in which our sins hunt us down and find us out in our own bodies. Man, if you are contemplating sin, just stop and think of this a moment, "Be sure your sin will find you out!" If nowhere else, in that body of yours. For every sin you commit, you will in some measure pay a physical penalty.

3. There is another place in which our sin finds us out, and this is more important by far than its finding us out in the execution of human laws, or its finding us out in our bodies. *Sin finds us out in our characters. For every sin you commit you will suffer in character.* Every sin breeds a moral ulcer. A festering body is not so bad as a festering character. You can't tell a lie but your moral blood is poisoned by it, and your moral constitution undermined. Do you think you can cheat a man in business and not suffer in your character more than he suffers in his pocket? Do you think that you can wrong an employee in his wages, and you not suffer immeasurably more in what you become, than he suffers in what he gets? Do you think you can wrong a man regarding his wife, and not have a death-dealing cancer in your own character? Do you think you can read an impure book, or tell or listen to an obscene story, and not breed a stinking distemper in your own moral nature? Do you think you can violate those laws of purity that God has written in His Word, and on your heart, and in your body, and not reap in disgusting tumours in your own character? Wherever else the law may seem to

fail, here it absolutely never fails. A man's sin, a woman's sin, always finds them out in their characters, in what they themselves become.

4. *Again, your sin will find you out in your own conscience.* From whomever else you can hide your sin, you cannot hide it from yourself. And you are so constructed in the mercy of God that to know you are a sinner means self-condemnation and agony. Oh, how many of you are suffering to-night untold agonies from the bitter consciousness of sins no one knows anything about but yourself. No physical torments match the torments of an accusing conscience. An accusing conscience means hell on earth. No earthly prosperity, no human love, no mirth nor music, nor revelry, nor fun, nor intoxication, can dispel its clouds, nor assuage the agony of its ever-gnawing tooth. Well did the old Latin poet Juvenal write:

“Trust me, nor tortures that the poets feign
Can match the fierce, unutterable pain
He feels, who night and day, devoid of rest,
Carries his own accuser in his breast.”

Ah! there is a place where all our sins will soon find us out—every one of us. Have no doubt of that, my friend. “Be sure your sin will find you out.” It may be hidden from the officer of the law, it may be hidden from the eye of every man and every woman. But it will speak to your conscience some day. It will find you just there, then beware! That sin you are contemplating to-night looks fair and sweet. It won't look so fair, nor taste so sweet, after it is committed. It will find you out and you will suffer. Oh, how you will suffer.

Before I pass on to another place where your sin will find you out, let me say that the fact that your sin is sure to find you out in so many ways, in your relations to your fellow-men, in your body, in your character, in your conscience—all this points unmistakably to the existence of a moral governor of this universe. Everything in this universe is tuned to virtue. The stars in their courses fight against Sisera. Everything conspires to punish sin and reward goodness. To see this and to question the existence of such a God as the Bible pictures is to be supremely irrational.

5. But there is another place where *your sin will find you out*, i. e., *in your children*. That is one of the most awful things about sin, its curse falls not only upon us, but upon our children also. God does visit the iniquities of the fathers upon the children. You may complain about that as much as you like, but it is an unquestionable fact, and a wise man doesn't think so much of what he would like to have true, as of what really is true. There is no question that our sins find us out in our children. Let a man be a drinking man, for example. He may not be a very hard drinker, but there is almost sure to be a curse upon his children. It is more than likely that some one of his sons will be a drunkard. I remember a man who was a constant, but moderate, drinker. He had three sons. I don't think that man was ever drunk in his life. Indeed, he despised a drunkard. But he laughed at total abstainers. Each one of his three sons became a drunkard. In a New England town I knew of a young woman belonging to one of the best families. I don't think that her father was a

drunkard, only a moderate drinker, but the daughter inherited an appetite that completely overmastered her. She became a periodical drunkard. At times she would disappear from home, go to Boston, and when pursued be found in the lowest slums beastly drunk. Her father's sin had found him out. Take the liquor dealer. His sin is almost sure to find him out in his children. A friend of mine of very wide experience says he never has known a man in the liquor business where the curse sooner or later did not strike in his own home. A man was pointed out to me in an American town as the one who had made a determined effort to upset the temperance principles of the majority of the town by introducing a saloon. Two members of his own family came to violent deaths through drink. His sin found him out.

Take the Sabbath breaker. Nowadays a great many Christians are careless about the Lord's Day. They go out riding, or go out to the park, or go bicycling, or playing golf. Let them look out. Their sin will find them out in their children. Their children will go farther than they do. They will disregard the day altogether, they will very likely turn out infidels and drunkards and rakes, and all that is bad. If there is anything I thank God for in my home training, it is the strictness with which we children were trained to observe the Lord's Day. Some of us wandered into sin in later life, but when that one day in seven came round we couldn't find heart to do what we did on other days. We would go to church, and so we were brought back to Christ. The sin of the adulterer will find him out in his own children. Let him take heed regarding his daughter. A very prominent man in

America, an excellent man in many respects, was led on into sin. Very few knew of it. His wife knew of it, and freely forgave him. But his sin found him out in his own family. His own daughter fell a prey to an infamous scoundrel. Oh, men and women, who are contemplating some sinful act to-night, beware, lest you bring a curse upon your own household. It looks attractive to-night. It seems as if it would pay, but it won't. "Be sure your sin will find you out."

6. There is one more place where your sin will find you out—*your sin will find you out in eternity*. This present life is not all. There is a future life, and our acts and their consequences will follow us into it. If your sin does not find you out here, it will there. You may be absolutely sure of that. We shall in eternity reap the consequences of every sin we sowed in time. It sometimes seems to go on here to the end unwhipped of justice. Men defraud their employees, they rob the widow and the orphan, they condemn other men and their families to beggary, that they may increase their already too enormous wealth, and no one seems to call them to account. It will not always be so. God will call them to account, to strict account, and a few thousands, or hundreds of thousands, or millions of their ill-gotten wealth given to charity will not blind the eyes of a Holy God. They shall suffer. Men sometimes lay traps for foolish girls, and they go down to ruin and contempt and an outcast's grave, and no one seems to call the man to account. He goes on and on, admitted to the "best society," and loaded with honours. It will not always be so. His sin will find him out, if not in this world, in the next; and he will stand before the universe exposed to shame,

loaded with dishonour, cast out to everlasting contempt. Men despise God, laugh at His Word, and trample under foot His Son, and God still lets them live. He does not seem to call them to account. But it will not be always so. "Be sure your sin will find you out." "The Lord Jesus shall be revealed from heaven with His mighty angels, in flaming fire, taking vengeance *on them that know not God*, and that obey not the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ: who shall be punished with everlasting destruction from the presence of the Lord, and from the glory of His power."

"Be sure your sin will find you out." The principle of our text is sure. All history is a confirmation of and commentary on this point of the Word of God. Every man's experience is a confirmation of it. You cannot sin without suffering for it. Your sin will find you out in the workings of human society, or in your own body, or in your characters, or in your conscience, or in your children, or in eternity, or in all together. Is there a man here to-night contemplating sin? Don't do it. I beg of you, don't do it. You will regret it. You will suffer, you will pay an awful price. Your sin will find you out.

But many of us have sinned already, and our sins are finding us out already. What shall we do? Fly to Christ. I have preached law to you to-night. Now, a word of Gospel. There is but one way of escape from the penalties of the law, that is, in the grace of the Gospel. "Christ has redeemed us from the curse of the law, being made a curse for us" (Gal. iii. 13). Fly to Him at once. He calls, "Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest" (Matt. xi. 28). Come—come at once.

IX

WHO THEN CAN BE SAVED?

“Who then can be saved?”—MARK x. 26.

THE disciples asked that question of Jesus. Jesus had just told them how hard it was for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of heaven, and the disciples seem to have held the same opinion as most men hold to-day, that a rich man can get anywhere. But Jesus said “No”; that it was easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter the kingdom of God. Then they asked the question: If that is so—if it is so hard for a rich man to be saved—what chance does anybody else stand?

Who then can be saved? Jesus went on to tell them that though it was impossible with men for a rich man to be saved—and I think all experience carries this out, the rich man stands the poorest chance of salvation of anybody on earth; there are fewer rich people saved than people of any other class—Jesus told them that God, with whom all things are possible, could save even a rich man; but nobody but God could.

We come, then, to the question itself: “Who then can be saved?” The Bible answers the question very fully and very plainly. The Bible tells us that

there are some people who cannot be saved, and that there are some people who can be saved.

I. WHO CANNOT BE SAVED?

We will take up first those who cannot be saved.

1. In the first place, *no man can be saved who will not give up his sin*. We read in Isa. iv. 7, "Let the wicked forsake his way and the unrighteous man his thoughts; and let him return unto the Lord, and He will have mercy upon him; and to our God, for He will abundantly pardon." But if he will not forsake his ways and turn to God he cannot be saved. Every man and every woman has to choose between sin and salvation. You cannot have both. If you won't give up sin you must give up salvation. There are schemes of salvation in our day that propose to save a man while he continues in sin. These schemes of salvation are absurdities upon the very face. We read in Matt. i. 21, concerning our Saviour, "They shall call His name Jesus, for He shall save His people *from* their sins." Not in them. You cannot save a man while he continues in sin. Sin is damnation; holiness is salvation. And you might just as well propose to cure a man who is ill while he continues in his disease as to save a sinner while he continues in his sin. A man is not cured till he is well, and a man is not saved till he quits sin.

The whole reason why some of you men here to-night are not saved is because you won't give up sin. Some of you won't give up your drunkenness; some of you won't give up your adultery; some of you won't give up your profanity; some of you won't

give up your lying; some of you won't give up your bad temper; some won't give up one thing, and some won't give up another. Well, then, you must go into perdition. You cannot be saved if you won't give up sin, and if you persist in sinning you will be lost for ever.

A man in Chicago came to a friend of mine and said to him, "I want to be saved." My friend replied, "You do not want to be saved." "But," he said, "I do." My friend said, "You are not willing to give up your drinking." "No," he said, "I am not." He answered, "Well, then, you do not want to be saved. To be saved means to give up sin." Jesus Christ can save any man; but Jesus Christ won't, and Jesus Christ can't, save a man who won't give up his sin.

2. In the second place, *no man can be saved who trusts in his own righteousness, and is not willing to admit that he is a lost sinner.* That is the trouble with hundreds here to-night. You are proud of your own morality; you are not willing to get down to the dust, and say, "I am a poor, vile, worthless, miserable sinner," and you will never be saved, and never can be saved, while you trust in your own righteousness. Jesus tells us that two men went up to the temple to pray, the one a Pharisee, one of the most respectable, religious men in the community, a man that everybody looked up to; the other, a publican, a man whom everybody looked down upon. The Pharisee prayed this way. He talked about his own goodness. He looked up, and said, "I thank Thee, O God, that I am not as other men are, unjust, extortioners, adulterers," and then he looked contemp-

tuously over to the poor publican, "or even as this publican. I fast twice every week"—pretty religious, wasn't he?—"I give a tenth of all I get." And Jesus said that this man went out of the temple down to his house an unforgiven, hopelessly lost sinner; but the publican, the outcast, the man that everybody looked down upon, would not so much as lift up his eyes to heaven, but felt he was a miserable, worthless sinner. He smote upon his breast, and said, "God be merciful to me a sinner!" And Jesus said that this man went down to his house justified. Anybody can be saved that will take the sinner's place and cry for mercy; nobody else can.

I have a very quaint friend over in America who is a Scotchman, and one day he was walking out through the country when a man came along in a carriage. He saw the old man walking, and invited him to get into the carriage, which he very promptly did, for he saw an opportunity for doing good. The man who had invited him into the carriage was very curious to know who the old Scotchman was, so he asked him questions, and finally the old Scotchman said, "I will tell you who I am, and I will tell you what my business is. I have a very strange business. I am hunting for heirs." The other man said, "What?" "I am hunting for heirs—heirs to a great estate. I represent a very great estate, and I am hunting for heirs for it, and there are a good many round this neighbourhood." The other said, "Do you mind telling me their names?" "No," he said; "it is a very large family; their name begins with 'S.'" "Oh," said the man; "Smith, I suppose?" "No," the old man replied, "a much larger family than the Smith family." He says,

"Larger than the Smith family! Who are they?" The old Scotchman said, "They are the sinner family. The estate I represent is the kingdom of God, the inheritance incorruptible and undefiled, and that fadeth not away, and the heirs to it are the sinners who are willing to take the family name and own up that they are sinners, and look to God for pardon." Do you belong to that family? Do you belong to the sinner family? If you do you can be saved. If you are not willing to own that you do you cannot be saved. You are lost for ever.

3. In the third place, *no man, no woman, can be saved who is not willing to accept salvation as a free gift.* We are told in Eph. ii. 8, "For by grace are ye saved through faith, and that not of yourselves, it is the gift of God"; and in Rom. vi. 23, "The gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord." Salvation is a free gift. Anybody can have it for nothing; nobody can have it any other way, and if you are not willing to take it as a free gift you cannot have it at all.

My wife was talking one day in America to a young man, a son of the richest man in all that neighbourhood. There seemed to be some difficulty about his accepting Christ. Finally my wife said to him, calling him by his name, "The trouble with you is you are not willing to accept salvation as a free gift." He said, "Mrs. Torrey, that is just it; I am not willing to accept salvation as a free gift. If I could earn it, if I could work for it, if I could deserve it! I am willing to earn it, but I am not willing to take it as a free gift."

Well, nobody can earn it, nobody can merit it,

nobody can deserve it; nobody can get it, except for nothing, and unless you are willing to take it as a free gift you will never get it at all. The richest millionaire has to get it the same way as the pauper—as a free gift; and the richest man on earth that gets saved will have nothing more to boast of when he gets to heaven than the poorest pauper who is saved.

4. In the fourth place, *nobody can be saved who will not accept Jesus Christ as his Saviour*. We are told in Acts iv. 12, “There is none other name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved.” Anybody can be saved in Christ; nobody can be saved in any other way. An infidel once said to a friend of mine, Mr. Henry Varley, “If I cannot be saved without accepting Christ I won’t be saved.” Well, then, he won’t be saved. That is all there is to it, he won’t be saved.

If you should ever go to Sydney, you will soon find that every citizen in the city is very proud of their harbour. You won’t be in Sydney half-an-hour before somebody will ask you, “What do you think of our harbour?” They may well be proud of it. It is one of the finest, if not the finest harbour in the world, beautiful and capacious. But it has only one entrance. There is one high promontory of rock called the North Head, and another high promontory called the South Head, and the only channel, wide and deep, is between these two heads. A little way south of the South Head is another headland, called “Jacob’s Ladder.” One night, many years ago, a vessel called the *Duncan Dunbar*, with hundreds of people on board, came outside of Sydney harbour after dark. The captain saw the South Head, and thought it was the North Head; he saw

“Jacob’s Ladder,” and thought it was the South Head. He steered and put on full speed, and steamed in between the two lights, and ran on to the rocks, and every one of the hundreds on board perished, except one man, who was thrown up into a cave on the face of the rock. Now, that captain was perfectly sincere—there never was a more sincere man on earth—but he was mistaken, and he was lost. People say it does not make any difference what you believe if you are only sincere; but the more sincerely you believe error the worse you are off. There is just one channel into salvation, and that is Christ. Try to go any other way, no matter how sincere you are, and you will be wrecked and lost eternally.

II. WHO CAN BE SAVED?

So much for who cannot be saved. Now, who can be saved?

First of all, *sinner*s can be saved, even the vilest. We read in 1 Tim. i. 15, “This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners, of whom I am chief.” He has already saved the chief of sinners, and He is able to do it again. In the city where I used to live, the city of Minneapolis, a young girl of thirteen was betrayed. Her father and mother cast her off, so much the more shame for them. Her brothers cast her off, and I doubt if they were any better than she was; but, you know, it is one thing for a girl to sin, and another thing for a man to sin. It is in the eyes of man, but it is not in the eyes of God. They cast this poor girl of only thirteen years of age off, and I think they were worse than she was—more devilish.

Of course, she went down; she became the companion of thieves, robbers, forgers, murderers, of everything that was disreputable, a member of two of the worst gangs, at different times, in New York and Chicago. One night when she was away down in sin a friend of mine met her, and said to her, "If you are ever sick of this life, come to me, and I will help you out of it." A night came when she was thoroughly sick of it, and she went to this gentleman's house—a very wealthy man, who used all his money for God—there was one rich man saved, but he has given his money, pretty much all of it, away. She came to his house. His wife, who was in, tried to show her the way of life. After a while the gentleman came in, and he showed her the way of life, and she was saved. To-day that young woman occupies a high position of great responsibility and honour in America, and there is scarcely one in the society in which she is a very high officer—I doubt if there is one—who even knows her past life. God has covered it up, though she bears the same name as she did in that life. A few years ago I was in Northfield, and she came to me and said, "I hope, Mr. Torrey, that you won't think it necessary to tell the people here, you or Mrs. Torrey"—(we were about the only ones, if not the only ones, there that knew her past record; she had been in our house in the days of her trouble)—"I hope you won't think it necessary to tell the people here my story." I said, "Most assuredly we shall not," for why should you tell a saved woman's story, when it is underneath the Blood, any more than a saved man's story? It is no longer her story; it is blotted out. And that woman is to-day a highly honoured woman. Out of the deep-

est depth of sin Jesus Christ has not only saved her, but covered up her past.

2. In the second place, *any man or woman who is too weak to resist sin in their own strength can be saved.* It is not a question of your strength, but of Christ's strength. We read in Jude, verse 24, "Now unto Him that is able to keep you from falling, and to present you faultless before the presence of His glory with exceeding joy." We read in 1 Pet. i. 5, "Who are kept by the power of God through faith unto salvation." Jesus Christ can keep the weakest man or woman just as well as the strongest. I have seen men start out in the Christian life who talk this way in testimony meetings: "Friends, you know me; I am a man of great decision of character. When I make up my mind to do anything, I always go through. I have started out in this Christian life, and I want you to understand that I am not going to backslide as so many do; I am going through." Whenever I hear a man talking that way, I know he is going to backslide inside of six weeks every time. Another man will stand up trembling, hesitant, and he will say, "You all know me; you know I have no will power left; I have tried to quit my sin, time and time again, and, as you know, I have failed every time. I have absolutely no confidence in myself; but God says in Isa. xli. 10, 'Fear thou not, for I am with thee; be not dismayed, for I am thy God; I will strengthen thee; yea, I will help thee; yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of My righteousness,' and I am trusting in Him." When I hear a man talking that way, I know he is going to stand every time.

One day somebody came to me in Chicago, and said,

"We have got to find a place for Mrs. S——." I said, "Why?" "Well," they said, "Nels got drunk last night, and tried to kill his wife with a shoe-knife, and it is not safe for her nor her child, so she has left her husband. We must do something to provide for her." I said, "You are quite right to provide for her; that is just what we ought to do."

Not long after Nels came round to me, and said, "Mr. Torrey, do you know where my wife is?" I said, "I do." He said, "Will you please tell me where she is?" I replied, "I will not. You tried to kill her; you are a brute; you do not deserve to have a wife, and I am not going to tell you where she is, to let you go and kill her." He said, "If you do not tell me I will commit suicide." "Very well," I said; "you will go to hell if you do." That kind of fellow never commits suicide. Well, he kept getting drunk. He could not help it, poor fellow. Every little while he would come round to me for five cents, or for ten cents, saying that he was going to get a job in a shoe factory. I always knew that the money was going for whisky. He got a good many five cent pieces from me, and a good many from my students, and the money always went for whisky. Years and years went on, and Nels was always saying that he was going to quit drinking. I knew he was not. He meant to. He would come round saying that he was hunting for work; but I knew he was looking for another drink. That went on for years. One day I said to God, "Heavenly Father, if you will give me Nels S——, I will never despair of another man as long as I live." I do not know if it was the same week, but I am sure it was very soon afterwards, that Nels S—— got his

feet upon the Rock, Christ Jesus, and never fell again. Years have passed; he is an honoured member of my church. When I was home this summer, among those who came to welcome me was Nels S——, his wife, and child, a happy family in Jesus Christ.

Friends, the Christ who saved Nels S——, the lying, habitual, hopeless drunkard, can save any man or woman in Bingley Hall to-night that will trust Him.

3. Once more, *any man can be saved who thinks he has committed the unpardonable sin, but who is willing to come to Jesus Christ to-night.* Jesus says in John vi. 37, "Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out." I think I have never gone to any place in my life where somebody has not written to me, or come to me, and said, "I had committed the unpardonable sin," and almost every one, if not every one, up to date, has gone away rejoicing in Jesus Christ. I get letters every week, from all over England, from people who tell me that they have committed the unpardonable sin.

One time I received a letter, a very broken-hearted letter, from a father who was a Presbyterian minister. He wrote that he had a son who was in awful spiritual darkness. The son thought that he had committed the unpardonable sin, and he was plunged into absolute despair. Would I take him at the Bible Institute? I replied that though I had every sympathy with him in his sorrow, the Bible Institute was not for the purpose of helping cases like these, but to train men and women for Christian service.

The father continued to write, beseeching me to take his son, and got other friends to plead for him. Finally I consented to take the young man. He was

sent to me under guard, lest he might do some rash thing by the way.

When he was brought to my office I showed him to a seat. As soon as the others had left the room he began the conversation by saying, "I am possessed of the devil." "I think quite likely you are," I replied, "but Christ is able to cast out devils." "You do not understand me," he said, "I mean that the devil has entered into me as he did into Judas Iscariot." "That may be," I answered, "but Christ came to destroy the works of the devil. Now He says in John vi. 37, 'Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out.' If you will just come to Him, He will receive you and set you free from Satan's power." The conversation went on in this way for some time: he constantly asserting the absolute hopelessness of his case, and I on my part constantly asserting the power of Jesus Christ, and His promise, "Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out." After a while I sent the young man to his room. Days and weeks passed, and we had many conversations, always on the same line, and I always holding him to John vi. 37. One day I met him in the hall of the Institute, and made up my mind that the time had come to have the battle out. I told him to sit down, and I sat down beside him. "Do you believe the Bible?" I asked. "Yes," he replied, "I believe everything in it." "Do you believe John vi. 37?" I asked. "Yes, I believe everything in the Bible." "Do you believe that Jesus Christ told the truth when He said, 'Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out?'" "Yes, I do; I believe everything in the Bible."

"Well, then, will you come?"

"I have committed the unpardonable sin."

I replied, "Jesus does not say, 'Him that hath not committed the unpardonable sin that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out.' He says, 'Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out.'"

"But I have sinned wilfully after I have received the knowledge of the truth."

"Jesus does not say, 'Him that has not sinned wilfully after he received the knowledge of the truth that cometh unto Me I will in no wise cast out.' He says, 'Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out.'"

"But I have been once enlightened, and have tasted the heavenly gift, and have fallen away, and it is impossible to renew me again unto repentance."

"Jesus does not say, 'Him that has not tasted of the heavenly gift, and has not fallen away, if he cometh to Me I will in no wise cast him out.' He says, 'Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out.'"

"But I am possessed of the devil," he answered.

"Jesus does not say, 'Him that is not possessed of the devil that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out.' He says, 'Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out.'"

"I mean that the devil is entered into me as he did into Judas Iscariot."

"Jesus does not say, 'Him that the devil has not entered into, as he did into Judas Iscariot, that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out.' He says, 'Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out.'"

"But my heart is hard as a millstone."

"Jesus does not say, 'If a man's heart is soft and tender, and he comes unto Me, I will in no wise cast

him out.' He says, 'Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast him out.' "

"But I do not know that I have any desire to come."

"Jesus does not say, 'Him that hath a desire to come, and comes unto Me, I will in no wise cast out.' He says, 'Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out.' "

"But I do not know that I can come in the right way."

"Jesus does not say, 'Him that cometh to Me in the right way I will in no wise cast him out.' He says, 'Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out.' "

"Well, I don't know that I care to come."

"Jesus does not say, 'Him that careth to come to Me, and comes to Me, I will in no wise cast out.' He says, 'Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out.' "

The man's excuses and subterfuges were exhausted. I looked him square in the face and said, "Now, will you come? Get down on your knees, and quit your nonsense." He knelt, and I knelt by his side. "Now," I said, "follow me in prayer."

"Lord Jesus," I said, and he repeated "Lord Jesus," "my heart is as hard as a millstone."

"My heart is as hard as a millstone," he repeated.

"I have no desire to come unto Thee."

"I have no desire to come unto Thee."

"But Thou hast said in Thy Word":

"But Thou hast said in Thy Word":

"Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out."

"Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out."

"Now the best I know how I come."

"Now the best I know how I come."

"Thou hast said, 'Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out.'"

"Thou hast said, 'Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out.'"

"I believe this statement of Thine."

"I believe this statement of Thine."

"Therefore, though I don't feel it, I believe Thou hast received me."

"Therefore, though I don't feel it, I believe Thou hast received me."

When he had finished, I said, "Did you really come?" He replied, "I did."

"Has He received you?"

"I do not feel it," he replied.

"But what does He say?"

"Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out."

"Is this true? Does Jesus tell the truth, or does He lie?"

"He tells the truth."

"What, then, must He have done?"

"He must have received me."

"Now," I said, "go to your room: stand firmly upon this promise of Jesus Christ. The devil will give you an awful conflict, but just answer him every time with John vi. 37, and stand right there, believing what Jesus says in spite of your feelings, in spite of what the devil may say, in spite of everything."

He went to his room. The devil did give him an awful conflict, but he stood firmly on John vi. 37, and came out of his room triumphant and radiant.

Years have passed since then. Though the devil has tried again and again to plunge him into despair, he has stood firmly on John vi. 37, and he is to-day being used of God to do larger work for Christ than almost any man I know. He is the author of that hymn,

“Years I spent in vanity and pride,
Caring not my Lord was crucified,
Knowing not it was for me He died
On Calvary.

“Mercy there was great, and grace was free,
Pardon there was multiplied to me,
There my burdened soul found liberty,
At Calvary.”

Lastly, any one can be saved that will come to Jesus. “The Spirit and the bride say ‘Come.’ And let him that heareth say ‘Come.’ And let him that is athirst ‘Come.’ And whosoever will, let him take the Water of Life freely.” Come now, come.

X

HOW TO FIND REST

“Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take My yoke upon you and learn of Me; for I am meek and lowly in heart; and ye shall find rest unto your souls.”—MATT. xi. 28, 29.

It is a pretty dark night, but I have a very bright text—a good text for a smoky night. My subject to-night is just the offer this world needs. You will find it in Matt. xi. 28, “Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.” That is just the offer this old world needs. What this world needs is rest. What every man and woman in this building to-night, who has not already found it in Christ, needs is rest. When I see the millions of men and women on the earth, the toilers who are working hard for small pay, and who go home night after night to their wretched homes, all worn out, without any fit place to sleep—when I see them my heart is heavy; but when I see the many more millions who have not merely no rest for the body, but no rest for their heart, no rest for their souls, rich as well as poor, my heart is heavier yet. But I am glad that there is One who can give rest to every tired heart, and that one is Jesus Christ. He stands to-night with extended hands, and says, “Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.” Now, those are either the words of a Divine Being

or the words of a lunatic. If the Lord Jesus Christ offers rest and gives it, He is a Divine Being; if He offers rest and cannot give it, He is a lunatic. Suppose any man, even the greatest and the best that the world ever saw, should stand and hold out his hands to this sorrowing, grief-stricken, burdened world of ours and say what Jesus said, "Come unto Me, and I will give you rest," you would know at once that the man had gone crazy, for no man could do it. But Jesus offers to do it, and He does it. Thousands, tens of thousands, millions throughout the centuries have accepted Christ's offer, and nobody ever accepted it yet that did not find rest.

There was a great throng when the Lord Jesus spoke that day, perhaps as big as the crowd that throngs Bingley Hall to-night, but a much more motley crowd. It represented far more misery than this crowd represents. This crowd represents misery enough if we only knew all, but that was a more miserable crowd. There were multitudes of the poor there; the penniless and the sick were there; all kinds of diseases were represented—leprosy, blindness, every manner of disease. The demoniac was there, the outcast man and woman, the man and woman who were down, the man and woman that everybody was tramping upon—a vast mass of misery—and the Lord Jesus Christ cast His loving eye over that great multitude that represented so much misery, and His great heart went out toward them, and He said, "Come, come to Me, every one of you who has a burden, every one who has a sorrow, every one who has a broken heart; come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

And do you know, men and women, He not only extended His hands to that great throng that represented so much misery, but He also extends His hands to all men and all women in all ages that are burdened, down-trodden, oppressed, wretched, broken-hearted, despairing. He says to them all, "Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." He says it to you to-night.

Will you please notice, in the first place, who it is He has invited—all that labour and are heavy laden. The commentators have tried to tone down the words of our Lord. Some commentators tell us that He meant all who were burdened with the many requirements of the Mosaic law; other commentators tell us He meant all who were burdened by a consciousness of sin, a sense of guilt. But, friends, He means just what it says. "Come unto Me, *all* ye that labour"—every man that has a burden, a sorrow, a heart-ache, a trouble, a woe of any kind—Jesus invites you to come.

First of all, He invites all who are burdened with a sense of sin and a sense of shame. I suppose there are men and women here to-night, many of them, who have been brought in one way or another to recognise the fact that your life is disgraceful. You are ashamed of yourself. You hardly lift up your heads, dare not lift them up and look your fellow-men or fellow-women in the face. You are saying to yourself, "My life is simply shameful," and you are crushed by the sense of your disgrace and your sin. To every one of you Jesus says, "Come unto Me, and I will give you rest."

That day when our Lord Jesus uttered these words

in Capernaum, away out on the outskirts of the crowd was a woman who was a sinner, a professional sinner, an outcast despised by every one. As she stood there on the outskirts of that great crowd, I have no doubt many a woman who prided herself on her morality turned round and looked at her with scorn, but soon Jesus looks at her too—not with scorn, with pity, with compassion, with tenderness, with yearning, with love,—and as His eye falls upon her she looks right at Him and she sees He is speaking directly to her. He seems to lose sight of everybody else, and just stretches His hands out towards her as He utters the words of the text, “Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.” That woman says, “He means me,” and when the crowd broke up she followed at a distance to see where Jesus went. Jesus went to the house of Simon, the Pharisee, who had invited Him to dinner. As soon as she knows where He had gone she hurries to her home, takes out of her treasures a very costly box of ointment, the most expensive thing that she has, hurries back to Simon’s house, goes into the open door through the open court, and as Jesus reclines there in the Oriental way, she comes up behind, bends over His feet, which are bare in the Oriental fashion, and begins to bathe them with her tears. The other guests looked up in scorn. They say, “This man pretends to be a prophet; He is no prophet, or He would not allow that woman to touch Him. If He were a prophet He would know what kind of a woman she is; that she is a sinner.” Well, He does know. He knows better than any of them do, not only that she is a sinner, but that she is a repenting sinner. When His feet are wet with her

tears she takes the long tresses of her beautiful hair and wipes His feet with her hair. Then she breaks over them the alabaster box of precious ointment, and the Lord Jesus turns to her and says, "Woman, thy sins are all forgiven." Then He says again, "Woman, thy faith hath saved thee, go in peace," and that woman, who that day stood on the outskirts of that crowd with a breaking heart, went away from that house with the rest of God in her heart. Is there any woman like her here to-night, or any man down in sin, any one burdened with a sense of sin and shame—come to the Lord Jesus Christ to-night, and He will give you rest.

In the second place, the Lord Jesus invites every man and woman who is burdened by the bondage of sin. There are men, for example, here to-night, who are in bondage to the appetite for strong drink. You want to be sober, you want to lead upright lives; you have tried again and again to give up the drink, but you failed. And this appetite for strong drink is an awful crushing burden to-night. Some of you are burdened with the appetite for morphine or cocaine, or chloral, or laudanum. Oh, how you have tried to be free from your bondage. The Lord Jesus says, "Come unto Me and I will give you rest." Some of you are burdened with vileness, with impurity, with disgusting sin. How you hate yourself, how you despise yourself; how you have tried to break away time and time again, until at last you have given it up, and to-night you are utterly discouraged, crushed by the power of your sin. Jesus says, "Come unto Me and I will give you rest." With some of the rest of you it is some other sin, but all over Bingley Hall to-night, if

we could read the secret sorrow of your heart we would find hundreds of men and women, crushed to the earth by the power of sin. The Lord Jesus says to every one of you, "Come unto Me all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

I have a very dear friend in America who was very carefully reared by a godly mother. He has as good blood in his veins as there is in America. His mother was very much afraid that he would become a drunkard, and so she besought him that he would never touch alcoholic liquor. He lived up to eighteen years of age without tasting it. He lived in the country, and one day he went to town with a man. On the way back the man bought some whisky and asked him to drink. "No," he said, "I promised my mother never to drink." "Well," he said, "if you don't drink you will insult me." And that elderly man just worked on that boy until he got him to drink his first glass of whisky. Then the demon in him was set on fire. From that he became almost immediately a drunkard. He went down, down, down, in the course of years, lost one position after another, and at last was a wrecked man in New York city. He had uttered one hundred and thirty-eight forgeries against his last employer, and the officers of the law were now in search for him.

One night, one awful night, he went into a saloon and for a long time sat there in a drunken stupor on a whisky keg, and then coming out of the stupor he felt all the horrors of delirium tremens coming over him. He thought he was going to die. He went up to the bar and ordered a glass of whisky, then he rattled the glass upon the bar so that the bar shook. He said,

"Men, hear me, hear me; I shall never drink another glass of whisky if I die." And they all laughed at him. He went out of the public-house, went to the lock-up, and said to the sergeant of police at the desk, "Lock me up; I am going to have the tremens; lock me up!" The sergeant sent him down to the cell and locked him up. He spent a night of awful agony, and the next day of awful agony, and as the night was coming on somebody said to him—the lock-up was a little way from the Cremorne Mission—"Why don't you go to Jerry M'Auley's Mission." So as best he could, in an awful condition, he went down to Jerry M'Auley's Cremorne Mission, listened to one man after another who had been saved giving his testimony, and when Jerry M'Auley asked all who would take Christ to come to the front, he went up to the front, knelt down, and said, "Jerry, pray for me." Jerry said, "Pray for yourself," "Oh," he said, "I don't know how to pray. I have forgotten how to pray. Jerry, pray for me." Jerry said, "Pray for yourself," and that wrecked and ruined man lifted up his broken heart to Jesus. He came to Jesus; Jesus met him then and there, and took the appetite for whisky from him then and there. That man is to-day one of the most honoured men in New York city. Some years ago I was in the city of Washington, and I met the Postmaster-General of the United States. He asked me if I would go to dinner with him that night after a meeting. I went up to dinner to the house of the Postmaster-General of the United States of America, and as I entered the drawing-room who should I see sitting there as an honoured guest but Mr. Samuel Hadley, this poor drunkard of bygone years of whom

I have just spoken, but now an honoured guest in the house of the Postmaster-General of the United States of America.

Oh, men, are you burdened? Have you fought against sin and failed? Have you tried again and again, perhaps signed pledge after pledge, but only to break it? Have you some other besetting sin? Are you burdened with the weight of an overcoming sin? Jesus holds out His hand to you to-night. He says, "Come unto Me all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

He invites everybody burdened with a sorrow. If you only knew the sorrow of men and women here to-night—how much sorrow is represented in this great audience! All the light has gone out of the lives of some of you men because your wife has recently died. Some of you sons and daughters are broken-hearted to-night over the recent death of a loving Christian mother. Some of you fathers and mothers are broken-hearted because just recently a loved child has been taken from your home and sleeps to-night in the quiet cemetery. Some of you have met with reverses in business. Some of you have other sorrows; but it matters not what your sorrow is, how peculiar, how great, how overwhelming. To every sorrowing man and woman to-night Jesus holds out His hands and says, "Come unto Me and I will give you rest."

Some time ago, in our country, there were a gentleman and his wife who had a very happy home. The man was prosperous in business in the city of Cleveland in Ohio, but there came a reverse in business and the man lost everything he had in the world. The home was broken up; his oldest daughter had to go

out to work to make a living. His two boys were too young to work. His wife had to leave him and take the two boys and go away to one of the Southern States to the home of a sister, and act as housekeeper to make a living for herself and boys. The father came to Chicago to see if he could not retrieve his fortunes. After his wife had been in the South some time, hoping that a better day might come again, she received a telegraphic despatch saying that her husband was very ill in Chicago, and she had better come on to Chicago at once. She took the train. It was a long journey. She reached Chicago that night and went to the hospital to which her husband had been taken. But by some mistake the authorities of the hospital said to her, "You cannot see your husband to-night; come at nine o'clock to-morrow morning and you can see him." With a heavy heart she went to a place where she stopped, and went back to the hospital at nine the next morning. As she rang the bell, they met her at the door and said, "Your husband died last night." She took him out and buried him, and so great was her loneliness and sorrow, and so frequent her weeping, that it affected her eyesight. She went to a physician. The physician told her it was not very serious, that she could go back to Mississippi and her eyes would soon be well. She supposed that he was a regular physician; she found out afterwards that he was a Christian science physician and was trying to cure her by making her feel she was not ill. She went back to Mississippi. Her eyes got worse and worse. She went to a regular physician. The physician examined her eyes. He said, "Madam, your case is hopeless. If you had come to me a few weeks ago I

could have helped you. Your trouble has gone so far now that there is absolutely no hope for you. You will be totally blind." Home broken up, husband buried, eyesight gone. She came on to Chicago. She dropped into our church; she heard the Gospel; she heard about Jesus. She came to Jesus with all her overwhelming sorrow, and Jesus gave her rest. And if you come to the prayer meeting at our church any Friday night you will see sitting there a woman with a refined, beautiful face, dressed in black, eyes closed, perfectly sightless, but in that face you will see a serener and profounder joy than you have often seen in a human face. Very likely you will see her rise to her feet in the course of the meeting with a face radiant with the sunshine of heaven, and tell how wonderfully God has blessed her; and you may hear her say what she says often, that she thanks God she has lost her sight, for out of her great troubles she was brought to Christ and found a joy that she never knew before.

Men and women, there is a place where there is a cure for every sorrow. That place is at the feet of Jesus. I have a beautiful Testament at home that I think very highly of, not because of the beauty of the binding, but because my mother gave it to my grandmother, my father's mother—I think it was at the time of my grandfather's death—and on the flyleaf of the Testament in my mother's own beautiful handwriting are these words, "Earth hath no sorrow that heaven cannot heal." That is true, but something better is true. Earth has no sorrow that Jesus cannot heal right now before we get to heaven.

Again, the Lord Jesus invites all who are burdened

by doubt and unbelief. Now, to some men doubt and unbelief are not a burden. They are glad that they are sceptics. They are proud of their doubts. But to an earnest-minded man, to a man of any real moral earnestness, doubt is a burden, a heavy load—he is never proud of doubt. He never rejoices in doubt. An earnest-minded man wants not doubt, but truth; not uncertainty, but certainty; not agnosticism, but knowledge of God. I doubt not in this great crowd there are some who honestly doubt, and your doubt is a burden. Well, Jesus says to you, "Come unto Me all ye that are burdened with doubt, and I will give you rest." "What," you say, "a sceptic come to Christ, an unbeliever come to Christ, an agnostic come to Christ!" Certainly; He is the best One you can come to. Thomas was a sceptic. The other disciples had seen our Lord after His resurrection. Thomas was not present. When Thomas came back the other disciples said, "We have seen the Lord." He said, "I don't believe a word of it. I don't believe you have seen the Lord, and I won't believe it unless I see with my own eyes, and put my fingers into the prints of the nails in His hand, and thrust my hand into His side." But Thomas was an honest doubter, and when he thought that perhaps the Lord Jesus would be around the next Sunday evening he was there. He came to Jesus with his doubts. Jesus scattered every one of them, and Thomas cried, "My Lord and my God."

Nathaniel was a doubter, an honest doubter, a thorough-going sceptic. Philip came to him and said, "Nathaniel, we have found Him of whom Moses in the law, and the prophets, did write—Jesus of Nazareth, the son of Joseph." Nathaniel said, "I don't

believe He is the Messiah. He came from Nazareth, then He is not the Messiah. Can any good thing come out of Nazareth?" Philip said, "You come and see." Ah, that is the thing to do; come and see. Nathaniel said, "I will come." He came along with Philip; he met the Lord, and he had not been with the Lord ten minutes when all his doubts were gone, and Nathaniel cried, "Thou art the Son of God, Thou art the King of Israel."

Men, if you are burdened with doubt bring your doubts to Jesus. Whatever your burden is, Jesus invites you, every burdened one, every heavy-hearted one, to come unto Him. "Come unto Me and I will give you rest."

Will you please notice what Jesus invites you to do? Jesus says, "Come unto *Me*"—not, come unto the Church; the Church cannot give you rest. I believe in the Church; I believe every converted man ought to be a member of some church, but the Church never gave anybody rest. The Church is full of people to-day who have never found rest. They have come to the Church instead of coming to Jesus Himself. Jesus does not say, "Come to a creed." I believe in creeds. I think every man ought to have a creed. A creed is simply an intelligent, systematic statement of what a man believes; and a man ought to believe something, and ought to be able to state intelligently what he believes, and if he is an intelligent, studious man, his creed will be getting longer all the time. I have a creed, a great long one. It is getting longer every day, for I am learning something new every day; but, friends, no creed ever gave anybody rest. You go to the Thirty-nine Articles; they won't give you rest. Go

to the Westminster Catechism—good creed; it won't give you rest, though. There was never a creed written or printed that would give anybody rest. It is not going to a creed; it is going to the personal Saviour. Many a man is orthodox, orthodox enough for anybody—great, long creed—but he never came to the personal Jesus, and he has not found rest. The Lord Jesus does not say, "Come unto the pope," or, "Come unto the priest," or, "Come unto the preacher," or, "Come unto the evangelist," or "Come unto any other man." He says, "Come unto Me." No preacher can give you rest, no priest can give you rest, no pope can give you rest, no man can give you rest. Jesus says, "Come unto *Me*." I have sometimes asked people if they have come to Jesus, and they say, "Oh, I am a Protestant." Well, that never saved anybody. There will be lots of Protestants in hell. Others say, "I am a Roman Catholic." That never saved anybody either. There will be lots of Roman Catholics in hell. When a man says, "I am a Roman Catholic," I say, "I am not asking you that. Have you come to Jesus?" It is not a question of whether you are a Roman Catholic or a Protestant. Have you come to Jesus? If you have not, will you come to-night?

Oh, men are so anxious to put somebody else in the place of Jesus—to come to some man. A lady said to me one night in my own church, "I am a Roman Catholic. I like to come to hear you preach, and I would like to ask you a question. Can I come and confess to you? I want to confess to somebody?" "No, you can't," I said, "you come to Jesus." "Come unto Me," says Jesus. Nobody but Jesus can give you rest. Jesus can and He will give rest to any one

who comes to Him to-night. "Come unto Me all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take My yoke upon you and learn of Me, for I am meek and lowly in heart, and ye shall find rest unto your souls. For My yoke is easy and My burden is light."

Come to Jesus, take His yoke, surrender absolutely unto Him, commit all your sins to Him to pardon, commit all your doubts to Him to remove, commit all your thoughts to Him to teach, commit yourself to Him to believe in Him, to learn from Him, to obey Him, to serve Him, and the moment you come to Him with all your heart and cast yourself upon Him, He will give you rest. You can have rest right now before I get through preaching, before I ask you to stand up, right there sitting in your chair, right this moment. Jesus is nearer to you than the man in the next seat. Say, "Jesus, I come," and He will give you rest.

One night in my church in Chicago one of the officers of my church, going around the upper gallery after I was through preaching, and as the audience was going out, stepped up to a gentleman and said, "Are you saved?" "Yes, sir," he said, "I am saved." He was very positive about it. "How long have you been saved?" He said, "About five minutes." He said, "When were you saved?" "About five minutes ago, while that man was preaching." He did not wait till I got through my sermon. He came to Jesus right there and then, and Jesus saved him right there.

Will you come? Lose sight of me, lose sight of Mr. Alexander, see the Lord Jesus standing there, holding out His hands to you, one and all, with a heart bursting

with love, breaking with pity and compassion, and saying to every heavy-hearted man and woman in this building, "Come unto Me all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." Will you come?

XI

JOY UNSPEAKABLE AND FULL OF GLORY

“Though now ye see Him not, yet believing, ye rejoice, with joy unspeakable and full of glory.”—I PET. i. 8.

CHRISTIANS are the happiest people in the world. According to our text they “rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory,” and nobody else does. I am going to tell you this afternoon why Christians are happy.

First of all *Christians are happy*, real ones, *because they know that their sins are all forgiven*. Nobody in this world knows that his sins are forgiven except a Christian. If any man or woman who is not a Christian says, “I know my sins are forgiven,” they say what is not true; for their sins are not forgiven. But every true Christian knows that his sins are forgiven—all forgiven. You say, “How do they know that?” Because God says so. If you will turn to Acts xiii. 39, you will see that “All that believe are justified from all things.” God says so. A woman came to Christ one day who had been a sinner. She washed His feet with her tears, and wiped them with the hair of her head. Men looked on in scorn, but Jesus turned to her and said, “Woman, thy sins, which are many, are all forgiven,” and she went out of that place knowing that her sins were all forgiven. She knew it because

Jesus said so. And God says just as distinctly in the verse I have just quoted that every Christian's sins are forgiven, just as Jesus said it to the woman. Christians know their sins are forgiven in a second way—because the Holy Spirit bears witness in their hearts that their sins are forgiven. The apostle Peter one day was preaching in the household of Cornelius, and the apostle Peter said, speaking about Jesus, "To Him give all the prophets witness, that through His name whosoever believeth in Him shall receive remission of sins" (Acts x. 43); and Cornelius and his whole household believed it, and immediately the Spirit of God came upon them. When you and I believe in Jesus, His Spirit comes into our hearts bearing witness with our spirit that our sins are all forgiven, and that we are children of God. There is no joy on earth like the joy of knowing that God has forgiven and blotted out every sin you ever committed.

Suppose a person were in prison for some crime, in there for life, and some one should bring him a pardon, don't you think he would be happy? The Governor of the State of Pennsylvania once decided to pardon a man, and he sent Mr. Moody to tell him that he was pardoned. Mr. Moody went to the prison. He was going to preach a sermon, but before he began the sermon he said, "The Governor of the State has handed me a pardon for one of you men." He was not going to tell till he got through the sermon who the man was. But as he looked over the crowd of men he saw there was such suspense and such agony, every one wondering whether it was he, that he said, "This will never do in the world, to keep these men in suspense. I must tell them at once who the man is."

So he said, "The man who is pardoned is ——." And oh! the joy that filled that man's heart when he knew that out of that great company of criminals he was the one whom the Governor had pardoned. But, men, it is nothing to know that one is pardoned here on earth to knowing that God has forgiven all your sins and blotted them all out. Oh, the joy that comes into the heart when a man knows that every sin he ever committed is pardoned and blotted out, and that God has absolutely nothing against him. A great king once wrote a song that has lived through the centuries. It was a song of joy. That great king had been a great sinner, and God had forgiven his sin. He had much to make a man happy. He was the greatest king of his day. He had great wealth, he had great armies, he was the greatest general of the time, he had a great palace; but when he came to write his song of joy he did not say, "Happy is the man that has a beautiful palace"; he did not say, "Happy is the man that has great armies"; he did not say, "Happy is the man that is a great general"; he did not say, "Happy is the man that is beloved by his people." He said, "Oh, happy is the man whose transgression is forgiven, whose sin is covered; happy is the man unto whom the Lord imputeth not iniquity, and in whose spirit there is no guile" (Ps. xxxii. 1, 2). Every man here to-day who takes the Lord Jesus as his Saviour will have his sins all forgiven, and will have the joy of knowing that every sin is blotted out.

In the second place, *Christians are happy because they are set free from sin's power.* Now, everybody that sins is a slave. They are slaves to sin. Years ago, when I was a boy in the Southern States, where Mr.

Alexander comes from, there were slaves. The black men were slaves. Some of the masters were kind, and some of the masters were cruel—oh, so very, very cruel—and it makes one's heart ache to think what those poor black men suffered! But, women, there was never a slave-owner in the South that was such a cruel master as Satan, and there was never a bondage so awful as the bondage of sin. Some women are bound by the appetite for strong drink. I presume some of you men have tried to break away from drink time and time again, but you are enslaved by it. Some of you are enslaved by morphine, some by laudanum, some by cocaine, some by a bad temper, some by an ungovernable tongue, some by other things; but every man or woman out of Christ is a slave. But when you come to Jesus Christ He sets you free. He says in John viii. 31 and 32, "If ye continue in My word, then are ye My disciples indeed; and ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free"; and He says in verse 36, "If the Son shall make you free, ye shall be free indeed." The Lord Jesus Christ takes every man and every woman that believes in Him and just sets them free from the power of sin, from the power of strong drink, from the power of laudanum, from the power of bad temper, from the power of impurity, from the power of profanity, from the power of every sin. I was reading this morning the life-story of a very dear friend of mine. I have read it a number of times before, but I read it again this morning. He told how one night, after he had been a slave for years, he knelt down and prayed in a mission, and Jesus Christ met him and set him free. And he said, "From that till this I have never had the least desire for

strong drink." When he went out of that mission that night he knew that, after years of slavery and ruin, he was a free man. He just shouted for joy, "Glory to God!" and he has been shouting ever since. I wish he was here to-day that you might hear him shout. I wish he was here on this platform that you could look into his face. Oh, the joy of being set free from sin after days and weeks or months or, it may be, years of slavery.

In the third place, *Christians are happy because they know that they are children of God.* It is a wonderful thing to know that you are a child of God. No one knows it but the Christian, for no one is a child of God but the Christian. You say, "How does the Christian know that he is a child of God?" Because God says so. In John i. 12, He says that, "As many as received Him to them gave He power to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on His name," and if any man or woman here to-day, young or old, takes the Lord Jesus Christ, the moment you do it you will be a child of God, and know that you are a child of God. Isn't that enough to be happy over? Suppose you knew that you were the son of some great man, or the son of a millionaire, or the son of a king, or the son of an emperor, don't you think you would be happy? But it is nothing to be the son of any king or any emperor to being the son of God, the King of Kings.

One day, years ago, one of your English dukes lay dying. He called his younger brother, the one next to him, to his bedside, and said, "Brother, in a few hours you will be a duke—and I will be a king." He was a Christian; he was a child of a king, and he knew that

when he left his dukedom down here he would get a kingdom up there. And, friends, the poorest man or woman there is in this audience this afternoon, young or old, if you will take Jesus Christ, the moment you do you can lift up your head and say, "I am a child of a King, I know I am a child of God." Sometimes, as I travel round the world, people will point out a man to me and say, "That man is the son of such and such a great man." Pointing out one to me in Germany they said "That is the son of such and such a king;" in another place they said, "That is the son of such and such a king." What of it? Suppose he is a child of a king; I am a child of God. That is better than to be a child of a king. Now, they suggested that you put silver in the collection to-day. Well, I guess that some of you could not put silver in, but I want to say that if you can't put silver in you are just as welcome as anybody, and if you can't put copper in you are just as welcome as anybody. We read in the Bible that unto the poor the Gospel was preached. I believe in preaching to the rich. They need it as much as anybody, but, thank God, the woman that sits here to-day and had to walk here because she hadn't money enough to pay a penny to come in the 'bus, the poorest woman there is in this building, or the richest, can become a child of God in a moment by taking Jesus Christ, and I would rather be the poorest woman in the building that is a child of God than the richest woman in the building that is a child of the devil.

Again, Christians are happy because they are delivered from all fear. A true Christian that believes the Bible, and studies it, and remembers it, is not afraid of anything or anybody. Now a great many

people that are well off, that are very rich, have all their joy spoiled because they are constantly thinking that some calamity may overtake them. Rich men don't enjoy their riches because they are afraid of losing them, and people that have their friends around them don't enjoy their friends because they are afraid they will die. People that have all the comforts of life don't enjoy them because they fear that some calamity may come and sweep the comforts away. Those with very little, who are perhaps just making a living, don't enjoy it because they fear they may be thrown out of work and not be able to make a living. But the true Christian is delivered from all that fear. There is one verse in the Bible which if you are a child of God, and believe it, and keep it in mind, will take away all anxiety as long as you live. That is Rom. viii. 28, "And we know that all things work together for good to them that love God." Sometimes the devil whispers to me, "Perhaps you will lose everything you have in the world." "Well," I say, "it don't make any difference if I do. If I do, that will be one of the 'all things,' and 'all things work together for good.'"

Sometimes when I am away from my family the devil whispers to me, "Your wife is ill," or "Your son is ill," or "Your daughters are ill, and will die before you ever see them." I don't know how often the devil has come and whispered that. When he does, I just lift up my head, and say, "Well, that cannot be unless it is the will of God, my Father. And if they do die, it is one of the 'all things' that work together for good." The devil comes sometimes and whispers, "Perhaps you will be taken ill, perhaps you may lose

your eyesight, or your hearing, and not be able to preach any more." I just lift up my head, and say, "Well, if I do, it will be one of the 'all things,' and 'all things work together for good to them that love God.'" So, you see, if a person is a real Christian and believes the Bible and bears it in mind, he is not afraid of calamity, neither is he afraid of any man. Oh, so many people are afraid of men, and tormented by the fear of men. A great many of you here to-day would come out as Christians but you are afraid if you do some man or woman might see you, and you are afraid that you will be laughed at, that you will be persecuted in the mill, or the factory, or the shop. But a Christian is not afraid of man. The Christian reads Rom. viii. 31, and says, "If God be for us, who can be against us?" A Christian does not fear the face of any man or woman on earth.

In Chicago once a man came to me and said, "You had better look out, there is a man who says he has it in for you." He told me who the man was—a very desperate man, a man willing to do almost anything. Well, I was not troubled a bit. I did not lie awake a single night; I was not troubled two seconds. I said, "That is all right. I know he is quite powerful, and I have reason to believe he is unprincipled, but I know that I am right with God, that God is on my side, and if God has undertaken to take care of me, that man can't touch me, unless it is God's will." I tell you, friends, a living faith in Jesus Christ takes away for ever all fear of man.

It takes away the fear of death. I know so many people whose lives are just shadowed and darkened by the fear of death. Right in the midst of health

and strength they say, "Oh, if I should be taken with consumption, if I should get heart-disease, if I should have diphtheria, if I should take small-pox, or have some other terrible disease;" but a Christian is not afraid of death. Death has lost all its terrors for the Christian. A Christian knows that what men call death is for him simply to depart and be with Christ.

I went over one evening in Chicago to see a young lady who had sung in my choir—a very beautiful, attractive girl—whose life had been full of promise, but who had been suddenly cut down by rapid consumption. She had probably only a few days to live. As it turned out, she did not have a day to live. I was told that she would like to see me, and I went over to see her. I went into the room where the young girl, cut down in the very blossom of young womanhood, was lying upon her dying bed. I sat down by her dying bed, and her face shone like an angel's. I said, "Humanly speaking, there is no hope for your recovery." She said, "I know; I don't care to recover. I would have been glad to have recovered to serve Christ if it had been His will, but since He has decided I can't recover, and must very soon leave this world, I wanted to see you and tell you that I don't fear death. I am looking forward to what men call death with great joy and with great anticipation." I went to my church to preach, and when I got up into the pulpit they brought me a note. That dying girl had asked for paper, and she wrote a note and sent it over to the choir of the church, telling them how happy she was as she lay face to face with death and eternity. Oh, I tell you friends, it is a joyful thing to have no fear of death.

Then, a Christian is delivered from fear of eternity. Now, to people out of Christ eternity is a dreadful thing to think about, but for people in Christ eternity is about the sweetest thing there is to think about. There is one word that fills the heart of the Christian with joy, but fills the heart of the unsaved with terror. That word is ETERNITY. Oh, I love that word eternity, where all sorrow is over for ever, all separation, all sickness, all death, where all is eternal sunshine. How I love that word eternity. But some of you don't love it. I have received letters since I have been here from people who say they wish that I would not talk so much about eternity. I heard of one man who did not want to come to the meetings because I talked so much of eternity. But Christians like to have me talk of eternity. You write out a card with these words, "Where will you spend eternity?" Hand it to a man who is not a Christian, and it will make him mad; hand it to a Christian, and it will make him glad. He will answer, "Why, I will spend eternity with Christ in glory."

That leads me to the next reason why *Christians are happy*. It is *because they know that they will live for ever*. Oh, it is a wonderful thing to know that you will never die, that throughout the endless ages of God you will live on and on and on. As we read in 1 John ii. 17, "And the world passeth away, and the lust thereof: but he that doeth the will of God abideth for ever." And we read in John iii. 36, "He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life; and he that believeth not the Son shall not see life; but the wrath of God abideth on him." Before I was a Christian I did not like to look into the future, but how I love to look into

the future now! Very often I sit in my room and say, "I wonder how many years I will have to preach?" Well, I can't have very many at the outside, probably about twenty, possibly twenty-five, barely possibly thirty years. That is not very much, and then, what? Eternity! That is better than preaching. It is a great joy to preach, but oh, to be able to stand and look down through the coming ages and see them roll on, age upon age, age upon age, and age upon age, and know that you are going to live for all eternity in happiness and joy ever increasing! I don't wonder that Christians are happy. I don't wonder that they have "joy unspeakable and full of glory."

Two other reasons why Christians are happy. The next one is *because they know that they are heirs, heirs of God and joint-heirs with Jesus Christ*. They know that they have an inheritance incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away, laid up in store in heaven for them. When one rides down your beautiful English country roads and looks out on the beautiful mansions and manor houses, and sees the lakes, and the forests, and the park, and the gardens, one says, "It must be very pleasant to live in there." Well, I suppose it is, but how long will they live there? The father of the family will probably live ten years, twenty perhaps, the children will live forty or fifty, possibly sixty. Soon gone, soon gone. But, friends, every man, woman, and child in this audience this afternoon who takes Jesus will have an inheritance that will last for ever, an inheritance incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away. Every earthly inheritance soon fails—even the richest man on earth won't keep his property very long. But the poorest man or woman here to-day,

young or old, who will take Jesus Christ will get an inheritance that will last for ever.

One day a poor English girl was riding along in a third-class carriage, very plainly dressed, looking out of the window. They passed by beautiful farms, beautiful trees, beautiful mansions, and every little while a person who sat near the poor girl heard her say, "That belongs to my Father." They would come to a farm, and she would say, "That belongs to my Father"; then to a beautiful mansion-house, "That belongs to my Father too"; then they would pass a lordly castle, and she would say, "That belongs to my Father." Finally, the man who was listening turned to her and said, "Well, miss, you must have a rich Father, for you have been saying for miles as we passed along, 'That belongs to my Father.' Your Father must own a great deal of property. He must be a very rich man." She said, "He is—I am a child of God." She was very rich.

Men and women, listen. Some of you are having a pretty hard time down in this world. I suppose you have to work long hours for small pay. Your homes are not very comfortable. Well, I want to tell you, you won't have to live in them very long; and if you will take Christ, you are going to such a mansion as this earth never saw, to such an inheritance as no man ever inherited on this earth. When you go by the rich man's mansion you say, "I wish I had a home like that." You could not keep it long. If you will take Jesus Christ, you will know that you are heir to all God has. The whole world belongs to Him—the cattle on a thousand hills; and if you are a child of God, if you will take Christ, you will be heir to all

He is and all He has; and you can become an heir to-day.

One more reason why Christians are happy. That is *because God gives to Christians the Holy Spirit to dwell in their hearts, and when the Holy Spirit dwells in the heart He fills the heart with sunshine and gladness, and joy unspeakable.* One Monday morning a poor woman came to my door, rang the bell, and said she wanted to see me, and the girl said, "You know he sees no one on Monday." She said, "I know it, but I have got to see him." So the girl called me down; and when I came down I saw one of the members of my church—a poor washerwoman who had to work hard for her living. "Oh," she said, "Mr. Torrey, I knew you didn't see anybody on Monday, and I didn't like to trouble you, but I received the Holy Spirit last night. I could not sleep all night, and I made up my mind that I was going to give up one day's work, and just come round and tell you how happy I was. I just had to. I can't very well afford to give up a day's work, but my heart is so full of joy I could not keep still. I had to tell somebody, and I didn't know anybody else I wanted to tell as much as I wanted to tell you. Though I knew you didn't see anybody on Monday, I thought you would be glad to have me come and tell you." "Yes," I said, "I am glad."

That woman was so happy that she could not work; her heart was full of joy.

So, woman, I don't care how dark your heart is to-day, how full of sadness it is; I don't care how full of bitterness; I don't care how hopeless; if you will really take Jesus Christ as your Saviour, and sur-

render your whole heart and your whole life to Him as your Lord and Master, there will come into your heart sweetness above anything to be known this side of heaven.

Christians rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory. But you have to be real Christians. Just going to church won't do it; just saying your prayers won't do; just reading your Catechism won't do; just reading the Bible won't do; just reading the Prayer-book won't do; just being baptized won't do; just being confirmed won't do it; just going to the Lord's Supper won't do; but if you will take Jesus into your heart to be your Saviour, and to rule and reign there, and surrender all to Him, I will guarantee that every one of you who will do it will get a joy that is heaven begun below. People say to me, "Do you expect to go to heaven?" Yes, I know I am going to heaven; but, thank God, I am in heaven now. I have now a present heaven to go to the future heaven in. I feel like singing all the time. I used to be one of the bluest men on earth. I was constitutionally blue. I was despondent; I was gloomy. I inherited it from both sides. Oh, I used to sit and have the blues by the hour. But, do you know, I never have had the blues since I really took the Lord Jesus. I have had trouble; I have had losses; I have seen everything I had in the world swept away, so I had nothing left; I have seen the time when I had a wife and four children and not a penny to buy them the next meal with. But it came in time, for I knew where to go—right to God. I have seen when I didn't know where the rent for the house was coming from, nor the wood for the fire in a bitter, cold winter. But I

was happy. I have been in a foreign country where I could not talk the language, and some way or other there was a failure of supplies, and I was absolutely penniless in a foreign city with a wife and child, hardly knowing anybody in the whole place. But I was happy. I knew Whom I trusted. I knew He would get me out somehow, and He did. Oh, if you want darkness turned into sunshine, if you want sadness turned into joy, if you want despair turned into glory, if you want defeat turned into victory, if you want all that is bad turned into all that is good—take the Lord Jesus Christ, and take Him right now.

XII

THE FEAR OF MAN BRINGETH A SNARE

"The fear of man bringeth a snare, but whoso putteth his trust in the Lord shall be safe."—PROV. xxix. 25.

Two ways—one of ruin, the other of salvation. The fear of man bringeth a snare—ruin! ruin!—but whoso putteth his trust in the Lord shall be safe—the way of salvation, trust in Jehovah. Even if you do not believe another verse in the Bible, you know that verse is true. Every man here, I don't care how much of an infidel he may be, knows that the fear of man bringeth a snare. How many people there are in Birmingham to-night who have been snared by the fear of man! How many a young woman has come to Birmingham from a country village an innocent, guileless, pure, upright girl, but loving gaiety; and coming to Birmingham she has sought gaiety where a poor girl is likely to seek it, in the theatre, in the dance hall, but meaning no ill. And one night as she returns from a dance with a young man in whom she had become interested, and who has been kind to her, he makes advances that the modesty of the girl resents. She colours up. She is indignant. He laughs at her, "Oh," he says, "you don't understand. I don't mean anything wrong. Every one does this in the city. You know city life is gayer than country life. You don't understand—that is all." He laughs

at the girl, and she permits what she at first resented. A few nights afterwards he goes a little farther. Again she is indignant, and again he laughs at her, and laughs her out of her puritanical scruples, as he calls them. Then he goes farther, and to-night that girl is on the street ruined, dishonoured, belonging to the wretchedest class that lives—an out-cast woman. The fear of man, the fear of some one's ridicule, has brought a snare that has landed that girl in the slums.

How many a young man has come to Birmingham. He knew enough about life to know that any use of intoxicating liquor is dangerous in the day in which you and I live. His father and mother brought him up to the habits of temperance and total abstinence, and he is resolved in coming to the city and its perils that he will never visit a public-house; that he will never drink even a glass of beer or wine. But one night he is out with his new friends to some entertainment. After the entertainment is over they propose going to a public-house just for one glass of beer. "No," he says, "I never drink; it is perilous to drink. I was brought up a total abstainer, and I intend to remain a total abstainer till the day of my death." They laugh at him. "Oh," they say, "be a man. Nobody but milksops are total abstainers. If you are going to amount to anything in Birmingham you must take an occasional glass of beer. Of course, we don't want you to go to excess. We don't believe in intemperance, but one glass of beer won't hurt you. Come, be a man." He takes his first glass of beer. It rouses the demon that is in him. That leads to another, and another, and another,

and many another, and to-night that young fellow is a bloated, ruined, penniless drunkard on the streets of Birmingham. The fear of man has brought a snare that has ruined for time and eternity.

I received a few weeks ago from a friend one of the saddest letters I ever received. It was a letter from his brother's wife. This brother of my friend was a very brilliant man, a man of the greatest promise, of extraordinary promise; but he got to drinking. He found that the drink was fastening itself upon him, and he broke off and became a total abstainer. He had occasion to go to London to visit one of your best known men, a man that everybody in this building knows by name. That man was in the way of promoting him to great honour. When he visited this man, this man offered him a glass of wine at his table. He didn't dare offend his powerful friend by refusing the glass of wine. He thought, "It is only one glass." He took it. He was mad. He rushed from that house, went to a public house, and then to another, and for days his friends did not know where he was. They sent detectives on his track, who found him helplessly drunk in one of the lowest dens in London, and he has been drinking from that day to this. The broken-hearted wife wrote my friend, his brother—"He is crazy. He has gone and ruined his family; his home is broken up; all our prospects are blighted; he is lost; he is mad." The fear of man brought a snare.

How many a young fellow has come to this city who was too much of a man to gamble—for no man who gambles is much of a man in that direction—too much of a man to gamble, but he likes an occa-

sional innocent game of cards. One night he is playing cards with his friends, and some one suggests that they just put up a threepenny bit to make it interesting. That is all. "Oh," they say, "we don't care for the money, but it is just to lend interest to the game." "No," he says; "I never gamble. I think gambling is stealing." He is right, for gambling is stealing. No self-respecting man will gamble, for no self-respecting man wants another man's money. I don't see how a man who has taken another man's money by gambling can look in the looking-glass. I should think he would be ashamed to look himself in the face. He says, "No; gambling is rank dishonesty; I never gamble." "Oh," they say, "it is not gambling; it is just for a little amusement. You better go home and go to Sunday School. Go and sit with your mother." And they laugh him into his first game of cards for money. The gambler's passion—a harder passion to overcome than the appetite for drink ever was—seizes him, and to-night he is behind prison bars, because he gambled until he took his employer's money to gamble with. The fear of man has brought a snare that has landed him in prison.

Again, *the fear of man ensnares Christians into a denial of their Lord.* It did Peter. Oh, thank God, the time came when Peter threw his fear to the winds, and stood before the very men that condemned Jesus to die, and confessed his Lord, and rebuked their sin. But this night, after he has just told his Lord that though all forsake Him, he never will, there before the servant-girl that accuses him of being a follower of Jesus of Nazareth, he says,

REAL SALVATION

I

WHERE ART THOU?

“Where art thou?”—GEN. iii. 9

My subject to-night is the first question that God ever asked of man. You will find that question in Gen. iii. 9, “Where art thou?” God asked the question of Adam. Adam had sinned, and on the evening of that awful day of the first sin the voice of God in its majesty was heard rolling down the avenues of the Garden of Eden. Adam had often heard God’s voice before, and the voice of God had been the sweetest music to Adam up till this day. Adam knew no greater joy than that of glad communion with his Creator and his Heavenly Father. But now all was different, and as the voice of God was heard rolling through the Garden, Adam was filled with fear, and tried to hide himself. That is the history of every son of Adam from that day till this. When sin enters our hearts and our lives we seek to hide from God. Every sinner is trying to hide from the presence and the all-seeing eye of God. That accounts for a very large share of the scepticism and infidelity and the agnosticism and

"I don't know the man." Then a few moments after he repeats his denial, and an hour after, with oaths and cursings, frightened by what a servant-girl may do or say, he denies his Lord. Many of you are doing the same every day. Down in your office, or shop, or your factory, or your mill, Jesus Christ is ridiculed. Hard things are said about the Bible; the name of the Lord that died upon the cross of Calvary for you is taken in blasphemy, and you are not man enough, you are not woman enough, to stand up and to say, "I am a Christian. I believe in that Christ whom you are ridiculing. I believe in that Bible you are laughing at." You are afraid to be laughed at, and the fear of man has ensnared you into a denial of the Lord that died on the cross for you.

Again, *the fear of man ensnares professed Christians into a guilty compromise with the world.* How many professed Christians in Birmingham are doing things in family life, in social life, in business life, that you know are wrong. Your best moral judgment condemns you for them every time you do them, but you say, "Well, everybody does them. I will be considered odd if I don't do them. I will be ostracised from my set." A Christian man in America, living in one of the suburbs of Chicago, where there is a great deal of the form of godliness, but very little of the real power thereof, said to me about his daughter, "My daughter is practically ostracised in this suburb because she won't dance, play cards, or go to the theatre." Thank God, she was woman enough, young girl though she was, to be willing to be ostracised rather than compromise. A lot of you are not. You would rather not go to the theatre—you don't

feel happy there. You would rather not play cards. You know the peril of it. You know how many a family card-party has been the door through which a son has become a gambler. You would rather not dance. Your better self is shocked, as the modesty of every intelligent thinking woman must be shocked, at what you see in every ballroom—a familiarity of contact permitted between the sexes that is nowhere else permitted in decent society. You know it. You are shocked at it. You don't enjoy it, but you are not brave enough to stand for modesty, purity, and God. The fear of man has entangled you in a snare which has robbed you by your compromise of every bit of real power for Jesus Christ.

Again, *the fear of man ensnares Christians into a guilty silence and inactivity.* There are many of you here every evening we have a meeting who, when the invitation is given out for Christians to go to work and speak to the unsaved, want to do it. Oh, you would like to help some one to Christ. What a joy it would be to you; but you say, "Suppose I talk to somebody and they don't like it; suppose they laugh at me; suppose they say some hard things to me," and the fear of man, here in the meeting and out of the meeting, in your home, in your shop, in your hotel, everywhere you go, is shutting your mouth and robbing you of the transcendent joy of leading others to Jesus Christ. Well, friends, suppose they do laugh at you. They spat in your Master's face. They won't spit in yours. They struck Him with their fists. They probably won't strike you. They nailed Him to the cross. Are you not willing to be laughed at for a Master like that? I believe that the fear of man

on the part of professed Christians in Birmingham, keeping them back from giving their testimony for Christ, and working to bring others to Christ, is doing far more to hinder the work of God than any other cause in this city to-day. Men are being saved by the thousands, but if you Christians would throw your fear to the winds, and here in this hall, and on the streets, in the shops, homes, hotels, would have the boldness to witness and work for your Master, they would be saved by the tens of thousands.

Again, *the fear of man ensnares those who are not Christians into the rejection of Jesus Christ.* There are hundreds of men and women here every night who would like to be Christians. They see the joy of it. They see the Christian life is beyond a peradventure the better life for the life that now is, as well as for the life that is to come, but they are afraid that if they accept Christ somebody will ridicule them, and the fear of man is shutting them out of the acceptance of Jesus Christ. I believe that more people are kept from accepting Christ every night here by the fear of what some one will say or do than by any other cause. If we could get rid of this fear I believe there would be five hundred or a thousand saved every night instead of two hundred or three hundred.

Again, *the fear of man ensnares those, who really think they have accepted Christ, into not making a public confession of Christ.* Now Jesus says distinctly, "Whosoever therefore shall confess Me before men, him will I also confess before My Father which is in heaven. But whosoever shall deny Me before men, him will I also deny before My Father which is

in heaven" (Matt. x. 32, 33). Paul says distinctly, "With the heart man believeth unto righteousness, and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation" (Rom. x. 10). And yet a host of you men and women are trying to be Christians and never stand up to say so. You don't admit that it is the fear of man that keeps you from doing it. Oh, no! you say, "I don't believe in this publicity. I don't believe in this standing-up business. I believe in doing things more quietly. I don't believe in excitement." You give a thousand and one reasons, but, men, if you were honest with yourselves, as you will have to be honest with God some day, and told the truth, you would say, "It is because I am afraid to do it." When we were in Edinburgh a fine-looking young fellow came to me one day and said, "I am a cad." I said, "What is the matter?" He said, "I thought I accepted Christ here the other night, and I have not been man enough to tell another man in the office what I have done. I am a cad." Well, he was. So are you. You professed to take Jesus Christ. You told somebody so quietly, but to this day you have not told the other men in your office, in your home, in your hotel, in your shop. The fear of man has sealed your mouth and made you an arrant coward, and robbed you of all the joy that there is in an out-and-out Christian experience.

Again, *the fear of man ensnares those who start out in the Christian life from going on in it, because somebody says some discouraging thing.* One night when we were in a Scotch town two young men both professed to accept Christ. The pastor of one of them sat on the platform. He went to his pastor

and told him what he had done, and his pastor encouraged him. The other man's pastor was one of these convivial pastors, a man whose chief function is to serve as a figure-head at big feasts and encourage the fast men of the town by drinking their wine and joining in their tastes. If there is any man on earth for whom I am tempted to have utter contempt it is a convivial minister, the minister whose chief function is to adorn big suppers and to drink rich men's wines. I would rather be a publican, a rum-seller any day, than a preacher of that kind. I have more respect for a good straight-out rum-seller than that kind of a preacher. This man was that kind of a preacher. He had occasionally been seen on the streets when he needed the whole sidewalk. This young man went to his preacher and told him what he had done. His preacher said, "Don't you believe a word they are saying up there." He discouraged him. Oh, the man that calls himself a minister of the Gospel and dares to discourage a young convert in the first glimmerings of a new life, if there is a deeper spot in hell than any other it is for the man that bears the name of minister and dares to discourage the young convert in his first aspirations toward God. Well, this man did, and the poor young fellow was discouraged quite entirely. Not excusable; still, a minister of the Gospel had laughed at him, and snared him into wretched backsliding, and it may be into hell. Oh, men and women starting out in the Christian life, no matter who approves or disproves, you are right. Go on in spite of everybody.

Again, the fear of man ensnares people to their eternal ruin. Oh, many men and women lie in Christ-

less graves to-night, and will pass a Christless eternity, because the fear of man kept them from the acceptance of Christ. When I am home in Chicago, if I have a night off, I often run out to another city to help ministers. One night I ran across the line about twenty miles from Chicago into the city of Hammond, Indiana. After speaking I gave out the invitation, and among those who were moved by the Spirit of God was a young woman. She rose to her feet and started to come to the front. The young man who sat beside her touched her arm. He was engaged to marry her. He said, "Don't go to-night. If you will wait for a few days I may go with you." For fear of offending her *fiancé* she sat down. I went back the next week to speak in the opera-house. At the close of the meeting two young women came and said, "Oh, Mr. Torrey, just as soon as you can get away from the opera-house come with us. There is a young lady who was going to start for the front the other night, but the young man to whom she is engaged asked her to wait. She did wait, and now she has erysipelas. It has gone to her brain and she is dying. She probably won't live until morning. Come to see her just as soon as you can get away from the opera-house." I hurried along from the opera-house. I entered her home, went into the room where the poor girl lay a-dying, face all painted black with iodine, hardly recognisable as the same person, but perfectly conscious. I urged her then and there to take Christ. "No," she said, "I was about to start the last time you were here," and she told me the same story, and she said, "I didn't start then. I am dying; I can't start now." I pled with

her. I besought her. I knew it was her last hour. I did everything, but she would not yield, and when I passed out of that room of awful darkness a young man in the hallway grasped me by the hand, took me into a cold dark room, and though I could not see him I could feel he was shaking like a leaf. "Oh," he said, "Mr. Torrey, I am engaged to marry that girl. When you spoke here last week we were both at the meeting. When you gave out the invitation she started for the front. I said, 'No, don't go, if you wait for me a few days I may go with you. She didn't go, and now she is dying without Christ. She is lost, and I am to blame. I am to blame.'" Oh, men and women, in this hall to-night the Spirit of God is moving through this building with mighty power. Many of you are on the verge of a decision for Christ. Don't let the fear of man frighten you out of taking your stand to-night.

The other part of the text I have scarcely time for. "Whoso putteth his trust in the Lord shall be safe." He will be safe from all danger of yielding to sin and temptation. If you trust God temptation has no power. A man cannot yield to temptation without distrusting God. Every act of sin is an act of distrust of God. He that trusts God will do right though the heavens fall. I know a man in business in America. This man was unfortunate in business, lost about everything he had, had to sell off everything in order to pay his honest debts. He kept from failing; he paid all his debts, but it left him practically penniless. Then an opening came for him as fireman on an engine. He came to me and said, "What shall I do? I have wanted to be

an engine-driver for years. They say they will promote me quickly, but if I take this post on a switch engine I must work on the Sabbath. What shall I do?" I said, "Well, you will have to decide for yourself, but if you can't do it with a clear conscience, you can't afford to do it." He said, "I can't do it with a clear conscience." He refused the position, though he did not know what he was to do to support himself and his wife and family of three or four children. A day or two after that he got a position at only a dollar a day—only four shillings—which is very small wages in America. In a few days he got a position at \$75 (£15) per month, and to-day he is head book-keeper of one of the biggest mercantile establishments in the Northwest, with a big salary, and constantly getting presents from the firm—all because he trusted God.

When I was home this summer I found that there had been converted in my absence a young Jewish woman; a very brilliant woman in the work that she had to do—a very talented woman—but having to work for her living to support the family. After she was converted she was full of love to Christ, as Jews generally are when they are converted. She went out of the place where she worked, a very large establishment—all you business men would know the firm by name, if I should name it—and she commenced talking of Christ to the other employees. Some of them did not like it, and they went to the head of the firm and said, "Miss So-and-So is constantly talking to us about Christ. We don't like it." They called her in and said, "We have no objection to Christianity, no objection to your being a

Christian. It is a good thing, but you must not talk it around this establishment." "Very well," she said, "I won't work where I can't take Christ with me and talk for my Master." She had a family to support, an aged mother and other members of the family, and did not know where she was going—just converted from Judaism to Christianity. "Well, then," they said, "you will have to lose your position." "Very well," she said, "I will give up my position before I will be disloyal to Jesus Christ." "Very well," they said, "go back to your work." She went back to work. At the end of the week she got a letter from the firm. She said, "Here is my discharge," and she tore it open. The head of the establishment said, "We have a place of very large responsibility, with a much larger salary than you are getting. We think you are the woman for the place, and we offer it to you." They saw she could be trusted. Business men are looking for men and women whom they can trust.

Again, whoso trusteth in the Lord will be safe from danger of every kind. As we read in Rom. viii. 31: "If God be for us, who can be against us?" Oh, men will persecute you. Yes, they will ridicule you. They will do all they can to harm you. Jesus says in John xv. 20: "If they have persecuted Me, they will also persecute you." They will, but it won't do you any harm. Some people are frightened to death at being persecuted. Why, friends, it is one of the greatest privileges on earth for converts to be persecuted for Jesus Christ. What does Jesus say in Matt. v. 11, 12: "Blessed are ye when men shall revile you and persecute you, and shall say all

manner of evil against you falsely for My sake. Rejoice"—not cry, not whine—"rejoice and be exceeding glad, for great is your reward in heaven." When we were in Ballarat in Australia there was an organised gang to break up our meeting. I had said some pretty plain things about dancing, like some I have said here to-night, and I had been invited to go to a "decent dance." I went, and it broke up the dance. They were ashamed to dance, and it broke up the club, and they never had but one dance after it. They regretted one invitation that they sent, anyhow. Well, the dancing element were pretty badly excited. If we could stop several hundred of you society people from dancing here in Birmingham there would be a high time. I hope we have just such a high time. Well, this crowd organised to break up the meetings got away off in the far gallery. The very first night when they came there to break up the meetings the power of God came down, and the two ringleaders walked right up from that rear gallery the whole length of the hall, came down to the front, turned round, and said, "We accept Jesus Christ." The next day some friends of the ringleader of the two met him on the street, and knocked him down and pounded him to make him swear. But God had taken all the swearing out of him, and instead of swearing he wrote one of the most beautiful letters—not to me, but to a friend of his, who sent it to me—one of the most beautiful letters I ever saw in my life, about the joy of suffering for Jesus' sake. Men, they may persecute you. They may pound you, they may hound you, but they can't hurt you if you are right with God.

Once more, the man that trusts in the Lord is eternally safe. Jesus says in John x. 28, 29: "I give unto them eternal life, and they shall never perish, neither shall any man pluck them out of My hand. My Father, which gave them Me, is greater than all: and no man is able to pluck them out of My Father's hand." If you trust in the Lord, God the Father Almighty's hand is underneath you and is round about you; Christ the Son's hand is over you and round about you, and there you are, in between the Almighty hand of God the Father and God the Son, and all the devils in hell can't get you.

Men, throw away your fear of man to-night. In place of it put trust in Jehovah. You compromising Christians throw away your compromise. Be out and out for God, clean, straight Christians for God. Throw away your guilty silence. Go to work to-night to bring others to Christ, and keep it up to-morrow, and the next day, and the next day. Throw away your guilty silence about unpopular truth, and declare the whole counsel of God, even though they say you are not up to date, because you tell the truth. And men and women who are rejecting Christ, throw away your fear, fear not what anybody says, but stand up and come right down to the front, accept Christ, and confess Him before the world to-night.

In the early days of Mr. Moody's work in Chicago there was a man in constant attendance at the services in the Tabernacle. He seemed for a long time to be on the point of decision for Christ. At last Mr. Moody went to him, and urged him very strongly to decide at once. He replied that he could not come

out as a Christian. That there was a man with whom he was associated who would ridicule him, and he could not endure his ridicule. As Mr. Moody time after time kept urging upon him a decision, the man at last became irritated and ceased attending the church. Some months after, when the man had quite dropped out of sight, Mr. Moody received a very urgent call to go and see the man at once. He found him very ill, apparently dying, and in great anxiety about his soul. He was shown the way of life, and professed to accept Christ, and his soul seemed at rest. To every one's surprise, he took a turn for the better, and full recovery seemed sure. Mr. Moody called upon him, and found him sitting out of doors in the sunshine. "Now," said Mr. Moody, "that you have accepted Christ, and God has raised you up, you will certainly come out at once, and confess Him as soon as you are able to come to the Tabernacle." To Mr. Moody's astonishment the man replied, "No, not now. I don't dare come out in Chicago, but I am intending soon to remove to Michigan, and as soon as I get over there I will come out publicly and take my stand on the side of Christ." Mr. Moody told him that Christ could keep him in Chicago as well as in Michigan, but the man's fear of his friend held him back, and he refused to take his stand in Chicago. Mr. Moody left him greatly disappointed. Just one week from that day the man's wife called upon Mr. Moody and besought him to come at once and see her husband, that he had suffered a relapse, was worse than ever, and that a council of physicians had agreed that there was no possibility of recovery. "Did he send for me to come?" asked Mr. Moody.

"No; he says that he is lost, that there is no hope for him. He does not wish to see you or speak to you, but I cannot let him die in this way. You must come." Mr. Moody hastened to the house, and found the man in a state of utter despair. To all Mr. Moody's pleas for him to take Christ then and there he would reply that it was too late, that he was lost, that he had thrown away his day of opportunity, and that he could not be saved now. Mr. Moody said, "I will pray for you." "No," said the man, "don't pray for me. It is no use, I am lost. Pray for my wife and children. They need your prayers." Mr. Moody knelt down by his side and prayed, but the heavens above his head seemed brass. His own prayers did not seem to go higher than his head. He could not get hold of God for this man's salvation. When he arose the man said, "There, Mr. Moody, I knew that prayer would do no good, I am lost." With a heavy heart Mr. Moody left the house. All the afternoon the man kept repeating, "The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and I am not saved" (Jer. viii. 20). All the afternoon he kept repeating this text. Just as the sun was setting behind the western prairies the man passed away. In his last moment they heard him whispering, and leaning over to catch his words they heard him murmuring, "The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and I am not saved." Another soul went out into eternity unprepared, snared into eternal perdition by the fear of man. Oh, men and women, I beseech of you, throw away your fear of man, and put your trust in the Lord and be saved to-night.

XIII

HOW GOD LOVED THE WORLD

For God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.”—JOHN iii. 16.

GOD has given me for my text to-night that verse of Scripture which I suppose has been used to the salvation of more people than any other verse in the Bible. It is John iii. 16: “God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.” Thousands of people have been saved by that wonderful verse; tens of thousands, hundreds of thousands, by simply reading it in the Bible, by simply seeing it painted on the wall, by simply having it presented to them on a piece of cardboard. If there were time I could tell you to-night of a boy who began to read the Bible through, and was brought under very deep conviction of sin by just reading the Bible. As he read on and on, he came to the New Testament and to the Gospel of John, and to the third chapter and the sixteenth verse, and there he read, “God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.” And the moment he saw it, he saw Christ on the cross for his sins, his burden all rolled away, and he found peace.

I hope that hundreds to-night will be converted in this hall through my text, whether you hear my sermon or not.

This text tells us some very important things about the love of God. It tells us that our salvation begins in God's love. We are not saved because we love God; we are saved because God loves us. Our salvation begins in God's loving us, and it ends in our loving God.

The first thing our text teaches us about the love of God is that the love of God is universal. "God so loved the world"—not some part of it, not some elect people, not some select class—"but God so loved the world." God loves the rich, but God loves the poor just as much as He loves the rich. If there should come into Bingley Hall to-night one of the wealthiest men or women in Birmingham, and if when I gave out the invitation they should stand up and accept Christ, a great many of you people would be greatly pleased. So would I, for the rich need to hear the Gospel just as much as the poor, and they are not nearly so likely to. But if some poor man should come in here to-night, some man that has not a penny, some man that does not even know where he is going to sleep to-night, and if that man should stand up and take Christ, a good many of you people would not think it amounted to much, but God would be just as pleased to see the poorest man or woman in this building accept Christ as He would be to see the richest millionaire that you have in Birmingham. God loves the educated, but God loves the uneducated just as much. God loves the great scholar, the man of science, the university professor, and the student,

but God loves the man who can't read or write just as much as He loves the most brilliant scientist or philosopher that there is on earth. If some of your university professors should come in here to-night, and should be converted, some of you people would be delighted. You would go out saying, "Oh, a wonderful thing happened in Bingley Hall. One of our learned professors came up there and was converted." But if some man or woman here to-night that can't even read or write should stand up and accept Christ, some of you people would not think it amounted to much, but God would be just as much pleased as He would over the conversion of that university professor. But the most wonderful thing of all about it is this—that God loves the moral, the upright, the virtuous, the righteous, and God just as truly loves the sinner, the outcast, the abandoned, the profligate, the bad as He does the good.

One night I was visiting one of the members of my church, and his little girl was playing around the room. The child did something naughty—I have forgotten what it was—and her father called out, "Don't be naughty. If you are a good girl God will love you, but if you are not, God won't love you." I said, "Charlie, what nonsense are you teaching that child of yours? That is not what my Bible teaches. My Bible teaches that God loves the sinner just as truly as He loves the saint." And do you know, friends, it is so hard to make people believe this, that God does love the sinner, that God does love the outcast, that this is the truth that the Bible emphasises the most. For example, turn in your Bible to Rom. v. 8: "God commendeth His love toward

us, in that while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us."

I was preaching one night in the city of Minneapolis in America—a hot summer's night, so hot that the window frames were all out at the back to let a little fresh air in, and the room was packed. Away down at the back end of the room a man was sitting where the window frame had been taken out, and when I gave out the invitation for all who wished to be saved that night to hold up their hands, that man sitting in the window raised his hand. But as soon as I pronounced the benediction that man started for the door. I forgot all about my after-meeting. I don't know to this day what became of that after-meeting. All I saw was that man starting for the door, and I started after him. I caught him just as he turned to descend the stairway. I laid my hand upon his shoulder just as he turned the corner. I said to him, "My friend, you held up your hand to say you wanted to be saved." "Yes, I did." "Why didn't you stay, then, to the second meeting?" He said, "It is no use." "Why?" I said; "God loves you." He said, "You don't know who you are talking to." I said, "I don't care who I am talking to. I know God loves you." He said, "I am the meanest thief in Minneapolis." "Well," I said, "if you are the meanest thief in Minneapolis I can prove to you from the Bible that God loves you." I opened my Bible to Rom. v. 8, and I read, "God commendeth His love toward us, in that while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us." "Now," I said, "if you are the meanest thief in Minneapolis you are certainly a sinner, and that verse says that God loves sinners."

It broke the man's heart, and he commenced to weep. I took him to my office with me, and we sat down and he told me his story. He said, "I am just out of confinement. I was released from prison this morning. I had started out this evening with some companions that I knew to commit one of the most daring burglaries that was ever committed in this city, and by to-morrow morning I would either have had a big stake of money or a bullet in my body. But as we were going down the street together we passed the corner where you were holding that open-air meeting. You had a Scotchman speaking. My mother was a Scotchwoman, and when I heard that Scotch tongue it reminded me of my mother. I had a dream about my mother the other night in prison. I dreamed that my mother came to me and begged me to give up my wicked life, and when I heard that Scotchman talk I stepped up to listen. My two pals said, 'Come along,' and cursed me. I said, 'I am going to listen to what this man says.' Then they tried to drag me across the street, but I would not go. What that man said touched my heart, and when you gave out the invitation to the meeting I came, and that is why I am here." I opened my Bible, and I showed that man from the Bible that God loves sinners, how Christ had died for sinners, how he could be saved by simply accepting Christ then and there, and then and there he did accept Christ. We knelt down side by side, and that man offered the most wonderful prayer, but one, I ever heard in all my life.

Is there a thief here to-night? God loves you. Is there a pickpocket here to-night? God loves you. Is there a lost woman here to-night? God loves you.

Is there an infidel here to-night? God loves you. Is there a blasphemer here to-night? God loves you. I will tell you something you can't find in all Birmingham. You can't find in all Birmingham a man or woman that God doesn't love.

The second thing our text teaches us about the love of God is that God's love is a holy love. "God *so* loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son." A great many people cannot understand that. They say, "I cannot see why it is if God loves me that He doesn't forgive my sins outright without His Son dying in my place. I cannot see the necessity of Christ's death. If God is love, and if God loves me and loves everybody, why don't He take us to heaven right away without Christ dying for us." The text answers the question, "God *so* loved, *so* loved." That "*so*" brings out the character of God's love. It was of such a character that God could not and would not pardon sin without an atonement. God is a holy God. God's love is a holy love. Now, God's holiness, like everything in God, is real. There is no sham in God. It is real love, real righteousness, and real holiness, and God's holiness, since it is real, must manifest itself in some way. It must either manifest itself in the punishment of the sinner—that is, in our eternal banishment from Him, in your ruin and in mine—or it must manifest itself in some other way. Now, the atoning death of Jesus Christ upon the cross of Calvary was God substituting His atoning action whereby He expressed His hatred of sin for His punitive action whereby He would have expressed the same thing. But some man says, "That is not just. The doctrine you teach is this—that God,

the first Person, took the sin of man, the second person, and laid it up Jesus Christ, an innocent third Person, and that is not just." Well, that would not be just, but that is not what the Bible teaches, and that is not what I teach. I don't teach, and the Bible don't teach, that God, a holy first Person, takes the sins of you and me, guilty second persons, and lays them upon Jesus Christ, an innocent third Person. Jesus Christ was not a third Person. "God was in Christ reconciling the world unto Himself," and the atoning death of Jesus Christ on the cross is not God taking my sin off from me and laying it on a third person; it is God the Father taking the penalty of my sin into His own heart, and dying in His Son, in whom He personally dwelt, in place of the rebel. And again, Jesus Christ was not merely the first Person. He was the second Person too. Jesus Christ was the Son of Man, the second Adam, the representative man. No ordinary man could have died for you and me. It would have been of no value. But Jesus Christ was the second Adam, the second head of the race, the second Person, your representative and mine, and when Christ died on the cross of Calvary I died in Him, and the penalty of my sin was paid. Friends, the philosophy of the Atonement as laid down in the Bible is the most profound and wonderful philosophy the world ever saw or heard. The Christian doctrine is a perfect whole. You take out one doctrine and the others are irrational, but you put them all together and they are a perfect system. For example, if you become a Unitarian and take out the deity of Christ the Atonement becomes irrational. If you take out the humanity of Christ

and have Jesus Christ merely Divine the Atonement becomes irrational. But you take all that the Bible says, that God was in Christ, and that in Christ the Word became flesh, real man, God manifest in the flesh, and the Atonement of Christ is the most profoundly and wonderfully philosophical truth the world has ever seen. God's love was a holy love. I thank God that it was. I thank God that His method was such that in perfect righteousness, and perfect justice, and perfect holiness, as well as perfect love, on the ground of Christ's atoning death He could pardon and save the vilest of sinners. And, men and women, when you are awakened to a proper sense of your sinfulness, when you see yourself as you really are, and when you see God as He really is, nothing will satisfy your conscience but the doctrine that God, the Holy One, substituted His atoning action, whereby He expressed His hatred of sin, for His punitive action whereby He would have expressed the same thing, and that in the death of Jesus Christ on the cross of Calvary your sin and mine was perfectly settled for ever.

Thank God, the broken law of God has no claim upon me. I broke it, I admit it, but Jesus Christ kept it, and having kept it, He satisfied its punitive claim by dying for those who had not kept it, and on the ground of that atoning death there is pardon to-night for the vilest sinner. A man sits here in the audience to-night. He says, "There is no forgiveness for me." Why not? "Because I have gone down so deep in sin." Listen, men. You have gone down deep into sin; you have gone deeper into sin than you realise yourself, but while your sins are as

high as the mountains the atonement that covers them is as high as heaven. While your sins are as deep as the ocean the atonement that swallows them up is as deep as eternity, and on the ground of Christ's atoning death there is pardon to-night for the vilest sinner in Bingley Hall, for the vilest sinner on the face of this earth.

The third thing our text teaches us about the love of God is the greatness of that love. "God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish but have everlasting life." The greatness of God's love comes out in two ways in the text; first of all, in the greatness of the gift He offers us—eternal life. It does not mean merely a life that is endless in its duration. Thank God, it means that, but it means more; it means a life that is perfect and Divine in its quality as well as endless in its duration, and that is what is offered to you to-night. "God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish but have *everlasting life*."

I do thank God for a life that is perfect in quality and that will never end. Most of us have got to die before long, as far as our physical life is concerned. A large number of this eight or nine thousand people who are now listening to my voice will be in their graves in a few months, more of us in a year, more in five, still more in ten, almost all of us in forty. Eighty years from to-night, probably, there won't be a person on this earth, unless the Lord has come before, who is in this audience to-night. Well, you say, eighty years is a pretty long time. No, it is not. It looks

long to you young people. It looks long to look forward to, but when you get to be forty-eight, as I am, and there are only thirty-two years of it left, it does not look very long. It looks very short. Eighty years don't look very long, and, friends, when the eighty years are up, what then? Suppose I had a guarantee to-night that I was going to live two hundred years in perfect health, strength, and prosperity. Would that satisfy me? No, it would not. For when the two hundred years are up, what then? Suppose I had a guarantee to-night that I was to live a thousand years in perfect health and strength and prosperity. Would that satisfy me? No, it would not, for when the thousand years are up, what then? Suppose I had a guarantee to-night that I should live on this earth for ten thousand years in perfect health and strength and prosperity, would that satisfy me? No, it would not; for when the ten thousand are up, what then? Men, I want something that never ends, and, thank God, in Christ I have got something that never ends. Thousands of years will pass into tens of thousands, tens of thousands will pass into millions, millions will pass into hundreds of millions, hundreds of millions will pass into billions, and the billions will pass into trillions, and I will be living on, and on, and on, in ever-growing joy and glory. Eternal life! Eternal life! and who can have it? Anybody. "Whosoever believeth on Him."

What does "whosoever" mean? Somebody asked a little boy once, "What does whosoever mean?" and the little fellow answered, "It means you and me and everybody else." Thank God, it does. It means you and me and everybody else. Somebody once said—

I think it was John Bradford—that he was glad that John iii. 16 did not read that “God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son that John Bradford might have everlasting life,” “for,” he said, “if it read that way I would be afraid it meant some other John Bradford. But when I read that ‘God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that WHOSOEVER believeth on Him,’ I know that means me.” Thank God, it did, and it means everybody else in this building to-night. Friends, I came into this building to-night with a pocket pretty well filled with shillings, and half-crowns, and half-sovereigns, and sovereigns, and cheques, and so on, that have come to me through the mail to-day. They are all gone. I handed them all over to the treasurer. But to-night while I go out with an empty pocket I will go out with a full heart—a heart that is full of everlasting life, and that is worth millions of sovereigns. Every other man and woman in this building can go out the same way.

But the text tells us a second way more wonderful yet in which the greatness of the love of God shows itself, and that is in the sacrifice that God made for us. “God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son.” Now, as I said the other night, the measure of love is sacrifice. You can tell just how much anybody loves you by the sacrifice that he is willing to make for you. God has shown the measure of His love by the sacrifice He made. What was it? His very best. He “so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son,” the dearest that He had. No earthly father ever loved his son as God loved Jesus Christ. I have an only son; how

I love him! We have oftentimes wished that God in His kindness had given us three or four sons, provided they were all like the one He gave us, just as He has given us four daughters; but I was thinking of it this afternoon, and this thought occurred to me, that perhaps the reason why God had only given us but one son was that I might have a little deeper realisation of how much God loved Jesus Christ. Friends, suppose some day I should see that boy of mine arrested, suppose he went as a missionary to China, and I went as missionary to China, and I saw him arrested by the enemies of Christ; and suppose they blindfolded him, and then they spat in his face, and then they punched him in his face, and then plaited a crown of great, big, cruel thorns and put it on his brow, and then some Chinaman should come along and with a heavy stick knock that crown down upon his brow until the blood poured down his face on either side. How do you suppose I would feel? Then suppose they took him, and stripped his garments from him, and took him to a post, made him lean over until the skin of his back was all drawn tight, and bound him to a post, and a soldier came along with a long stick that had on the ends of it long lashes of leather in which were twisted bits of brass and lead, then that soldier laid the lash upon the boy's back thirty-nine times till it was all torn and bleeding, and my son's back was one mass of bloody wounds. How do you think I would feel? Then suppose they took him and laid a cross down upon the ground and stretched his right hand out on the arm of the cross, put a nail in the hand, lifted the heavy hammer and drove the nail through the hand; then stretched his

left arm on the other arm of the cross, put a nail in the palm of that hand, and lifted the heavy hammer and sent the nail through that hand, then put a nail through his feet, and lifted the heavy hammer and drove the nail through his feet, and then took that cross to which he was nailed and plunged it into a hole on the rock, and left him hanging there, the agony getting worse and worse every minute. See him hanging there beneath the burning sun from nine o'clock in the morning till three o'clock in the afternoon, and I standing and looking on as my only boy dies in awful agony on a cross. How do you suppose I would feel? But, men, that is just what God saw. He loved His only begotten Son, as you and I never dreamt of loving our sons. He saw them spit in His face; He saw them blindfold Him; He saw them smite Him with their fists; He saw them take rods and beat Him with rods; He saw them take the crown of awful thorns and press it on His brow, and then smite it down with a heavy rod; He saw them strip the garments from His back, tie Him to a post, make Him lean over until the skin upon His back was drawn tight; then He saw a brawny Roman soldier take that awful scourge with long leather lashes into which were twisted bits of brass and lead, and lay it on the His back thirty-nine times till it was one mass of aching wounds. He saw them take Him and stretch Him on a cross, drive a nail into that hand, drive a nail into His feet, and take that cross and plunge it into a hole on that rock, and leave Him hanging there, aching, all His bones out of joint, tortured in every member of His body! God looked on. Why did He suffer it? Because He loved you

and me, and it was the only way that you and I could be saved, and "God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on Him should not perish but have everlasting life."

Men, how are you going to repay that love to-night? I know how some of you are going to repay it. You are going to repay it with hatred. You hate God. You never said it, but it is true.

A friend of mine was preaching one time in Connecticut. He was stopping with a physician who had a beautiful, amiable daughter. She had never made a profession of religion, but she was such a beautiful character that people thought she was a Christian. One night, after the meetings had been going on some time, my friend said to this young lady, "Are you going up to the meeting to-night?" She said, "No, Mr. Hammond, I am not." "Oh," he said, "I think you had better go." She said, "I will not go." "Why," he said, "don't you love God?" She said, "I hate God." She had never realised it before. I think she would have said she loved God up to that time, but when the demands of God were pressed home by the Holy Spirit she was not willing to obey, and she found out that she hated God.

Some of you have never found it out—that you hate God, but it is true. How some of you used the name of God to-day! You have used it many times. In prayer? No, in profanity. Why? Because you hate God. Some of you men here to-night, if your wives should take Christ in this meeting and go home, you would make life unendurable. Why? Because you hate God, and you are going to make your wife miserable for accepting His Son. Some of you young people,

if some other young person in your shop, or your factory, or your mill, should accept Christ to-night, you would laugh at them for it to-morrow. Why? Because you hate God. Some of you people will read every infidel book you can get, will go to every infidel lecture. You are trying to convince yourself that the Bible is not God's Word, and if anybody would come along and bring up some smart objection to the Bible, you would laugh at it and rejoice in it. Why? Because you hate God, and you want to get rid of God's Book. Some of you men and women here to-night, you just love to hold up your heads and toss them, and say, "I don't believe in the Divinity of Christ, I don't believe He is the Son of God." Why? Because you hate God, and if you can rob His Divine Son of the honour that belongs to Him, you will do it. You are repaying the wondrous love of God with hate. Some of you are refusing to accept Christ. You have been here night after night during the mission. People have been down the hall, and when people speak to you you get angry. You say, "I wish you would not talk to me. Go about your own business. It is none of your business whether I am a Christian or not." You get angry every time anybody speaks to you. Why? Because you hate God. Some of you so bitterly hate God that you are trying to find fault with the doctrine of the Atonement. You are trying to make yourself believe that Christ did not die on the cross for you. You say, "I cannot understand the philosophy of it." If you loved God, you would not stop to ask the philosophy of it. You would simply lift your heart in simple gratitude and praise to God, that He so loved you that He gave His Son to die for you.

There is one other thing that our text teaches us about the love of God, and that is, the conquering power of God's love. "God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish but have everlasting life." The love of God conquers sin; the love of God conquers death; the love of God conquers wrong, and saves a man from perishing unto everlasting life. And, men and women, the love of God conquers where everything else fails. The first time I ever preached in Chicago—it was several years before I went there to live, I was there at a convention—after the sermon, among the people who stood up that night to say they wanted to be prayed for, I noticed a young woman who did not come forward when the rest came. I went down to where she was standing and urged her to come forward. She laughed, and said, "No, I am not going forward," and sat down again. The next night was not an evangelistic service, but a meeting of the convention. I was president of the convention. As I looked over the audience, away down toward the back I saw that young woman in the audience elegantly dressed—the most finely dressed woman in the audience. I called somebody else to the chair, and slipped around to the back part of the building. When the meeting was dismissed I made my way to where that young lady was sitting. I sat down beside her. I said, "Won't you take Christ to-night?" "No," she said. "Would you like to know the kind of life I am living?" It was not known that she was living that kind of life. She was living it in the best society, honoured and respected. Then she commenced to unfold to me one of the saddest stories of

dishonour I ever listened to, without blushing, laughing as if it was a good joke; and finally she said, "Let me tell you how I spent last Easter." I cannot tell you how it was—how any woman of any sense could have told it to any man I cannot imagine—and when she had told the story she burst out into a laugh, and said, "That was a funny way to spend Easter, wasn't it?" I was dumbfounded. I simply took my Bible—I had a little Bible with fine print—and opened it at John iii. 16, passed it over to her, and said, "Won't you please read that?" She had to hold it very near her eyes to see the print, and she commenced in a laughing way. "God so loved"—she was laughing no more—"the world"—there was nothing like a laugh now—"that He gave His only begotten Son." And she burst into tears, and literally the tears flowed down on to the elegant silk robe that she was wearing. Hardened as she was, brazen as she was, shameless as she was, trifling as she was, one glimpse of Jesus on the Cross of Calvary for her had broken her heart. God grant that it may break yours to-night.

I want to tell you one more incident before I sit down. One night I was preaching, and we had an after-meeting. The leading soprano in my choir was not a Christian. I don't believe in having an unconverted choir; we don't allow anybody in our choir in Chicago who is not a converted person to the best of our knowledge. You say, "You must have a pretty small choir." We have two hundred, and every one of them, as far as we know, is converted. But in that church it was not so, and my leading soprano was not a Christian—a gay, worldly girl, not immoral at all, a very respectable girl, but very worldly and very gay.

She stayed to the after-meeting. Her mother rose down in the body of the house and said, "I wish you would all pray for the conversion of my daughter." I did not look round at the choir, but I knew perfectly well how that young woman looked, without looking round. I knew her cheeks were burning, I knew her eyes were flashing, and I knew that she was angry from the crown of her head to the sole of her feet. Just as soon as the meeting was over I hurried down to the particular door that I knew she would have to pass out by. As she came along I advanced toward her, held out my hand, and said, "Good-evening, Cora." Her eyes flashed, and her cheeks burned. She did not take my hand. She stamped her foot and said, "Mr. Torrey, my mother knows better than to do what she has done to-night. She knows it will only make me worse." I said, "Cora, sit down." The angry girl sat down, and I opened my Bible at Isaiah liii. 5, and handed it to her. I said, "Won't you please read it?" And she read, "He was wounded for our transgressions, He was bruised for our iniquities, the chastisement of our peace was laid upon Him." She did not get any further; she burst into tears; the love of God revealed in the Cross of Christ had broken her heart. I left the city next day. While I was away I got a letter saying that this young lady was happily converted, but very ill. I returned to Minneapolis, called at the house, found her rejoicing in Christ, but so ill that the physician held out no hope of her recovery. A few days after her brother came running up to my house in the morning about ten o'clock. He said, "Mr. Torrey, come down to the house just as quick as you can. Cora has been unconscious all the morn-

ing. She has not spoken a word. She hardly seems to be breathing. She is as white as marble, and we think she is dying. She seems to be utterly unconscious." I hurried down there. And there lay the whitest living person I had ever seen, bleeding to death through her gums and nose. She was perfectly unconscious apparently, and had not said a word all the morning. Her mother stood at the foot of the bed with a breaking heart. "Oh," she said, "Mr. Torrey, pray, pray, please pray!" I knelt down by the bedside and prayed. I didn't suppose the girl would hear a word I said. I was praying to comfort her mother. And just as soon as I had finished my prayer there came from those white lips, in a clear, strong, full, beautiful voice, the most wonderful prayer I have ever heard in my life. The dying girl said, "Oh, heavenly Father, I want to live if it be Thy will, so that as I have sung in the past for my own glory, I can sing for the glory of Jesus, Who loved me and gave Himself for me. Father, I want to live, but if Thou dost not see fit to raise me up from this bed, I shall be glad to depart and be with Christ." And she departed to be with Christ. The love of God had conquered.

Men and women, let the love of God conquer your stubborn, wicked, foolish, sinful, worldly, careless hearts to-night. "God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." Yield to that love to-night. Amen.

XIV

TO-DAY—TO-MORROW

“The Holy Ghost saith, To-day.”—HEB. iii. 7.

“Boast not thyself of To-morrow.”—PROV. xxvii. 1.

TO-DAY is the wise man's day; to-morrow is the fool's day. The wise man is the man who, when he sees what ought to be done, does it to-day. The foolish man is the man who, when he sees what ought to be done, says, “I will do it to-morrow.” The men who always do to-day the thing they see ought to be done to-day are the men who make a success for time and for eternity. The men and women who put off until to-morrow what ought to be done to-day are the men and women who make a shipwreck of time and of eternity. “The Holy Ghost saith, To-day.” Man, in the folly of his heart, says, “To-morrow.”

I am going to give you five reasons why every truly wise man in this building who has not already accepted Christ as his Saviour, surrendered to Him as his Lord and Master, and openly confessed Him as such before the world, will do it now. I have no doubt that in this great audience there are literally hundreds, if not thousands, of men and women who intend to be Christians some time, but who keep saying, “Not yet,” “Not to-day,” and I am going to tell you not merely why you ought to become Christians, but why you ought to become Christians to-night.

First, because: *The sooner you come to Christ the*

sooner you will find the wonderful joy which is to be found in Him. It admits of no controversy that there is in Jesus Christ an immeasurably better joy than there is in the world, a purer joy, a higher joy, a holier joy, a more satisfying joy, a more abiding joy, a more wonderful joy in every way. This fact does not admit of dispute. Every one here to-night who keeps his eyes open knows that it is true. Go to any person who has ever tried the world and tried Christ, and put to him the question, "Which joy is better—the joy which you found in the world or the joy which you have found in Christ?" and you will get the same answer every time. The joy found in the world is not for a moment to be compared with the joy that is found in Christ. I have tried both. I have had abundant opportunity to try both. If ever a person had an opportunity to try what this world can give, I had it, and I tried it. I tried all that could be found in the world, then I turned to Christ and tried Him, and my testimony is just like the testimony of millions of others who have found that the joy of the world is nothing and the joy in Christ is everything. I don't care how fully a person may have gone into the joys of this world, or how great his opportunity may have been to test them; go to anybody that has tried both and you cannot find in all the world a man that has really found Christ but will tell you there is a joy in Christ higher, deeper, broader, wider, longer, more wonderful in every way, than the joy that the world gives. Well, friends, the sooner you come to Christ the sooner you will have that joy.

Second: *The sooner you come to Christ the sooner you will escape the wretchedness and misery that there is away from Christ.* First of all there is the misery

of an accusing conscience. No one in this building out of Christ has peace of conscience. One night I was preaching to an audience of men and women to whom a twenty dollar gold piece would have been a great help. I put my hand in my pocket as I was preaching, and I felt the twenty dollar gold piece. I took it out and held it up and said, "Now, if there is a man in this audience out of Christ who has peace in his heart, deep, abiding satisfaction and rest, who will come up here and say so, I will give him this twenty dollar gold piece." Nobody came up. When the meeting was over I went down and stood at the door with the twenty dollar gold piece, for I thought they might be timid about coming up for it. I said, "If anybody can claim this twenty dollars on the conditions I have named, who can say, 'I have peace of conscience and heart. My heart is satisfied without Christ,' he can have this twenty dollar gold piece." They commenced to file out, and nobody claimed the gold piece. Finally a man came along, and I said, "Don't you want this twenty dollars?" "But," he said, "I cannot claim it on those conditions." Neither can you.

Another night I was preaching in Chicago and I asked everybody in the building who had found rest and perfect satisfaction through the acceptance of Christ to stand up, and hundreds of men and women, more than a thousand, rose to their feet, and then I asked them to sit down, and then I said, "If there is an infidel in this house that can say he has found rest, and peace, and perfect satisfaction of heart in infidelity, will he please stand?" There were a lot of infidels there. One man got up in the gallery, and I said, "I see there is a gentleman up there. I am glad that

he has the courage of his convictions. I would like to speak with him in the after-meeting." He came to the after-meeting. I said, "Mr. S——, you stood up in the meeting to-night to say that you had perfect rest and peace of heart without Christ, and that your soul was satisfied in infidelity. Was that true?" "Oh," he said, "Mr. Torrey, that will have to be qualified." I guess it will. There is no peace, saith my God, to the wicked.

Then there is the slavery of sin away from Christ. "Whoso committeth sin is the bond-servant of sin" (John viii. 34). Away from Christ is apprehension of what may happen, apprehension of disaster, apprehension of what man may do, apprehension of what may lie beyond the grave. Men and women, when you really come to Christ you get rid of fear of man; you have no fear of misfortune, for you are able to say, "All things work together for good to those who love God"; you have no fear of death, for what men call death is simply to depart and be with Christ. By coming to Christ you get rid of all this wretchedness, you get rid of the accusations of conscience, you get rid of the slavery of sin, you get rid of all apprehensions of disaster, you get rid of the dread of death, the moment you really accept Christ. Why not get rid of it all to-night? Suppose you were on the shore, and saw in the distance a wreck and a man clinging to the wreck, and every once in a while the cold waters sweeping over him, and it was a cold wintry night, and you and others should go out in a lifeboat and should say to him, "We have come to take you off. Drop into the lifeboat"; and the man should say, "No, I think I can hold on until morning; come out again in the

morning, and I will get into the boat and come ashore ”; you would say, “ Man, are you mad? Stay out here to-night when you can come ashore now? ” Oh, men and women, out on the wreck, every little while the cold waves breaking over you, all the wretchedness of an accusing conscience, all the wretchedness of the bondage of sin, all the wretchedness of the fear of possible death, all the multiplied wretchednesses of the soul away from God—why cling to the wreck another night, when you can come ashore to safety and joy now, if you will drop right into the lifeboat?

Third: *The sooner you come to Christ the more you can do for Christ.* The moment a person is saved he wants to do something for the Master. If you are saved a year from to-night you will go to work for Christ, but there will be one year gone that will never come back, between to-night and a year from to-night (if you come a year from to-night). You can never go back over this year. You are associated with friends that you can lead to Christ between now and a year from now who may be past your reach then. Before I was converted I had a friend, and we were often together. We lived in the same building. We went pleasuring together. If I had been a Christian I could have led him to Christ. Three years later, after I had accepted Christ, that young man passed beyond my reach. The day I went back to the University to study for my second degree my father picked up *The New York Herald* and began to read about a young man who was out playing ball. The man out in the centrefield threw the ball in. This young man's back was towards the centrefield, and he was struck at the base of the brain, and never regained his con-

sciousness. As my father read this and came to the name, he said, " Archie, is not that your old friend?" I took up the paper and read it, and said, " Yes; it is my old friend." Called into eternity without a moment's warning, and my opportunity of bringing him to Christ gone for ever! Oh, how often in the years that have come since, and God has used me to lead others to Christ, how often I have thought back of Frank. In spite of all those who are now coming to Christ, Frank has gone, and my opportunity of saving him lost for ever. Men and women, you postpone taking Christ for thirty days, and people that you might have reached during these thirty days will have passed beyond your reach for ever.

In my first pastorate a woman a little over fifty years of age who had been a backslider was saved through and through, and became the best worker in all the community, but her own two sons had grown up during these years that she was afar from God. They had both married and passed beyond her reach, and though she has been used to bring I don't know how many to Christ, she has never been able to bring these two sons to Christ. Her day of opportunity for them was while she was living in the world. Fathers and mothers, afar from God, if you are not saved to-night, you may be some other day; but these sons and daughters that you might bring with you if you come to-night will very likely have passed beyond our reach for ever. The sooner you come to Christ the more you can bring with you, so come to-night.

Fourth: *The sooner you come to Christ the richer will be your eternity.* We are saved by grace, we are rewarded according to our works. Every day of a

man's life after he is saved he is laying up treasures in heaven, and every day you live for Christ you will be that much richer for all eternity. Now, some people have an idea that a man can be saved on his deathbed and have just as abundant an entrance into the Kingdom of God as he could have if he had been saved forty years. Oh, what nonsense! You have neither common sense nor Bible for it. A man may be saved on his deathbed. I don't say that no man ever is; I believe some are, though not very many. A man may be saved on his deathbed, but he is saved "so as by fire." His works are all burned up, and he enters heaven penniless. The man that is saved forty years before he dies, and serves Christ for forty years, every day of these forty years he is making his deposits in eternity, for which he will be richer throughout all eternity. "Lay up for yourselves treasures in Heaven."

Oh, men and women! the sooner you come to Christ with so much fuller hands can you enter the Kingdom of God. I do thank God I was converted when I was, but what would I give for those six wasted years through which I deliberately resisted the Spirit of God! But I can't call them back.

Fifth: *The sooner you come to Christ the surer you are to come to Christ.* If you are not saved to-night you may be to-morrow night, but you may not. I believe there are scores of people here who will be saved to-night or never. When a person stands on a platform like this, and looks over such a vast audience, and feels in his very soul that the eternal salvation of hundreds of souls is trembling in the balances as the result of that sermon, it is an awful feeling; but that

is the feeling I have now. I believe there are hundreds of people that hear every word I am just now saying who will either be saved to-night or never. The Spirit of God may leave you. People think they can turn to Christ when they will, but, men and women, when the Spirit of God is in the room, as He is in this building now, passing from seat to seat, and heart to heart, it is an awful moment. To say Yes, means life; to say No, means death. To say Yes, means heaven; to say No, means hell. Oftentimes a man will be so near the Kingdom, and he will say, "I am so interested I will certainly be just as much interested to-morrow"; but the critical hour has come, and if you do not yield to-night you will have no interest to-morrow.

I once received a message from a wealthy young fellow in New Haven, Conn., saying that he wished to see me that night at Mr. Moody's meeting. I went and met him at the close of the meeting. He was on the verge of a decision. As we stood talking in Chapel Street, opposite the College, the College bell rang out a late hour. I said to myself, he is so near a decision I can leave him safely until to-morrow morning. So I said, "Good-night, Will. I will be around to your room to-morrow morning at ten." It was one of the most fatal mistakes I ever made. I was there at ten and he was there, but his convictions had all left him. He was hard as flint. His opportunity had come and gone. Oh, men and women, you may be very near a decision to-night, on the very borders of the Kingdom, but if you say "No" to-night, to-morrow will be for ever too late.

Then, again, who of us can tell who will be called out of the world into eternity in a moment? At our

first Men's Meeting in the Empire Theatre in Edinburgh a Roman Catholic young man accepted Christ. Little did he or we realise that it was his last chance. The next day he was hurried to the Infirmary for an operation, and the operation proved fatal. By accepting Christ at that meeting he was just in time. If he had waited a day he would have been lost for ever.

Men and women, you have a chance to-night. Don't throw it away. The sooner you take Christ the surer you will be to take Him. Take Him now. You can have the joy of salvation to-night; why wait a week? You can be saved from a life of wretchedness away from Christ to-night. Why stand it another week? The sooner you come to Christ the more you can do for Christ. Why not come to Him to-night? The sooner you come to Christ the richer you will be throughout all eternity. Why not come to Him to-night and begin to lay up treasures in the bank of heaven? The sooner you come to Christ the surer it is that you will come. Come now. "The Holy Ghost saith, To-day." "Boast not thyself of to-morrow; for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth."

XV

HE THAT WINNETH SOULS IS WISE

“He that winneth souls is wise.”—PROV. xi. 30.

IF I should go up and down the streets of Birmingham and ask the different men and women whom I met, “Whom do you regard as the wise man?” I would get a great variety of answers. I might go, for example, into some of your banks and ask the man who was at the head of the bank, “Whom do you regard as the wise man?” and very likely I would get an answer like this, “I regard the man who succeeds in getting the most money as the wise man—the man who by virtue of rare business sagacity and unusual industry amasses a fortune of first a thousand pounds, and then ten thousand pounds, and then a hundred thousand pounds, and then a million pounds, and then two, three, four, five, ten million pounds, I regard him as the wise man.” If I should go into your political offices I would get a different answer. Very likely the man would reply, “I regard the man who studies the economic and political problems of the day until he has mastered them, who succeeds in finding out what is best for his country’s financial welfare, who wins the confidence of his fellow-citizens, and so is elected to Parliament, and is afterwards made a Cabinet Minister, and then is made Prime Minister, I regard him as the wise man.” If I should go to your military men I would get a dif-

ferent answer still. Very likely the reply would be something like this: "I regard the man who masters the art of war, who studies the science of tactics and manœuvres until he knows how to manœuvre great forces on the field of battle, to lead them on to victory, the man who first becomes a captain, then a major, then a lieutenant-colonel, then a colonel, then a brigadier-general, then a major-general, then a lieutenant-general, and finally a field-marshal, I regard him as the wise man." If I should go to your young men and women I would get a different answer. Very likely they would say to me, "I regard the man or woman who gets the most pleasure out of life, who finds the most fun by day and the most amusement by night, I regard him as the wise man." But when I turn away from men with all these discordant answers and look up to God and say, "Heavenly Father, whom dost Thou regard as the wise men," there comes thundering down from yonder throne of eternal light this answer, "He that winneth souls is wise." Not he that wins money, not he that wins political distinctions and honour and position, not he that wins renown in the field of battle, not he that wins the most sport and amusement in life, but he that wins the most men and women to a saving knowledge of Jesus Christ, he is the wise man.

Men and women, in the eyes of God the wise man is the man that makes soul-winning the business of his life, and my main proposition this afternoon is this, that every follower of Jesus Christ should make the winning of others to Christ the business of his life. I know that some of you say, "I don't believe that; I believe that the statement is altogether too strong."

I am going to give you this afternoon six unanswerable reasons why soul-winning should be the business of life on the part of every follower of Jesus Christ.

First of all, *soul-winning should be the business of life with every Christian because that is the work that Jesus Christ has commanded us to do.* When the Lord Jesus Christ left this earth, He left His marching orders to the Church. You will find them in Matt. xxviii. 19, "Go ye into all the world and make disciples of all the nations." That commandment was not merely for the first twelve disciples; it was for every follower of Jesus Christ in every age of the Church's history. If you will take the Book of Acts you will see very plainly that in the early Church every Christian considered that the great commission to make disciples, to win souls, was for himself. For example, if you will turn to Acts viii. 4, you will read these words, "They that were scattered abroad went everywhere preaching the Word"; and these that were scattered abroad were not the apostles, but the rank and file, the ordinary everyday members of the Church.

Some years ago when I was speaking in the city of Minneapolis in America, I noticed down in the audience a young lawyer. When the meeting was over I made my way to him and said, "Are you a Christian?" "Well, sir," he said, "I consider myself a Christian." I said, "Are you bringing other men to Christ?" He said, "No, I am not, that is not my business; that's your business, I am not called to do that. I am called to practise law; you are called to preach the Gospel." I said, "If you are called to be a Christian you are called to bring other men to Christ." He said, "I don't believe it." I said, "Look here." Then I

opened my Bible at Acts viii. 4, and asked him to read, and he read, "They that were scattered abroad went everywhere preaching the Word." "Oh yes," he said, "but these were the apostles." I said, "Will you be kind enough to read the first verse of the chapter, and he read, "They were all scattered abroad except the apostles," and "they that were scattered abroad went everywhere preaching the Word." He had nothing more to say. What could he say?

Men and women, every man and every woman here who believe themselves Christians and are not winning others to Christ are disobedient to Jesus Christ. It is serious business in war to be disobedient to your commanding officer, and it is serious business for a Christian to be disobedient to Jesus Christ. Jesus says, "Ye are My friends, if ye do whatsoever I command you" (John xv. 14). One evening I was told that a minister's son was to be present in my congregation, and that though he professed to be a Christian he did not work much at it. I watched for him and selected the man in the audience who I thought was he, and selected the right man. At the close of the service I hurried to the door by which he would leave, and shook hands with different ones as they passed out. When he came I took his hand and said, "Good-evening! I am glad to see you; are you a friend of Jesus?" "Yes," he replied heartily, "I consider myself a friend of Jesus." "Jesus says," I replied, "ye are My friends if ye do whatsoever I command you." His eyes fell. "If those are the conditions, I guess I am not." I put the same question to you, Are you a friend of Jesus? Are you doing whatsoever He commands you? Are you winning souls as He commands? If

I should ask every friend of Jesus to arise, could you conscientiously get up?

In the second place, *soul-winning should be the business of life with every Christian, because it was the business of life with Jesus Christ Himself.* What is it to be a Christian? To be a Christian is to be a follower of Christ. What is it to be a follower of Christ? To be a follower of Christ is to have the same purpose in life that Jesus Christ had. What was Christ's purpose in life? He Himself defines it in Luke xix. 10. He says, "The Son of man is come to seek and to save that which was lost." The Lord Jesus Christ had just one purpose in coming down to this earth. He had just one purpose in leaving the glory of heaven for the shame of earth. There was just one thing He lived for, one thing He suffered for, one thing He died for, that was to save the lost. Is that your purpose? Is that what you live for? Is that the one great ambition of your life? Is that the all-absorbing passion of your life? If it is not, what right have you to call yourself a Christian? If Christ had one purpose in life and you have an entirely different purpose in life, what right have you to call yourself a follower of Jesus Christ? Jesus Christ says in Matt. iv. 19, "Follow Me, and I will make you fishers of men." Are you following Christ? are you fishing for men? Suppose I had asked at the beginning of this service every follower of Christ to stand up, I think that almost every man and woman in this audience would have stood to their feet; but suppose I should now ask every follower of Christ to rise, how many of you could stand up?

In the third place, *soul-winning should be the busi-*

ness of life with every Christian, because that is the work in which we enjoy the unspeakable privilege of the personal fellowship of Jesus Christ. There is a wonderful promise in this Book, one of the most precious promises that it contains, a promise that men and women are quoting constantly. I do not wonder that men and women so often quote the promise! what I do wonder at is that they quote the promise without reference to the context and the condition. The promise is this (Matt. xxviii. 20), "Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world." Is there a more precious promise than that between the covers of this book? Ah, but notice the condition. You will find it in the preceding verse. Jesus said, "Go ye into all the world and make disciples of all the nations, . . . and, lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world."

In other words, Jesus says, "You go my way, and I will go yours. You go out with me in fellowship, in work, and I will go out with you in personal fellowship."

I want to ask you a question: Have you any right to this promise? You have often quoted it; you have often built upon it, but have you any right to it? Are you going out, as far as your line extends, making disciples, winning souls? Your line may not extend very far, but as far as your line extends, are you going out to bring other men or women to Christ? If you are, you have a right to that promise. If you are not, you have no right to that promise.

In the fourth place, *soul-winning should be the business of life with every one of us, because that is the work in which we enjoy the fulness of the Holy Spirit's*

presence and power. Men and women, there is no greater blessing than to receive the Holy Ghost, to be filled with the Holy Ghost, to be baptized with the Holy Ghost. Oh, the joy of personally receiving and being filled with and baptized with the Holy Ghost! It is heaven come down to earth. But listen, that blessing is given for a specific purpose, and can only be had along the line of that purpose. What that purpose is, is revealed in Acts i. 8. Jesus says, "Ye shall receive power after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you: and ye shall be witnesses unto Me both in Jerusalem and in all Judea, and in Samaria, and unto the uttermost parts of the earth." The baptism with the Holy Ghost, the gift of the Holy Ghost, is given to you and me to make us effective in God's service. There is many a man who is praying for the baptism with the Holy Ghost day after day, week after week, month after month, year after year, and getting nothing. Why? Because he is seeking a blessing that terminates in himself. You are seeking God's blessing, but you are not seeking it on God's line. When you are ready to go out and tell others about Christ as best you can in God's power, when you are willing to go out and plead with men and women and children to accept the Lord Jesus Christ, then and only then can you have the gift of the Holy Ghost.

In the fifth place, *soul-winning should be the business of life with every one of us, because it is the work that produces the most beneficent results.* There is no other work so beneficent, no other work that is for a moment comparable to the work of bringing other men and women to a saving knowledge of Jesus Christ. To feed the hungry, to clothe the naked, to better house

the poor, to instruct the ignorant, is blessed work, and I rejoice in all the work of that kind that is being done. But, men and women, to clothe the naked, to feed the hungry, to house the poor, to instruct the ignorant, is not for a moment to be compared with the glory, the honour, and the beneficence of bringing lost men and women to a saving knowledge of Jesus Christ. There is no work like it. There is one passage in this Book which, if I could quote it, as it ought to be quoted,—that is, if I could so repeat that passage as to bring out the full meaning and force of three words in that passage,—I would be willing to leave Birmingham without preaching another sermon, for if I could quote that passage as it ought to be quoted, if I could so quote it as to make you men and women realise the full and entire meaning and force of three words in that passage, this whole audience at the close of this meeting would rise *en masse* and go out of Bingley Hall, to go up and down the streets of Birmingham for days, and weeks, and months, and years to come, beseeching men and women to be reconciled to God. You say, “What is this passage?” It is a very familiar one. You all know it, but the trouble is you know the words so well you have never stopped to weigh the meaning. Jas. v. 20: “Let him know that he which converteth a sinner from the error of his way shall save a soul from death.” Oh, I would to God that I could burn these words into your hearts to-day—“he which converteth a sinner from the error of his way, shall save a soul from death.” The three words to note and weigh are, “Save,” “Soul,” “Death.”

Let us begin with the middle one of the three words—soul. “Shall save a SOUL from death.” Oh, if I

only had power to make you men and women in Bingley Hall this afternoon see the value of a soul as God sees it, not merely the value of the soul of the philosopher, or the soul of the highly-educated man, or the soul of the prince or the nobleman, but the value of the soul of the drunkard and the outcast woman, of the uneducated man and the ignoramus, of the little, ragged, dirty boy or girl upon the street. Oh, if I could make you see and feel the value of one soul as God sees it! What can I put in comparison with it? Gold is nothing in comparison with the value of a soul. Precious stones are nothing, all the gems of earth are as nothing. In 1893, during the World's Fair in Chicago, there was a place in the Manufacturer's Building, in the Tiffany Exhibit, that I could never get close to that I might see what the people were looking at. Time and time again, and day after day, I went to that place, at all hours of the day and night, but there was always such a crowd there that, if I wanted to see what they were looking at, I had to stand on my tip-toes and look over the heads of the crowd in front of me. What were they looking at? Nothing but a cone of purple velvet revolving upon its axis, and towards its apex was a large, beautiful diamond of fabulous value. Day after day people by the thousand came to see it, and during the course of the World's Fair people literally by the million came to look at that one stone. Well, it was worth looking at, but I have never thought of that sight since but the thought has occurred to me, that the soul of one man or woman, the soul of the most worthless drunkard on the street, the soul of the vilest and most abandoned woman, the soul of the raggedest and filthiest and most ignorant boy or girl

upon the street is of infinitely more value in God's sight than ten thousand diamonds like that.

I had two friends in New York city in the same business, and both of them prospered in it. One of these men started in life in New York city practically penniless, but he had very rare business ability, and he succeeded in amassing a fortune of first a million dollars, then of two million dollars, then of three million dollars, and then of four million dollars. One day he was walking toward his beautiful home up on Fifth Avenue, and as he crossed one of the lower avenues of the city he was run into by a tram-car and taken home to die. He had left four million dollars. Yes, he left it all. He did not take a penny of it with him. And I remember how the New York and the Brooklyn papers came out with editorials upon this self-made man, speaking of his remarkable business ability. He had come to New York as a young man absolutely without money, and had gone to work and amassed a fortune of four million dollars, and then died. The other man was in the same business. He, too, had prospered. I don't know just how much he accumulated. I think about half a million dollars. Then one day God came into that man's home and took out of it a beautiful daughter, a child only four years of age, the idol of that man's heart. A few days after her burial he was riding up in the elevated train towards his home, and as he thought of his little daughter the blinding tears came to his eyes, and he held the newspaper up before his face to hide the tears from the strangers in the train. He kept thinking about his little daughter Florence, and this question came into his heart, "Your daughter is dead; what are you doing for other men's daughters?"

He said, "I am doing nothing, but I will," and the next year he put ten thousand dollars into the rescue of fallen girls in New York city, the next year put eleven thousand dollars into the same work, and the next year he put himself into the work. He turned his back upon his place of business down in Fulton Street, and I have oftentimes known of his not going to his place of business more than two hours a week, and spending eighteen or twenty hours a day down in the slums of New York city, seeking the perishing. Finally, he turned his back on the business altogether, capitalised it, and gave his whole time and strength to going up and down the world, telling lost men and women about Jesus Christ. He is upwards of seventy years of age—the youngest seventy-year-old man I know. God has used him to lift thousands of men and women from the deepest depths of sin to a saving knowledge of Jesus Christ. Now, I am going to ask you a question. In the light of eternity, in the light of that great judgment day to which we are all hurrying, which of these two men made the best use of his time, his talents, his money—the man who devoted his entire energies to saving four million dollars, and then left it all and died, went down to eternity a pauper, or the man who devoted his strength to saving thousands of souls, who will meet and welcome him in a glorious eternity?

The second word—DEATH. "Shall save a soul from death." Oh, men and women, that word death is one of the most awful words in our language. People in our day, poets and theologians, try to paint death in fair colours. There is nothing fair about death. Death is a hideous thing, death is a horrid thing, death

is an appalling thing, death is our enemy. Thank God, for the Christian it is a conquered enemy, for Jesus Christ has abolished death and brought life and immortality to light through the Gospel. But death itself is an appalling thing. Now, listen. When you go to a man, or woman, or child, and lead them to a saving knowledge of Jesus Christ, you have saved a soul from death. Remember, the death of the soul does not mean mere non-existence; death does not mean annihilation, death does not mean mere cessation of being; death does not mean mere non-existence any more than life in the New Testament means mere existence: Life means right existence, holy existence, God-like existence, the ennoblement and the glorification and the deification of existence, and death means just the opposite. Death means wrong existence, unholy existence, the corruption, and the defilement, and the debasement, and the shame, and the ignominy, and the ruin, and the despair of existence. When you and I lead a man or woman to Christ we save a soul from death.

Then look at that other word—SAVE. That is one of the great words. Oh, you sometimes narrow it down and make it a very small sort of word, but as it is used in the Bible the word "save" is one of the magnificent words. It means not merely to save from, but to save to, not merely to save from hell, but to save to glory, to save to holiness, to save to happiness, to save to heaven, to save to a knowledge of God, communion with God, likeness to God.

Suppose it were announced that I were to tell this afternoon, in Bingley Hall, to the business men of Birmingham, a process whereby they could go out

through the streets of Birmingham and into your country roads, and stoop down in the mud and dirt of your streets and pick up common ordinary stones, and by the mysterious process of the lapidary, which I was to tell you here this afternoon, transform them into real diamonds of the very first quality. Suppose it had been announced that I was to do that this afternoon in Bingley Hall, and that the business men of Birmingham knew I really had such a process, do you think there would have been anybody in this meeting this afternoon? There would not have been seats enough in this building to accommodate the crowd of men that would have come. Men and women, I can tell you that very thing. I can tell you how to go out through the streets of Birmingham, out into your country roads, and to scoop down into the mud and dirt and mire of sin, and pick out the common, ordinary, rude stones of lost souls, and by the glorious art of the soul-winner transform them into diamonds worthy of a place in the Saviour's eternal diadem. Don't you think that is worth while? Is anything else so well worth while?

Once more, *soul-winning should be the business of life with every Christian because it is the work that brings the most abundant reward.* There is another verse which I wish might sink into your heart. It is Dan. xii. 3, "They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament, and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars for ever and ever." Some people want to shine down here. Men and women, it is not worth while. The brightest star in any earthly galaxy will soon fade. The brightest star in the financial firmament, the brightest star in the political firmament, the brightest star in the social firmament,

how long will they shine? Only a few years, and then they will go out for ever. The brightest star in our political firmament about three years ago, at this time, a star that shone with absolutely unrivalled splendour, a man about whom the world was speaking and beginning to couple his name with the names of America's greatest statesmen, with the names of Washington and Lincoln—one dark night that star was snuffed out by the crack of the revolver of a half-crazy anarchist, and to-day that great statesman is practically forgotten. In America almost no one ever speaks about McKinley to-day. You can look through our papers day after day and never see his name. It is all Roosevelt now; it used to be all McKinley. Ten years from now it will all be somebody else. It is so here in England. You go through your English papers to-day. It is all Chamberlain now. Ten years from now Chamberlain will be practically forgotten. It don't pay to shine down here. It does pay to shine up there. They that shine up there shall shine as the stars for ever and ever. Men and women, we could not, most of us, shine down here if we wanted to, but thank God, there is not one of us who can't shine up there. There is only one way to shine up there, and that is by saving the lost, by bringing them to a saving knowledge of Christ.

Before I close I must tell you a story. This incident is so remarkable that when I first heard it it seemed to me that it could not possibly be true. Yet the man that told it was of such a character that I felt that it must be true because he told it, and yet I said, "I must find out for myself whether that story is true or not." So I went to the librarian of the university where the incident was said to have occurred and I

found out that it was true. The story as I tell it to you to-day is as I got it from the brother of the main actor in the scene. The story is this: About twelve miles from where I live, twelve miles from the city of Chicago, is the suburb of Evanston, where there is a large Methodist university, I think the largest university of the Methodist denomination in America; at all events, a very great university. Years ago, before the college had blossomed into a great university, there were many students in it, and among them two young country boys from the State of Iowa—strong vigorous fellows, and one of them was a famous swimmer. Early one morning word came to the college that down on Lake Michigan, just off the shores of Evanston, there was a wreck. It proved to be the *Lady Elgin*. The college boys with everybody in town hurried down to the shores of Lake Michigan. Off yonder in the distance they saw the *Lady Elgin* going to pieces. Ed. Spencer, this famous swimmer, threw off all his superfluous garments, tied a rope round his waist, threw one end to his comrades on the shore, sprang into Lake Michigan, swam out to the wreck, grasped one that was drowning and gave the sign to be pulled ashore. And again, and again, and again he swam out and grasped a drowning man or woman and brought them safe to shore, until he had brought to shore a seventh, an eighth, a ninth, and a tenth. Then he was utterly exhausted. They had built a fire of logs upon the sand. He went and stood by the fire of logs that cold bleak morning, blue, pinched, trembling, hardly able to stand. He stood before that fire trying to get a little warmth into his perishing members. As he stood there he turned and

looked round on Lake Michigan, and off in the distance, near the *Lady Elgin*, he saw men and women still struggling in the water. He said, "Boys, I am going in again." "No, no, Ed.," they cried, "it is utterly vain to try; you have used up all your strength, you could not save anybody; for you to jump into the lake will simply mean for you to commit suicide." "Well," he said, "boys, they are drowning, and I will try, anyhow." And he started to the shore of the lake. His companions cried, "No, no, Ed., no, don't try." He said, "I will," and he jumped into Lake Michigan and battled out against the waves, and got hold of a drowning man that was struggling in the water. And again, and again, and again, until he had brought an eleventh, a twelfth, a thirteenth, a fourteenth, and a fifteenth safe to shore. Then they pulled him in through the breakers. He could scarcely get to the fire on the beach, and there, trembling, he stood before that fire trying to get a little warmth into his shivering limbs. As they looked at him it seemed as if the hand of death was already upon him. Then he turned away from the fire again, and looked over the lake, and as he looked away off yonder in the distance he saw a spar rising and falling upon the waves. He looked at it with his keen eye, and saw a man's head above the spar. He said, "Boys, there's a man trying to save himself." He looked again and saw a woman's head beside the man's. He said, "Boys, there's a man trying to save his wife." He watched the spar as it drifted toward the point. He knew that to drift around that point meant certain death. He said, "Boys, I am going to help him." "No, no, Ed.," they cried, "you can't help him. Your strength is all

gone." He said, "I will try, anyway." He sprang into Lake Michigan, swam out wearily toward the spar, and reaching it he put his hands upon the spar, summoned all his dying strength, and brought that spar around the right end of the point to safety. Then they pulled him in through the breakers, and loving hands lifted him from the beach and carried him to his room up in the college. They laid him upon his bed, made a fire in the grate, and his brother Will remained by to watch him, for he was becoming delirious. As the day passed on Will Spencer sat by the fire. Suddenly Will heard a gentle footfall behind him, felt some one touch him on the back; he looked up and there stood Ed. looking wistfully down into his face. He said, "What is it, Ed.?" He said, "Will, did I do my best?" "Why, Ed.," he said, "you saved seventeen." He said, "I know that, but I was afraid I didn't do my very best. Will, do you think I did my very best?" Will took him back to bed and laid him upon it, and sat down by his side. As the night passed, I am told, Ed. went into semi-delirium, and Will sat by the bed and held his hand and tried to calm him in his delirium. All that he thought about were the men and women that perished that day, for with all his bravery many went down to a watery grave. Will sat there and held Ed.'s hand, and tried to calm him. "Ed." he said, "you saved seventeen." He said, "I know it, Will, I know it; but oh, if I could only have saved just one more."

Men and women of Birmingham, you and I stand this afternoon beside a stormy sea. Oh, as we look out at this tossing sea of life round about us on every hand there are wrecks. Will you and I sit here calmly

while they are going down, going down, going down, going down to a hopeless eternity!

Men and women, let us plunge in again and again and again and again, until every last ounce of strength is gone, and when at last in sheer exhaustion we fall upon the shore in the earnestness of our love for perishing men, let us cry, "Oh, if I could only save just one more."

XVI

THE MOST EFFECTIVE METHOD OF SOUL-WINNING

"He first findeth his own brother Simon . . . And he brought him to Jesus."—JOHN i. 41, 42.

THE one who brought his brother to Jesus in this passage was Andrew. We are not told that Andrew ever preached a sermon in his life. If he did, the Holy Spirit did not think it was worth putting on record; but this brother, whom he brought to Jesus, preached a sermon that led three thousand people to Jesus in one day. Where would Simon Peter's sermon have been if it had not been for Andrew's personal work? The most important kind of Christian work in the world is personal work. We look at the men who stand on the platform and speak to great crowds; but I believe God pays more attention to the man who sits down with a single soul.

A blind woman once came to my office in Chicago and said, "You don't think my blindness will keep me from doing Christian work, do you?" "No," I replied. "On the contrary, I think it might be a great help to you. A great many people, seeing your blindness, will come and sit down with you, and you can talk with them about the Saviour." "That is not what I mean. I don't want to talk to one person. When a woman can talk to five hundred or six hundred, she

don't want to spend time talking to one." "Your Master could talk to five thousand at once, for we have it on record, and He did not think it beneath His dignity to talk to one at a time."

Have you ever thought of the tremendous power that there is in personal hand-to-hand work? One day a man in Boston had in his Sunday School class a boy fresh from the country. He was a very dull boy, and he knew almost nothing about the Bible. He did not even know where to look to find the Gospel of John. He was very much put out because the other boys were bright boys and knew their Bibles. He was just a green country boy, seventeen years of age; but that Sunday School teacher had a heart full of love to Christ and perishing souls. So one day he went down into the boot-shop where that boy worked, and said, "Would you not like to be a Christian?" The boy had never been approached that way before. Nobody had ever spoken to him about his soul. He said, "Yes; I would like to be a Christian." And that Sunday School teacher explained what it meant to be a Christian, and then he said, "Let us pray." They knelt down in the back of that boot-shop, and the boy, as far as he knew, became a Christian. That boy was Dwight L. Moody. If it had not been for Edward Kimball's faithful, personal work, where would Dwight L. Moody and his great work throughout the world have been?

Probably there are some Sunday School teachers here who say, "I wish I could get down to the great meeting in the big hall; but I have to stay here just teaching a lot of little boys or girls." Who knows who there is in that little class of yours? Who knows

what your ignorant little ragged boy may become? Every teacher of you make up your mind, by God's help, you will at least make an honest effort to lead everybody in your Sunday School class to Christ to-day. This world will never be saved by preaching; but this world could soon be evangelised by personal work. Let us see. Let us suppose there are two thousand people in this audience this morning, suppose every one of you became a personal worker, and suppose, by your very best effort, you only succeeded in leading one to Christ in a year, and that one led one to Christ the next year, and so on, what would be the result? At the end of the year there would be 4000, at the end of two years there would be 8000, at the end of three years 16,000, at the end of four years 32,000, at the end of five years 64,000, at the end of six years 128,000, at the end of seven years 256,000, and at the end of eight years your whole city would be won for Christ. At the end of thirty-five years every man, woman, and child on the face of the earth would have heard the Gospel. There is not one that cannot lead at least one to Christ this year. You can instruct every one that you lead to Christ to go out and be a soul-winner. After you get hold of them, send them out, when converted, to lead others, and he bringing one, and that one bringing in another, you will soon touch the whole city.

I want to talk about the advantages of personal work.

I. The first advantage is that *anybody can do it*. You cannot all preach. I am glad you can't. What an institution this world would be if we were all preachers! You cannot all sing like Alexander. I

am glad you can't, for if you could he would be no curiosity, and you would not come out to hear him sing, and give me a chance to preach to you. You can't all even teach Sunday School classes. Some people have an idea that any converted person can teach a Sunday School class. I don't believe it. I think we are making a great mistake in this respect, in setting unqualified persons to teaching in Sunday Schools; but there is not a child of God who cannot do personal work. A mother with a large family knows she is not called to be a preacher (at least I hope she does); but she can do personal work better than anybody else.

A lady came to me one time—she had five children—and said (I think she had been reading the life of Frances Willard), "I wish I could do some work like that for Christ." I said, "You can work for Christ among all the people you move among." I watched that woman. Every one of her children was brought to Christ—every one! Every maid that came to work in that home was dealt with about her soul. Every butcher's boy or grocer's boy that came around to the door was dealt with about his soul. Every time she went out shopping she made it a point to talk with the man or woman behind the counter. And when, one dark day, death came into that home, and took away a sweet little child, she did not forget to speak to the undertaker, that came to do the last offices for the dead, about his soul. He told me that nothing had ever impressed him in his life as that woman, in the midst of her sorrow, being interested in his soul.

An invalid can do personal work. I have a friend in New York city who has left a life of wealth and

fashion to go out to work among the outcast. One day she got hold of a poor outcast girl. She did not live much more than a year after that lady had led her to Christ. She took her to her home to die. As Delia was dying, she wrote to her friends, some in Sing Sing prison, some in the Tombs of New York city—all her friends were among the criminal class—about Christ. Those who were not behind prison bars she invited to come and see her. My friend told me, "There was a constant procession up the stairway of outcast women and men who come to see Delia, and I knew before Delia died of one hundred of the most hopeless men and women in New York city that she had led to Christ." That puts us to shame! Suppose God kindled a fire right here in your hearts, and that you received the anointing of the Spirit of Christ, and every one of you should start out to do personal work. You would not need any evangelist to come from abroad. That is what we have come for, to stir you up to do it.

2. The second advantage is that *you can do it in any place*. You cannot preach in every place. You can preach in the churches two or three times a week; you can preach in the town hall occasionally; you can preach in the streets sometimes. But you cannot go down in the factories and preach often, you cannot go there and hold services; but you can go there and do personal work, if you just hire out there. One man came to our meetings in Liverpool from Hudson's dry soap factory, and he was converted, and every once in a while I get a letter telling me of their meetings there, and now they have a meeting that they conduct outside the building somewhere. In Bradley's

foundry a workman got a card to the meetings, and he could not come, so he handed it over to the wickedest man in the shop, and that man was grateful for the invitation, thought he would appreciate it by going, and was converted at the very first meeting, and went back and told his companions, and there was a revival in the foundry. A telegraph messenger boy was converted in Manchester, and before we were through there were seventy messenger boys converted in Manchester. There is not a hotel, or a factory, or a public-house where you cannot do personal work.

3. The third advantage is that *you can do it at any time*. Any hour of the night, 365 days in the year (366 this year, for it is leap year). Certainly you cannot preach every hour of the day. If you preach three times a day, you are doing well; but there is not an hour of the day or night, between twelve one night and twelve the next night, that you cannot do personal work. You can go out on the streets at night and find the poor wanderers. When I lived in Minneapolis I employed a missionary just to go out on the streets at night, to speak to the drunkards, outcast women, and night-workers, and some of the best conversions were among these people. She had been an outcast herself at one time, and was leading them to the Christ that she had found.

Soon after Mr. Moody was converted he made up his mind that he would not let a day go by without speaking to some one about his soul. One night he came home late—it was nearly ten o'clock. He said, "Here, I haven't spoken to my man to-day. I guess I have lost my chance." He saw a man standing under the lamplight, and said to himself, "There's my

last chance." He hurried up to him, and said, "Are you a Christian?" "It's none of your business, and if you were not a sort of preacher I would knock you into the gutter." "Well," Mr. Moody said, "I just wanted to lead you to Christ." The next day he went to a friend of Mr. Moody's, and said, "That man Moody has got zeal without knowledge. He spoke to me in the street last night, and asked me if I was a Christian. It is none of his business. If he had not been a sort of preacher, I would have knocked him down. He has got zeal without knowledge. He is doing more harm than good." This friend of Mr. Moody's came to him and said, "See here, Moody, it is all right to be in earnest; but you have got zeal without knowledge. You are doing more harm than good." (Let me say here, it is better to have zeal without knowledge than knowledge without zeal.) Mr. Moody went out, feeling rather cheap and crestfallen. A few weeks passed, and one night there was an awful pounding at his door. Mr. Moody got up and opened the door, and there was this very man. He said, "Mr. Moody, I have not had a night's peace since you spoke to me that night under the lamp-post. I have come to ask you to show me how to be a Christian." Mr. Moody took him in, and showed him the way of life, and when the Civil War broke out that man went and laid down his life for his country.

Another time the thought came to him after he was in bed, "You have not spoken to your man to-day." But he said, "I am in bed. I cannot get up and go out now." But he could not rest, so he got up, and went and opened the door, and it was pouring. "Well," he said, "there is no use going

out on the street this awful night. There won't be a soul out in this pouring rain." Just then he heard the patter of a man's feet, and saw a man coming. As he came up, Mr. Moody rushed out, and said, "Can I have the shelter of your umbrella?" "Certainly." "Have you got a shelter in the time of storm?" and he pointed him to Jesus.

4. The fourth advantage is that *it reaches all classes*. There are a great many people that cannot be reached in any other way than by personal work. Thousands of people could not come to church if they would, and thousands would not come to church if they could. This is a splendid hall, just adapted for our purpose, and will hold about 10,000 women this afternoon, and 10,000 men to-night, that is twenty thousand people inside, and there will be 580,000 outside. It is the 580,000 that we are after. You cannot reach them by the church, you cannot reach them by the open-air meeting, you cannot reach them by rescue missions. There is only one way you can reach them, and that is by personal work. There is not a man, woman, or child that you cannot reach by personal work. You can reach the policemen, the tramcar men, the railway men, and there is not anybody you cannot reach by personal work.

5. The fifth advantage is that *it hits the mark*. In preaching you have to be more or less general. In personal work you have just one man, just one woman, to talk to, and you can hit the mark every time. You have heard of Henry Ward Beecher. He went out with his father one day, shooting. He had often gone before, but he had never shot anything in his life. Way down yonder was a squirrel.

His father said, "Henry, do you see that squirrel?" "Yes, father." "Would you like to hit it?" "Yes, father; but I never hit anything in my life." "You lay the barrel of your gun across the top rail down here, and," he said, "look right down along the barrel. Henry, do you see the squirrel?" "Yes, father." "Well, pull the trigger." He pulled the trigger, and the squirrel fell at the first shot. The first thing he ever shot in his life. Why? Because it was the first thing he had ever aimed at. That is the trouble with a good deal of our preaching: we aim at nothing, and hit it every time. This is the advantage of personal work: we aim at one definite person. But in our preaching, as Mr. Moody used to say, "I speak to this lady on the front seat, and she passes it over her shoulder to the man back of her, and he passes it to the woman back of him, and she passes it to the man back of her, and they keep passing it on till they pass it out the back door." We have a wonderful power of applying the good points of a sermon to somebody else. When it comes to personal work, there is nobody else to apply it to. I try to be personal in my preaching; but, be just as personal as you can, and yet you will miss your mark.

A man came to my church one morning, unctuous, not having unction, but unctuous, a man who was all the time talking about "the deeper life," and had not got an ordinary decent every-day kind of Christian life. He had all the phraseology of the deepest Christian experience; a man that talked about being filled with the Spirit, and cheated other people in business. I saw him coming into the audience, and I said to myself, "I am glad you have come. I will hit you

this morning. I have a sermon just adapted to you. While I was preaching I would look right at him, so he would know I meant him, and he sat there, beaming up at me, and when the sermon was over, he came down to me rubbing his hands. "Oh," he said, "Brother Torrey, I came eight miles to hear you this morning. I have ~~so~~ enjoyed it." That was just what I did not want. I wanted to make him miserable. But I had him now face to face, and he did not enjoy it. That is the advantage of personal work. You can aim right square at the mark and hit it. A man can stand preaching all day, but he will say, "I don't like this personal work." It hits too hard. You don't like to have a person come up and say, "Are you a Christian?" The minister can preach all he pleases, but when he looks you right in the eye you know it means you. It aims right straight at the mark and hits it.

6. The sixth advantage is that *it is effective*. Personal work succeeds where every other kind of work fails. I don't care who the preacher is, how good a preacher he may be; a man or woman who has not been affected by the sermon will be reached by some very ordinary person with the love of God and of souls in his heart. Take Mr. Moody, for example. I think Mr. Moody was as good a preacher as I ever heard. I would rather hear Mr. Moody preach a sermon that I had heard a dozen times than to hear any other man preach a sermon I had never heard at all; but as good a preacher as Mr. Moody was, thousands of people would go out utterly unmoved by his sermons. I have seen very ordinary working people, uneducated people, but people who had the

love of Christ and of souls in their heart, get hold of the man or woman who had gone out of Mr. Moody's meeting utterly untouched, and in ten or fifteen minutes lead them to the Lord Jesus Christ.

7. The seventh advantage is that *it meets the specific need and every need of the individual*. Even when a man comes to Christ he has difficulties and doubts, and troubles and questions. He cannot ask them of the preacher. How often a man sits down in the audience and says, "I wish I could speak to that preacher alone." In this personal, hand-to-hand work a man can ask all the questions he wants to, and you can meet all his difficulties. I am getting letters from people all over the world who have difficulties. My father used to tell a story (he did not vouch for its truth), but the report was that there was a physician in the village who had a jug, and he took a little of every kind of medicine he had in his shop and put in that jug and shook it up, and when any one came to him and he did not know just what was the matter with them, he would give them a spoonful out of that jug, thinking, "There is something in it that will meet their case, anyhow." That is the way we do in our preaching; we take a little comfort and put it in the sermon, a little bit of conviction, a little bit to show the way of life, and shake it all up and give it to the people. If I were going to be doctored, I would want the doctor to find out my specific difficulty, and I would want to take the kind of medicine that met my specific need. In personal work you give specific passages of Scripture for specific difficulties.

8. The eighth advantage is that *it produces abundant results*. The great services, where the ministers

speak to 500, or 1000, or 5000, do not produce as abundant results. Suppose a man were pastor of a church of 100 members, and suppose he was a very faithful minister, and that as a result of his preaching there were added fifty to his church each year on confession of faith. That would be a pretty good record. In the report of the Presbyterian churches of America there were only 200 of the 7000 that reported over fifty accessions for the year. But suppose by his faithful preaching this pastor added fifty a year. Now suppose that pastor said, "I am going to train my people to do personal work," and trained his people to do personal work, and suppose only one-half of them would consent to do it. Suppose that these fifty trained workers only succeeded in winning one a month apiece to Christ. That would mean 600 a year. Preaching is not in it with personal work.

But, friends, some of us think we pay the minister to do the work. You don't do anything of the kind. Your minister is your leader, and you are supposed to work under his leadership. One reason why the church of which I am pastor always has a revival is because the people are trained to do personal work. It has had a revival ever since I have been pastor of it. I have been pastor ten years. There have been ten years of revival. There has never been a month that we have not received new members. There has never been a Sabbath without conversions. We would not know what to make of it if there were a Sabbath without conversions. I do not think there has been any day in the week of all this time—3650 days in all—that some one has not been won to Christ in or

about the building. There will be a good many people converted there to-day. You say, "Who is going to preach?" I don't know. But whoever preaches, there will be conversions, and in the Sabbath School this afternoon there will be conversions, and in the evening meeting to-night. Why? Because I have a church that believes in and does personal work. Every Sunday evening while I preach I know there is some one right near every one in that church who knows how to lead a soul to Christ. There are workers in every section of the church. If anybody gets up and goes out, I like it in Chicago, because just as sure as anybody gets up and leaves I know that there is at least one person that is going to be spoken to that night. Some one will drop down the stairs behind them, perhaps follow them a block or two before they speak to them.

Go out to the people and ask God to give you power. The Holy Spirit is for every one of us. I do thank God that the great gift of the Son is for the whole world, and that the gift of the Holy Ghost is for every saved one. "If ye, being evil, know how to give good gifts to your children, how much more will your Heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask Him." Just ask, and then go out. Of course, you need to know something about your Bibles in order to do personal work, but you only need one text to start with.

When Mr. Moody first came to New Haven we thought we would go out and hear this strange, uneducated man. I was in the senior class in the Theological Department of the University, and was just about to take my B.D. degree. I knew more then than

I will ever know in my life again. We thought we would patronise Mr. Moody a little bit. He did not seem at all honoured by our presence, and, as we heard that untutored man, we thought, "He may be uneducated, but he knows some things we don't." Some of us had sense enough to go to him and say, "Mr. Moody, we wish you would tell us how to do it." And he told us to come round early the next night and he would tell us, and we theologues went up to the meeting, and he said a few words to us, gave us a few texts of Scripture, and then said, "*You go at it.*" The best way to learn how to do it is to do it. "He that *goeth forth* and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him." If, however, you make a stupid blunder the first time, go at it again. But if you never start until you are sure you will not make a blunder, you will make the biggest blunder of your life. Go alone with God first, and see if you are right with God; put away every known sin out of your life, surrender absolutely to God, ask for the Holy Spirit, and then pitch in.

XVII

SIMPLE METHODS BY WHICH ANY ONE CAN WIN OTHERS TO CHRIST

“Then the Spirit said unto Philip, ‘Go near, and join thyself to this chariot.’ And Philip ran thither to him, and heard him read the Prophet Esaias, and said, ‘Understandeth thou what thou readest?’”—ACTS viii. 29, 30.

ONE of the greatest joys on earth is the joy of bringing others to a saving knowledge of Christ. I have heard people tell, that when they were converted the whole world seemed different; the sun seemed to shine with a new light, there was new music in the song of the birds, all nature seemed clothed with new beauty and glory. I had no such experience when I was converted. In fact, I was converted in the middle of the night, and the sun was not shining at all. But I did have such an experience the first time that I led another to a definite acceptance of Jesus Christ as their definite Saviour. I had been dealing with this person for two solid hours, and seemed to be making but little headway, then at the very close they yielded and accepted Christ. When I left the building where this decision had been made, it was nearly sunset in the spring-time, the whole world seemed to have a beauty that I had never seen in it before. It seemed as if I were walking on air; my heart was filled with joy such as I had never known.

There is no other joy like the joy of saving men, and it is possible for every child of God, no matter how humble and ungifted, to have this joy. God's most approved method of winning others to Christ is indicated in the text, the method of personal hand-to-hand dealing with the lost. The high estimate that God places upon this form of work is seen in the context. Philip was in the midst of a great revival in Samaria, great crowds were assembling daily to listen, and an apparently strange command comes to arise and leave this great work that had stirred the whole city, and to go down into the way that leadeth from Jerusalem into Gaza, "which is desert." Wise man as he was, strange as the order must have seemed, Philip, without a moment's questioning or hesitation, "arose and went." An inquiring soul passes by in his chariot. The Spirit of God whispers to Philip, "Go near, and join thyself to this chariot," "and Philip *ran*." Would that we were as prompt to obey the first whisper of the Spirit when He bids us go and speak to others. Our Master did not consider it beneath Him to speak to one at a time. We have more frequent records of His dealing with individuals than we have of His preaching sermons to vast audiences. The one by one method of soul-winning is the method that God delights to honour. But how shall we do it?

I. SELECT YOUR MAN TO WIN.

In personal work, as in all forms of work definiteness is of tremendous importance. There are hosts of people who have a longing to win some one to Christ, but they do not pick out any definite individual

to win, and so they fail. A definite purpose to lead some definite individual to a definite acceptance of a definite Saviour will accomplish vastly more than an indefinite longing to lead an indefinite number of indefinite persons with some definite experiences. But how shall we select the individuals whom we are to win to Christ?

1. *First of all, by prayer.*—There are some who are the peculiar property of each of us. We can lead them to Christ, and no one else can. Who these persons are God alone knows, but He is willing to tell us if we will only ask Him. We should go to Him and ask Him to show us who the persons are whom He would have us to lead to Christ. Then we should wait upon Him, listen for His voice—it is a still, small voice—as it speaks in our hearts. When He mentions that one, we should write that one's name down, and determine that we will lead that one to Christ.

2. *Select those who are accessible.*—The most accessible of all are those in our own family, and that is the place to begin, in your own home. Jesus said to the demoniac whom He had healed, and who wished to accompany Him on His missionary journeys, “Return to thine own house, and show how great things God has done for thee.” When Andrew found Christ, he went first of all to his own brother Simon and “brought him to Jesus.” No one of us should rest as long as any member of our own household is unsaved. I do not mean that we should confine our efforts to them, but we should begin with them, and keep after them. There are those who say that the hardest persons to lead to Christ are those in

our own households. This is not true. If your life is right with God no one will know it so well as those who live with you, and no one else can influence them as well as you can. The holiest and sweetest privilege that a father or mother has is the privilege of bringing their own children to Christ. This we are commanded in the Word of God to do (Eph. vi. 4): "And ye fathers, provoke not your children to wrath; but bring them up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord." And this we can do, for God does not command the impossible. I should feel that my wife and I had been robbed of one of the sweetest privileges of life if any one else than we should lead one of our children to Christ. Of course, I would infinitely rather they would be led by some one else to Christ than not to be led at all, but it is our sacred privilege to do it ourselves. Next to those in your own family are those with whom you are associated in business or in work. If you are a shop assistant, go to work with your own shopmates; if you are a labouring man, go to work with your fellow-labourers; if you are a business man, go to work with your partners and your employees; if you are a student, go to work with your fellow-students. Try first for the man next to you. I meet many people who wish to win men to Christ in China, but are not willing to make any strong effort to win to Christ the unsaved members in their own homes or their next-door neighbours. It is a suicidal policy to send any one out as a foreign missionary who has not first demonstrated their love for souls and their capacity to win them to Christ by winning others to Christ at home.

3. *Select those who are approachable.*—Those of

the same age are, as a rule, more approachable than those of a widely differing age. Young men are best to deal with young men; middle-aged men with middle-aged men, and old men with old men. Children often have more influence with children than adults do.

Select those of the same sex, as a rule; that rule has a few exceptions, but not many; it is best for men to deal with men, and women to deal with women. Immense mischief has come through the disregard of this rule of practical wisdom. I always take it as a bad sign when I see young men who are constantly dealing with young women, or young women who are constantly dealing with young men. I have never known a case of this kind that did not turn out badly. Some of the saddest tragedies I have ever known have come through mistakes of this sort. Of course, an elderly, motherly woman can deal wisely with young men and boys, and occasionally elderly men can deal wisely with little girls and young women, but a long experience with Christian workers has strengthened in me the conviction of the wisdom of the rule, men with men, and women with women.

Select people of the same station in life. This rule also has exceptions. There are notable instances on record where servants have led their masters to Christ (the great Earl of Shaftesbury was led to Christ by a nurse in the home), but, as a rule, people can be most readily approached by others in the same class of society. No one can deal so well with a lawyer as another lawyer; no one can deal so well with a physician as another physician; no one, as a rule, can deal so well with an artisan as a fellow-artisan;

no one can deal so effectively with a student as a fellow-student.

Select those who are congenial. To all of us some people are congenial and others are not. Just why they are congenial we cannot always tell, but we know it is a fact. There are those who take to Alexander that do not take to me, and there are those who take to me who do not take to Alexander. Now those who take to me are the ones for me to deal with, and those who take to Alexander are the people for Alexander to deal with. Alexander can reach people that I could not touch, but I can reach people that Alexander cannot touch. However we may account for these things, they are facts, and a wise soul-winner always takes account of facts. He concerns himself more with facts than with the philosophy of the facts; he acts upon the facts, and lets the philosophy of them take care of itself. There is not a person here in this audience to-day who has not some acquaintance that he can touch, and nobody else in the world can touch him. You are responsible before God for that one. You need not confine yourself absolutely to those whom you select to win, be always ready at the slightest opening of opportunity to win any one to Christ that comes your way. But make a speciality of the one you do select. Never lose sight of the fact that you are to win that man for Christ, and never rest until he is won.

II. LAY SIEGE FOR HIM.

When you have selected your man to win, the next thing is to lay siege for him. Do you know what it

is to lay siege for a soul? Did you ever select a certain individual and lay siege for that individual to win him to Christ, cost what it might, and take as long as it might? You know how an insurance agent conducts his business. He goes into a town and selects those who seem to him to be likely risks, then he lays siege for them. He writes them letters, he sends them literature, he calls upon them, he persistently follows them up, he studies them. He learns their tastes and how they can be best approached, and never rests until he has insured these persons that he has selected to insure. I have had some experience with the persistent attentions of these insurance agents. I have nothing to say against their pertinacity, I simply want to recommend their methods to soul-winners. Ought we not to be as businesslike and as much in earnest in insuring people for eternity as an insurance agent is about insuring them for time. He does it for the money that he can make out of it; we do it for a higher object, the glory of God and the salvation of those whom we are pursuing. But how shall we lay siege for them?

1. *First of all, by prayer.*—When you have selected a man to win for Christ, you should pursue him by prayer day and night, day after day, week after week, and if need be, year after year. In order to be definite make a prayer list. Write on a sheet of paper, "God helping me, I promise to pray earnestly and work persistently for the salvation of the following persons," then kneel down and ask God to tell you whom to put on that list. Do not make it too long. When you have made it keep your promise. One by one as they accept Christ you can take their names off the list and

add others. Everywhere we have gone around the world we have had people make such prayer lists as this, and people are constantly coming to us and telling us, "Another one gone off my prayer list." One of the leading business men of Belfast, an active Christian worker, made such a prayer list when we were in that city. He came to me toward the close of the mission and said, "The last one has gone off my prayer list to-day. They have all been saved."

2. *Lay siege to them by personal effort.*—It is well to pray, but it is not enough to pray. Praying for the salvation of others is an act of insincerity, unless we are willing to go to those for whom we pray, and talk with them, and beseech them to be reconciled to God. Sometimes you will not go at the conquest of the soul directly; you will first prepare the way. Last season while I was going round the country holding missions, my family resided in Southport. I would go there to spend my holidays. The first time I went there I met a man whom God laid upon my heart, and whom I determined to win for Christ. He was a most unlikely case. He had once been in a good position, but had gone down through drink. I began to cultivate his acquaintance, gaining his friendship, and watching for my opportunity to win him for Christ. Every time I met him on the street I would speak with him. When he became disposed to show me little acts of kindness, I accepted them in order to win him. Time after time I met him, and the opportunity to speak about the great question did not come. When I was in Manchester I referred to him, and about my waiting for an opportunity, and a man in the audience said to another, "Well, he will die before he speaks to him."

But he was mistaken. I was watching and praying, and God was listening, and the opportunity came. I returned from a mission, and heard that this man had caught cold and was quite ill. I met his daughter, and asked if I could see her father. She said, "Yes; he heard that you were coming home, and wondered if you would not come to see him." I went to the room where he was lying in bed, and found him very ill and very approachable. In fact, his wife was trying to read the Bible to him. I took the Bible and read passages that point out our need of a Saviour, God's love to us though we are sinners, and God's way of salvation. I then explained the way of salvation, and prayed with him. The next evening I met his daughter again, and asked her if I could see her father again. "Yes; he was hoping that you would come again, and wondered if you would not." I heard that he had been talking about me and about my son, whose acquaintance he had also made. A part of the time he had been in delirium, and in his delirium he had been talking about my son. I went to see him, and found him perfectly clear in mind, but I felt that he could not pull through the night. I was more definite than the night before, explained the way of life simply and fully, and he professed to accept Christ. I then knelt by his bed and prayed, and afterwards asked him to follow me in prayer. Word by word he followed me in the confession of his sin, in the expression of his belief in God's testimony about Jesus Christ, that Jesus had borne his sin in His own body on the tree; he asked God to forgive his sins, because Jesus had borne them in His own body on the cross; He told his heavenly Father that he trusted He had forgiven his

sins, because of the atoning death of Christ, and then he told his Father that if it was His will he wished to be raised from this bed of sickness in order to serve Christ, but that if it was not His will to raise Him up, that he was willing to be taken from this world, and to depart and be with Christ. When I arose he seemed to be resting in the Lord Jesus. Two hours later there was a rap on my door, and a lady came in and told me that he had passed away trusting in Christ about an hour after I left.

3. *Lay siege to them by letters.*—There are many whom we cannot reach by a conversation whom we can reach by letters. A letter is sometimes more effective than direct personal conversation. A letter can be read at leisure and apart by one's self, and it can be read again and again. Eternity alone will reveal how many thousands have been won to Christ by the medium of letters from earnest Christians. There is tremendous power in the pen. Have you consecrated your pen to Christ? You may not be able to write books, but you can write letters, and letters are oftentimes more effective than books. I know a woman in America, in humble circumstances, who makes a practice of writing letters to criminals in prison all over the United States. She has to do extra work to make the money to pay the postage on these letters, but her efforts have been greatly blessed of God. I have personally known a number of criminals in different States who have been won to Christ by the letters of this godly woman.

In one of our missions one of the most prominent men in the town was just leaving the town as we entered it. In the good providence of God the steamer

upon which he was sailing ran aground, and he had to return to the town. The next day being the Sabbath, this man attended the meeting and was somewhat impressed. A leading lady of the town hearing that he had been unable to get away, and had been at the meeting, wrote him a letter urging him to accept Christ. This letter was accompanied by much prayer, and did its work, and this man came forward publicly, and stood up and told the great throng that he had accepted Christ. His conversion made a great impression upon the whole community.

4. *Lay siege to them by tracts and booklets and books.*—There is great power in well-chosen tracts and books. The writer of one tract, before his death, had letters from sixteen hundred people, saying they had been brought to Christ by that tract. Sometimes you can hand a tract directly to those you wish to lead out, but oftentimes you can reach people more effectively by indirection. They would be offended if you handed them a tract, but if you leave it around they will pick it up out of curiosity and read it. If there is an especially difficult case, it is well to invite him to your home. On the first night of his arrival retire early; have some well-chosen book that you wish him to read; see that every other book is taken out of his room, and see to it that there is a good light to read by. When he has been shown to his room at this unusually early hour, he will not wish to retire for the night. He will say, "Why do these people go to bed so early? I wonder if there is not something to read." He will look around and find there is just one book in the room to read. He will say, "It is a religious book," and very likely will add, "I don't care for

religious books, but there is nothing else to read." He will sit down and begin to read that. All this time you are in another room praying for him.

Sometimes it is well to put a tract under a person's pillow. When they are restless in the night they feel the touch of that tract as they put their hand under their pillow. All men are naturally curious; they will light a light and read the tract, and may be saved by it.

A young man in London was urged again and again by his godly mother to accept Christ. He was determined that he would not, and at last, to escape the unceasing pleadings of his mother, he left home and went to a town in the north of England. He obtained lodgings in this town. The woman with whom he obtained them was a godly woman. Seeing this young man away from home, her heart went out towards him, and she put a tract under his pillow. When he went to bed that first night, away from home, he was restless; putting his hand under his pillow he felt the tract and wondered what it was. He struck a light, and found it was a religious tract. He said to himself, "Here I have ran away from home to get rid of my mother's constant pleadings with me to become a Christian, and here, the first night away from home, I find a tract under my pillow; I might as well give in," and he did, and accepted Christ. A friend of mine was once calling in a godless home. When he left the home he left his Bible behind him, with a tract in the Bible. After he had gone the lady of the house opened his Bible from curiosity, and it opened to where the tract lay. She read the tract, was converted by it, and when he came back

several days after for his Bible he found that several members of the household had been led to Christ by the tract.

By such methods as this, and by all methods, by every kind of sanctified ingenuity, lay siege for those whom you have selected to win for Christ.

III. GENERAL SUGGESTIONS.

A few general suggestions as to the spirit in which the work is to be done.

I. *Be persistent.*—It is at this point that many would-be soul-winners fail. They make one or two attempts to lead others to Christ, and these attempts appear to be unsuccessful, and they give it up. No one can win souls to Christ in this way. The way to succeed in any kind of business is by persistence. One can do pretty much anything in this world that he makes up his mind that he will do if he will only stick to it. Stick-to-itiveness is a priceless grace, especially in soul-winning. If one effort does not succeed, make another; if the second does not succeed, make another; if the hundredth effort does not succeed, make the hundred-and-first. Don't give up until you win, if it takes fifty years. I prayed and worked for the salvation of one man for fifteen years. I seemed to make absolutely no headway. He wandered farther and farther from God, but I did not give up. There could hardly be a more unlikely case than he, utterly sunken in worldliness and sin; but I won, and I had the joy of seeing that man a preacher of the Gospel, and to-day he is in heaven. When he was converted his old friends could hardly believe it; it seemed to them utterly preposter-

ous that such a person had been converted ; but he had. You can win any one to Christ if you are willing to keep at it.

2. *Be courteous.*—There is nothing that costs less, and there are few things that pay better in this world, than courtesy. It pays in business. But there is no place where it pays better than in soul-winning work. You may be poor, but you can be well bred. Treat every man with whom you deal as a gentleman, and every woman with whom you deal as a lady. I have seen people go at others in a most overbearing, discourteous, and irritating way. They assume an air of superiority. They treat the one with whom they are dealing as if he had no sense ; they act as if they were determined to pound their ideas into another man's head. Now, every person of sense and character resents this kind of treatment. The person with whom you deal may be utterly wrong, yet you can treat his opinions and his feelings with consideration and kindness. You are far more likely to win him in that way. Never have heated arguments with those you would lead to Christ. Listen to what they have to say. Treat them with deference. It is quite possible to expose the hatefulness of another's sin, and yet to do it in a courteous and considerate way. You will produce far deeper conviction in that way. Avoid all familiarities with those with whom you are dealing. A gentleman or a lady always resents undue familiarity. I have seen a man sit down in our after-meetings beside a young woman and put his arm along the seat-back of the woman. Any lady resents such conduct, and is likely to get up and leave the meeting. It is all right when a man is dealing with a drunkard that has not

had a kindly action shown him in years, to put his arm around him as you kneel in prayer. It is all right for a lady when dealing with a fallen sister who has had nothing but curses and abuse for years, to put her arm around her. It is the first touch of a loving hand that she has had for many a long year, and may soften her heart. But every worker must be careful to treat every one with whom they deal with all due deference and courtesy.

3. *Be earnest.*—Many would-be soul-winners are utterly professional. Those with whom they deal cannot but see that they have no real interest in their spiritual welfare, no deep concern for their souls. Such a worker may have a large technical knowledge of the Bible, and of just the right passages to use in dealing with certain classes of men and women, but his knowledge counts for nothing unless there is deep reality and earnestness back of it. Other workers may have a comparatively small knowledge of the Word, and yet such an earnest love for the perishing that their little knowledge is used vastly beyond the superior knowledge of the other.

In a certain town there was an infidel blacksmith. He was well read in infidel literature, and rejoiced in his power to defeat in argument any opponent. A deacon in the town had a great longing for this man's salvation. He read up infidel literature, and the arguments in reply to it. When he thought he had mastered the subject he called upon this blacksmith to persuade him that he was wrong in his infidel opinions, but he proved no match for the blacksmith. In a few moments the blacksmith had shattered his arguments and defeated him utterly. The deacon

knew that he was right, but he could not prove it to the blacksmith, but in his deep yearning for the salvation of the blacksmith he burst into tears, and said, "All I can say is, I have a great spiritual concern for your soul." He then left, went to his home, burst in upon his wife, and said, "Wife, I am a botch on God's work. God knows, I really love that blacksmith's soul, and I went down to prove to him that he was wrong, and in a few minutes he beat me utterly in argument. I am only a botch on God's work." He then retired to his room and knelt down to pray. He said, "O God, I am only a botch on Thy work. Thou knowest that I have a real desire for that man's salvation, but I have failed utterly in my attempt. I am only a botch on Thy work." But soon after he had left the blacksmith's shop the blacksmith went into his house and said to his wife, who was a godly woman, "Wife, Deacon —— was just over talking to me. He used one argument I did not understand. He said he had a great spiritual concern for my soul. What did he mean?" His wife, who was a canny woman, said, "You had better go and ask him." The blacksmith hung up his apron and went across the fields to the deacon's house. Just as he ascended the piazza and was at the door, he heard the deacon in prayer saying that he was a botch on God's work. He pushed open the door and cried, "Deacon, you are no botch on God's work. I thought I knew all the arguments for Christianity, and that I could answer them all, but you used an argument this morning I never heard before, and I cannot answer. You said you had a great spiritual concern for my soul." The deacon had the joy then and there of leading that man

to Christ. Have you a great spiritual concern for the souls of the perishing? If not, the sooner you get it the better for you and for the lost.

4. *Be winsome.*—A winsome manner goes a great way in soul-winning. It is just as easy to smile as it is to scowl. It is just as easy to be genial and winning as it is to be rude and repellant. Some people seem to take pride in their brusque, overbearing manner; but brusqueness is not a fruit of the Spirit. "The fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness," etc. A winning manner, the outcome of a life controlled by the Holy Spirit, is of more importance in soul-winning than a theological education. Acts of kindness go a long way toward paving the way to the gate to a man's heart.

A young missionary in Chicago in her visitation found an infidel dying with consumption. Day after day she visited him with little gifts to make his last days on earth pleasanter. One day it would be a glass of jelly, another day something else. After about thirty days of such kindly ministrations she became fearful that his time was short. She came to me at the close of my Bible class one Sunday afternoon and said, "Won't you come with me to see a dying man? I am afraid he will not live through the night." I hurried down with her to the poor room where the infidel lay dying. His wife was a Roman Catholic. I sat down by his bed and read the Scriptures to him, the Scriptures that make plain the love of God to sinners, the death of Christ in our stead, and the way of salvation through our crucified Saviour. I then asked him if I might pray with him, and he consented. I prayed God to open his eyes to show him that he

was a lost sinner, but that Jesus had borne all his sins in His own body upon the cross. Then I began to sing in a low tone by his bed—

“Just as I am, without one plea,
But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bidst me come to Thee—
O Lamb of God, I come!

I sang it through, verse after verse, until I reached the last verse, and then I heard the dying infidel in a feeble voice join with me in the verse—

“Just as I am—Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve,
Because Thy promise I believe—
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!”

I looked up and asked him if he really had come. He said that he had. He passed into eternity that night. I was asked to conduct the funeral services. Standing by his casket with his infidel friends standing on the other side, I told how utterly insufficient his infidel views had proven in the time of crisis and of death, and how in those last hours he had accepted Christ. Then I said, “Who of you to-day will take the same step?” One stalwart infidel reached his hand across the casket, and said, “I will. I have sympathised with this man in his infidel views, but I give it up now and take Christ.” His wife also accepted Christ, and is to-day a devoted member of our church in Chicago. But it was not my brief visit that won him to Christ. It was the kindly Christ-like conduct of the young woman missionary.

5. *Last of all, be full of love.*—Love is the first fruit

of the Spirit, and it is the all-conquering power in soul-winning work. I doubt if there is a heart on earth that cannot be conquered by love. We have in America a devoted Christian woman of culture, refinement, and position, with a heart full of love to the most out-cast and abandoned. She has devoted much of her life and strength to getting matrons appointed in jails and lock-ups for the reception and charge of female prisoners. Oftentimes she has found it hard work to induce the authorities to put a woman in charge of the female prisoners. In one city they said to her, "Mrs. Barney, no woman can manage the class of women with whom we have to do." Mrs. Barney replied, "You never had a prisoner that I could not manage." "We would like to have you try your hand on 'Old Sal,'" was the laughing reply. "I would like to," replied the gentle lady. "Well, the next time we have her under arrest we will send for you." Not long after, early one morning, Mrs. Barney received word that "Old Sal" was under arrest, and she hurried down to the lock-up. She asked to be shown to "Old Sal's" cell. The sergeant at the desk protested that it was not safe. "Look there," he said to Mrs. Barney, pointing to four policemen with torn clothes and faces, "there is a specimen of 'Old Sal's' handiwork. It took these four men to arrest her." "Never mind," said Mrs. Barney, "show me to her cell." "Well, if you must go, an officer must go with you. "No, I will go alone. Just let the turnkey open the door, and I will go to her cell alone." Before going down Mrs. Barney had asked the sergeant at the desk for "Old Sal's" right name. "Why," he said, "we always call her 'Old Sal.'"

"Yes," said Mrs. Barney, "but I wish her right name. What is her right name?" "It is a long time since we first booked her, and we always book her now as 'Old Sal.'" "Look up her right name," said Mrs. Barney. The sergeant went back through the books and found "Old Sal's" proper name. The turnkey opened the door and pointed to her cell down the corridor. When Mrs. Barney reached the door she saw a wild creature with gray, torn hair, dishevelled garments, and glaring eyes crouching in the corner of the cell waiting to spring upon the first policeman that should enter. "Good-morning, Mrs. —," said Mrs. Barney, calling her by her true name. "Where did you get that name?" said the poor creature. Without answering her question Mrs. Barney said, "Sarah, do you remember the first time you were committed here?" "My God," she cried, "don't I? I spent the whole night crying on the floor of my cell." "Suppose," said Mrs. Barney, "there had been some kind Christian woman here to have received you that night, and to have treated you gently, do you think your life would have been different?" "Altogether different," she replied. "Well," said Mrs. Barney, "I am trying to get them to appoint a woman in this lock-up to receive young girls when they are brought here for the first time, as you were when you were brought here that first night. Will you help me?" "I will do all that I can," she said. All the time Mrs. Barney had been drawing nearer, and was now kneeling by her side upon the cell floor, gathering up her torn and grizzled hair, fastening it up with pins taken out of her own hair, pulling together the torn shreds of her garments,

and fastening them with pins taken from her own garments. The work was now done, and Mrs. Barney, rising to her feet, said, "Sally, we are going into the court-room. If you will be good they will appoint a woman in this lock-up. Shall I go in on your arm, or will you go in on mine?" The strong woman looked at Mrs. Barney, and said, "I think I am stronger than you are. You had better go in on my arm." And in they went into the court, the gentle lady leaning on the arm of the hardened old criminal. Sally restrained herself through the whole trial, answered the judge's questions pleasantly. She forgot herself once, and swore at the judge, but immediately begged his pardon. Everybody was amazed at the transformation. A woman was appointed as matron of the jail, but, best of all, Sally got her feet upon the Rock of Ages, and to-day "Old Sal" is in the glory. Love had conquered. It always will.

Oh, men and women, young and old, go out to do this work, seek the filling of the Spirit that God is so ready to give to us all, and in the power of that Spirit day after day, and month after month, and year after year, labour on for the definite salvation of the definite souls that God shall bring your way. The time is getting short, let us make the most of it.

THE END

Saved - How To become a Christian how to be saved

**A Christian is someone
who believes the
following**

***Steps to Take in order to become a
true Christian, to be Saved & Have a
real relationship & genuine
experience with the real God***

**Read, understand, accept and
believe the following verses from
the Bible:**

**1. All men are sinners and fall short
of God's perfect standard**

Romans 3: 23 states that

For all have sinned, and come short of
the glory of God;

2. Sin - which is imperfection in our lives - denies us eternal life with God. But God sent his son Jesus Christ as a gift to give us freely Eternal Life by believing on Jesus Christ.

Romans 6: 23 states

For the wages of sin is death; but the gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord.

3. You can be saved, and you are saved by Faith in Jesus Christ. You cannot be saved by your good works, because they are not "good enough". But God's good work of sending Jesus Christ to save us, and our response of believing - of having faith - in Jesus Christ, that is what saves each of us.

Ephesians 2: 8-9 states

8 For by grace are ye saved through faith; and that not of yourselves: it is the gift of God:

9 Not of works, lest any man should boast.

4. God did not wait for us to become perfect in order to accept or unconditionally love us. He sent Jesus Christ to save us, even though we are sinners. So Jesus Christ died to save us from our sins, and to save us from eternal separation from God.

Romans 5:8 states

But God commendeth his love toward us, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us.

5. God loved the world so much that He sent his one and only Son to die, so that by believing in Jesus Christ, we obtain Eternal Life.

John 3: 16 states

For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.

6. If you believe in Jesus Christ, and in what he did on the Cross for us, by dying there for us, you know for a

**fact that you have been given
Eternal Life.**

1 John 5: 13 states

These things have I written unto you that believe on the name of the Son of God; that ye may know that ye have eternal life, and that ye may believe on the name of the Son of God.

7. If you confess your sins to God, he hears you take this step, and you can know for sure that He does hear you, and his response to you is to forgive you of those sins, so that they are not remembered against you, and not attributed to you ever again.

1 John 1: 9 states

If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness.

If you believe these verses, or want to believe these verses, pray the following:

" Lord Jesus, I need you. Thank you for dying on the cross for my sins. I open the door of my life and ask you

to save me from my sins and give me eternal life. Thank you for forgiving me of my sins and giving me eternal life. I receive you as my Savior and Lord. Please take control of the throne of my life. Make me the kind of person you want me to be. Help me to understand you, and to know you and to learn how to follow you. Free me from all of the things in my life that prevent me from following you. In the name of the one and only and true Jesus Christ I ask all these things now, Amen".

Does this prayer express your desire to know God and to want to know His love ? If you are sincere in praying this prayer, Jesus Christ comes into your heart and your life, just as He said he would.

It often takes courage to decide to become a Christian. It is the right decision to make, but It is difficult to fight against part of ourselves that wants to hang on, or to find against that part of our selves that has trouble changing. The good news is

that you do not need to change yourself. Just Cry out to God, pray and he will begin to change you. God does not expect you to become perfect before you come to Him. Not at all...this is why He sent Jesus...so that we would not have to become perfect before being able to know God.

**Steps to take once you have asked
Jesus to come into your life**

Find the following passages in the Bible and begin to read them:

- 1. Read Psalm 23 (in the middle of the Old Testament - the 1st half of the Bible)**
- 2. Read Psalm 91**
- 3. Read the Books in the New Testament (in the Bible) of John, Romans & I John**
- 4. Tell someone of your prayer and your seeking God. Share that with someone close to you.**
- 5. Obtain some of the books on the list of books, and begin to read**

them, so that you can understand more about God and how He works.

6. Pray, that is - just talk to and with God, thank Him for saving you, and tell him your fears and concerns, and ask him for help and guidance.

7. email or tell someone about the great decision you have made today !!!

Does the "*being saved*" process only work for those who believe ?

For the person who is not yet saved, their understanding of **1) their state of sin and 2) God's** personal love and care for them, **and His desire and ability to save them....is what enables anyone to become saved.**

So yes, the "being saved" process works only for those

who believe in Jesus Christ and Him only, and place their faith in Him and in His work done on the Cross.

...and if so , then how does believing save a person?

Believing saves a person because of what it allows God to do in the Heart and Soul of that person.

But it is not simply the fact of a "belief". The issue is not having "belief" but rather what we have a belief about.

IF a person believes in **Salvation by Faith Alone in Jesus Christ** (ask us by email if this is not clear), then **That belief** saves them. Why ? because they are magical ? No, because of the sovereignty of God, because of what God does to them, when they ask him into their heart & life. When a person decides to place their faith in Jesus Christ and **ask Him** to forgive them of

their sins and invite Jesus Christ into their life & heart, **this** is what saves them – *because of* what God does for them at that moment in time.

At that moment in time when they sincerely believe and ask God to save them (as described above), God takes the life of that person, and in accordance with the will of that human, having requested God to save them from their sins through Jesus Christ – God takes that person's life and sins [all sins past, present and future], and allocates them to the category: of "***one of those people who Accepted the Free Gift of Eternal Salvation that God offers***".

From that point forward, their sins are no longer counted against them, because that is an account that is paid by the shed blood of Jesus Christ. And there is no person that could ever sin so much, that God's love would not be good enough for them, or that would somehow not be able to be covered by the penalty of

death that Jesus Christ paid the price for. (otherwise, sin would be more powerful than Jesus Christ – which is not true).

Sometimes, People have trouble believing in Jesus Christ because of two extremes:

First the extreme that they are *not* sinners (usually, this means that a person has not committed a "serious" sin, such as "murder", but God says that **all sins separates us from God**, even supposedly-small sins. We – as humans – tend to evaluate sin into more serious and less serious categories, because we do not understand just how serious "small" sin is).

Since we are all sinners, we all have a need for God, in order to have eternal salvation.

Second the extreme that they are *not good enough* for Jesus Christ to save them. This is basically done by those who reject the Free offer of Salvation by Christ Jesus because those people are -literally – **unwilling**

to believe. After death, they will believe, but they can only chose Eternal Life BEFORE they die. The fact is that all of us, are not good enough for Jesus Christ to save them. That is why Paul wrote in the Bible "**For all have sinned, and come short of the glory of God**" (Romans 3:23).

Thankfully, that is not the end of the story, because he also wrote " **For the wages of sin *is* death; but the gift of God *is* eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord.**"(Romans 6: 23)

That Free offer of salvation is clarified in the following passage:

John 3: 16 **For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.**
17 **For God sent not his Son into the world to condemn the world; but that the world through him might be saved.**

Prayers that count

The prayers that God hears

We don't make the rules any more than you do. We just want to help others know how to reach God, and know that God cares about them personally.

The only prayers that make it to Heaven where God dwells are those prayers that are prayed directly to Him "through Jesus Christ" or "*in the name of Jesus Christ*".

God hears our prayers because we obey the method that God has established for us to be able to reach him. If we want Him to hear us, then we must use the methods that He has given us to communicate with Him.

And he explains - in the New Testament - what that method is: talking to God (praying) in accordance with God's will - and coming to Him in the name of Jesus Christ. Here are some examples of that from the New Testament:

(Acts 3:6) Then Peter said, Silver and gold have I none; but such as I have give I thee: In the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth rise up and walk.

(Acts 16:18) And this did she many days. But Paul, being grieved, turned and said to the spirit, I command thee in the name of Jesus Christ to come out of her. And he came out the same hour.

(Acts 9:27) But Barnabas took him, and brought *him* to the apostles, and declared unto them how he had seen the Lord in the way, and that he had spoken to him, and how he had preached boldly at Damascus in the name of Jesus.

(2 Cor 3:4) And such trust have we through Christ to God-ward: (i.e. toward God)

(Gal 4:7) Wherefore thou art no more a servant, but a son; and if a son, then an heir of God through Christ.

(Eph 2:7) That in the ages to come he might show the exceeding [spiritual] riches of his grace in *his* kindness toward us through Christ Jesus.

(Phil 4:7) And the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, shall keep your hearts and minds through Christ Jesus.

(Acts 4:2) Being grieved that they taught the people, and preached through Jesus the resurrection from the dead.

(Rom 1:8) First, I thank my God through Jesus Christ for you all, that your faith is spoken of throughout the whole world.

(Rom 6:11) Likewise reckon ye also yourselves to be dead indeed unto sin,

but alive unto God through Jesus Christ our Lord.

(Rom 6:23) For the wages of sin *is* death; but the gift of God *is* eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord.

(Rom 15:17) I have therefore whereof I may glory through Jesus Christ in those things which pertain to God.

(Rom 16:27) To God only wise, *be* glory through Jesus Christ for ever. Amen.

(1 Pet 4:11) ...if any man minister, *let him do it* as of the ability which God giveth: that God in all things may be glorified through Jesus Christ, to whom be praise and dominion for ever and ever. Amen.

(Gal 3:14) That the blessing of Abraham might come on the Gentiles through Jesus Christ; that we might receive the promise of the [Holy] Spirit through faith.

(Titus 3:6) Which he shed on us abundantly through Jesus Christ our Saviour;

(Heb 13:21) Make you perfect in every good work to do his will, working in you that which is wellpleasing in his sight, through Jesus Christ; to whom *be* glory for ever and ever. Amen.

Anyone who has questions is encouraged to contact us by email, with the address that is posted on our website.

Note for Foreign Language and International Readers & Users

Foreign Language Versions of the Introduction and Postscript/Afterword will be included (hopefully) in future editions.

IF a person wanted to become a Christian, what would they pray ?

God, I am praying this to you so that you will help me. Please help me to want to know you better. Please help me to become a Christian

God I admit that I am not perfect. I understand that you cannot allow anyone into Heaven who is not perfect and Holy. I understand that if I believe in Jesus Christ and in what He did, that God you will see my life through the sacrifice of Jesus Christ, and that this will allow me to have eternal life and know that I am going to Heaven.

God, I admit that I have sin and things in my life that are not perfect. I know I have sinned in my life. Please forgive me of my sins. I believe that Jesus Christ is the Son of God, that He came to Earth to save those who ask Him, and that He died to pay the penalty for all of my sins.

I understand that Jesus physically died and physically arose from the dead, and that God can forgive me because of the death and resurrection of Jesus Christ. I thank you for dying for me, and for paying the price for my sins. I accept to believe in you, and I thank you Lord God from all of my heart for your help and for sending your Son to die and raise from the Dead.

I pray that you would help me to read your word the Bible. I renounce anything in my life, my thoughts and my actions that is not from you, and I do this in the name of Jesus Christ. Help me to not be spiritually deceived. Help me to grow and learn how to have a strong Christian walk for you, and to be a good example, with your help. Help me to have and develop a love of your word the Bible, and please bring to my life, people and situations that will help me to understand how to live my life as your servant. Help me to learn how to share the good news with those who may be willing to learn or to know. I ask these things in the name of Jesus Christ, and I thank you for what you have done for me, Amen.

Please Remember: Christianity is NEVER forced. No one can force anyone to become a Christian. God does NOT recognize any desire for Him, unless it is genuine and motivated from the inside of each of us.

Books for those
interested in
Christianity:

Free Books PDF online at Googlebooks
or at archive.org or other places:

Free Online:

Books by R. A. Torrey

Books by C.I. Scofield.

Books by George Rawlinson (Archeology)
[Truth of the Records of Scripture]

Jesus is coming by W.E.B. Blackstone

**The Doctrine of the Atonement
by Stoughton**

**The Christ of the Gospels
by Henri Meyer**

**Who is the Messiah
(Scofield on Biblical Old Testament evidence)**